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TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, THOMAS  
Lord COVENTRY, Baron of *Ales-*  
*borough*, Lord Keeper of the great Seale  
of *England*, and Councillour of Estate  
to his Maiestie of GREAT  
BRITAIN.

*May it please your Lordship,*

**T**Hough I should not know your  
*Person*, I cannot be a stranger to  
your *Vertues*: All eares are filled  
with report of *them*: and what a  
*Predecessour* of yours, to his great *Honour*,  
wrote of the *Greatnesse of Peace*, you, My  
*Lord*, haue to your greater *Honour*, practi-  
sed. These my *Excogitations*, I humbly de-  
dicate to your *Lordship*; which I confesse I  
should scarce haue done, if your *Noblenesse*  
had not been more *eminent* then your *Place*.  
All that hath made mee thus presuming, is



## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

your *Goodnesse*, which I know is full of *Pardons*, for those that erre by *reuerencing*. That I haue prefixed your *Name*, is not in thought of adding ought to your *Honour*: but in gaining something to the *Worke*; that being so *inscribed*, it may carry with it, what already shineth in your *Noble Bosome*, *Honest Authoritie*. May it liue but as long as your *Fame*, and knowne *Integritie*; then I rest assured, it shall neuer meete a *Grave* in comming *Ages*. Howsoever, I shall bee *praised* for this, (if I haue not coueted too *high*, and intruded on your more *weightie Affaires*;) that I haue chosen an *approved Patron*.

The God of *Goodnesse* perpetuate your *Lordships Happinesse*.

*The most humble of  
your Lordships truest  
Honourers,*

OVV. FELLTHAM.



## TO THE READERS.

**I** Am to answer two Obiections, One, that I have made use of Story, yet not quoted my Authorities; and this I have purposely done. It had beene all one Labour, inserting the matter, to giue them, both the Author, and place. But while I am not Controuerfi-  
all, I should onely haue troubled the Text, or spotted a Margent, which I alwaies wish to leaue free, for the Comments of the man that reades. Besides, I doe not professe my selfe a Scholer: and for a Gentleman, I hold it a little pedanticall. He should use them rather, as brought in by Memory, raptim, and occasionall; than by Study, search, or strict collection: especially in Essay, which of all writing, is the neereſt to a running Discourse. I haue so used them, as you may see I doe not steale, but borrow. If I doe; let the Reader trace me, and if hee will, or can, to my shame discover; there is no cheating like the Felony of VVit: He which theeu-  
es that, robbes the Owner, and coozens those that heare him.

The next is, for the Poetry, wherein, indeed, I haue beene strict, yet would be full. In my opinion, they disgrace our Language, that will not giue a Latine Verse his English, vnder two for one. I confesse, the La-  
tine

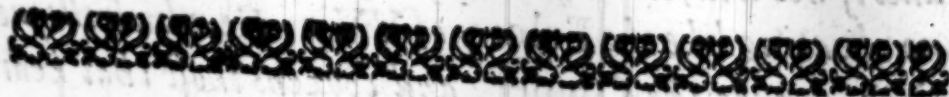


## To the Reader.

tine (besides the curiousnesse of the Tongue) hath in e-  
very Verse, the advantage of three or foure Sillables;  
yet if a man will labour for't, hee may turne it as short,  
and I beleeeue, as full. And for this some late Translati-  
ons are my prooffe. VVhat you finde heere, if you please,  
like: But remember alwaies, to censure a Resolue in the  
middle, is to giue your Iudgement a possibility of erring.  
If you aske why I writ them? 'Twas because I lou'd my  
Study. If, why I publish them? Know, that having no  
other meanes to shew my selfe to the VVorld, so well, I  
chose this, not to boast, but because I would not deceiue.



R E

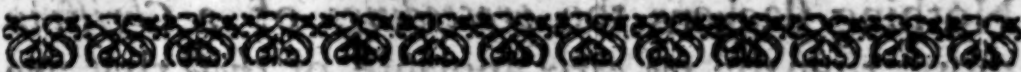




# RESOLVES:

## DIVINE, MORALL,

## POLITICALL.



I. *Of suddaine Prosperitie.*



*Prosperitie* in the beginning of a great *Action*, many times, vnderdoes a *Man* in the end. *Happinesse* is the Cause of mischief. The faire chance of a treacherous *Dye*, at first flatters an *imprudent Gamester*, with his owne hand, to throw away his wealth to another. For while we expect all things, laughing vpon vs, like those we haue pass'd; we remit our care, and perish by neglecting. When a *Rich Crowne* ha's newly kiss'd the *Temples* of a gladdened *King*, where hee findes all things in a golden swimme, & kneeling to him with *Auspicious* reverence; he carelesly waies himselfe in the swelling plenty:



Laies his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future; till Ruine seize him before he can think it. Felicity eates vp Circumspection; and when that guard is wanting, we lye spread to the shot of generall Danger. How many haue lost the victory of a Battell, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning? Surely 'tis not good to be happy too soone. It many times undoes a Noble Family, to haue the estate fall to the hands of an Heyre, in minority. Witty children oft faile in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds not true in Temporall things onely, but euen in Spirituall. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more, then the too-early applause of those that are groundedly honest. This makes him thinke he now is farre enough, and that he may rest and breathe, and gaze. So he slides backe for want of striuing, to goe on with increase. Good successe in the midd'le of an action, takes a man in a firme settlednesse: and though he finds the event alter; yet custome before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crownes his expectation; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the sequell answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much raine as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather wash it away, then giue it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undoe a man at any time, if yeelded to. 'Tis an inviting Ginne to catch the Woodcock-man in. Craesus counsel'd Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in a slavery, that he should teach them to sing, and play, and drinke, and dance.

# RESOLVES

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dance, and dally; and that would doe it without his  
 ender. I remember *Ovids* fable of the Centoculated  
 Argus; The Diuell I compare to Mercury, his pipe  
 to pleasure, Argus to Man, his hundred eyes to our  
 care, his sleeping to security, *Io* to our soule, his trans-  
 formation to the curse of God. The Morall is onely  
 this; The Diuell with pleasure, pipes Man into secu-  
 rity, then steals away his soule, and leaues him to the  
 wrath of Heauen. It can ruine *Anthony* in the midd' st  
 of his fortunes, it can spoyle *Hambal* after a long and  
 glorious Warre: but to meet it at first, is the most  
 danger; it then being aprest to find admission,  
 though to meet and yeeld, be worst at last: because  
 there is not then a time left for recovery. If the Action  
 be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill  
 accident discourage me, nor a good one make mee  
 carelesse. If it happen ill, I will be the more circum-  
 spect, by a heedfull preuention to auoyd the like, in  
 that which insues. If it happen well, my feare shall  
 make me warily vigilant. I will euer suspect the  
 smoothed streame for deepenesse; till we come to the  
 end. Deceit is gracious company; for it alwaies stu-  
 dies to be faire and pleasing: But then, like a theefe,  
 hauing train'd vs from the Roade, it robbes vs.  
 Where all the benefit we haue left, is this: that, if  
 we haue time to see how we were coozned, wee may  
 haue so much happinesse, as to dye repenting.

But where the heart  
 is set her owne definition.  
 so much as she may liue: Resolution is the onely  
 order. **B**ut shall that can keepe her in a decent order.  
 That which puts the loose woman into a  
 whirling tempest, is by the Resolute sense lighted  
 laugher



and shall; and that would doe it without his  
 The Devil I compare to a man, his pipe  
 to pleasure, his hundred eyes to see  
 care, his sleeping to security, his travel  
 formation to the curse of God. The world is only  
 Of Resolution.

**W**Hat a keyne of ruffled silke is the *uncomposed*  
*Man*? Every thing that but offers to euen  
 him, intangles him more, as if, while you vnbind  
 him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot  
 but meet with variety of occasions, and euery one  
 of these, intwine him in a deeper trouble. His waies  
 are strew'd with Briers, and he busles himselfe into  
 his owne confusion. Like a Partridge in the net, hee  
 masks himselfe the more, by the anger of his flutte-  
 ring wing. Certainly, a good Resolution is the most  
 fortifying Armour that a Discreet man can weare.  
 That, can defend him against all the vnwelcome  
 Shuffles that the poore rude World puts on him.  
 Without this, like hot Iron, hee hisses at euery drop  
 that finds him. With this, He can be a seruant as wel  
 as a Lord; and haue the same inward pleasantnesse in  
 the quakes and shakes of Fortune, that hee carries in  
 her softest smiles. I confesse, biting Penury has too  
 strong talons for mud-wall'd Man, to graspe withall.  
 Nature is importunate for necessities; and will try  
 all the Engines of her wit, and power, rather then  
 suffer her owne destruction. But where shee hath  
 so much as shee may liue: Resolution is the onely  
 Marshall that can keepe her in a decent order.  
 That which puts the loose wouen minde into a  
 whirling tempest, is by the Resolute, seene, slighted,  
 laughed.

## RESOLVES.

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laughed at: with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. The World has nothing in it worthy a man's serious anger. The best way to perish discontentments, is either not to see them, or convert them to a dimpling mirth. How endlesse will be the quarrels of a chollericke man, and the contentments of him, that is resolved to turne indignities into things to make sport withall: 'Tis sure, nothing but experience, and collected iudgement, can make a man doe this: but when he has brought himselfe vnto it, how infinite shall he find his ease? It was Zantippe's obseruation, that she euer found Socrates returne with the same countenance that he went abroad withall. Lucan can tell vs,

—Fortunaque perdat

Opposita virtute, minas.—

—All Fortunes threats be lost,

VVhere Vertue does oppose.—

I wish no man so spiritlesse, as to let all abuses presse the dulnesse of a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirred in, and those to prosecute for no other end, but to shew the iniury was more to Vertue, and deare Natures Justice, then to himselfe. Euery man should be Equities Champion: because it is that eternall pillar, whereon the World is founded. In high & mountain'd Fortunes Resolution is necessary, to insafe vs from the thefts, and wyles of prosperity: which steale vs away, not only from our selues, but vertue, and for the



most part, like a long peace, softly deliuevs vs into  
*impouersishing Warre*. In the wane of Fortune, *Resoluti-*  
*on* is likewise necessary, to guard vs from the *discon-*  
*tents* that vsually assaile the poore dejected man. For  
 all the *World* will beate the man, whom Fortune but-  
 fets. And vnlesse by this, he can turne off the blowes;  
 he shall be sure to feele the greatest burthen, in his  
 owne sad mind. A wise man makes a trouble lesse, by  
*Fortitude*; but to a foole, 'tis heauier by his *stooping*  
 too't. I would faine bring my selfe to that passe,  
 that I might not make my happinesse depend on an-  
 others *Iudgement*. But as I would neuer doe any  
 thing *vnhonestly*: so I would neuer feare the *imma-*  
*teriall* wind of censure, when it is done. Hee that  
 steeres by that gale, is euer in danger of wracke. Ho-  
 nesty is a warrant of farre more safety then Fame. I  
 will neuer be asham'd of that which beares her seale:  
 As knowing 'tis onely *Pride's* being in fashion, that  
 hath put honest *Humility* out of countenance. As for  
 the crackers of the braine, and tongue-squibs, they will  
 dye alone, if I shall not reuiue them. The best way to  
 haue them forgotten by others, is first to forget them  
 my selfe. This will keepe my selfe in quiet, and by  
 a noble not-caring, arrow the intenders bo some: who  
 will euer fret most, when he finds his *designes* most  
 frustrate. Yet, in all these, I will something respect  
 custome, because she is magnified in that world, where-  
 in I am one. But when she parts from iust reason, I  
 shall rather displease her by parting; then offend in  
 her company. I would haue all men set vp their rest,  
 for all things that this world can yeeld: Yet so, as  
 they build vpon a surer foundation then themselues:  
 otherwise,

otherwise, that which should haue been their foundation, will surely crosse them, and that is, G O D.

## III.

*A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.*

I VWill take heed both of a *speedy Friend*, and a *slow Enemy*. *Loue* is neuer *lasting*, that *flames* before it *burnes*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coales*, throwes a fiercer *heate*, when *fire* gets the *mastery*. As the first may quickly *faile*: so the latter will hardly be altered. Early *fruits* rot soone; As quicke *wits* haue seldome sound *iudgements*, which should make the continue: so *friendship* kindled suddenly, is rarely found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Loue* is euer built on *Vertue*; which no man can see in another at once. He that *fixeth* vpon her, shall finde a *beauty* that will every day take him with some new *grace* or other. I like that *Loue*, which by a *soft ascension*, does degree it selfe in the *soule*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: hee is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count him as the *actions* of a wise *State*, which being long in *resolving*, are in their *Execution* sudden, and *striking* home. He *hates* not but with *cause*, that is *unwilling* to *hate* at all. If I must haue both, giue me rather a *friend* on *foote*, and an *enemy* on *horsebacke*. I may perswade the one to *stay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.



## III.

*Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.*

**V**ertue and Vice neuer differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is neuer so much vpon the view, as then. And this, I thinke, is one reason, why so many iudgements are seduced in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragicall; because their former Scenes haue all beene Comedie. The end is so farre off, that they see not those stabbing shames, that awaite them in a killing ambush. If it were neerer, yet their owne dimme sight would leaue them undiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice, discourageth Vertue. For, by her rugged way, and the resistance that shee findes in her passage; she is oft perswaded to step into Vice's path: which while shee findeth smooth, shee neuer perceiueth slippery. Vice's Road is paved with Ice; Sliding by the eye, but tripping vp the heele, to the hazard of a wound, or drowning. VWhereas Vertue is like the passage of Hannibal ouer the Alpes; a worke of a trying toyle, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the Worlds Garden, Italy: and withall, leaues him a fame as lasting, as those which he did Conquer, with his most vnused weapon of Warre, Vineger. Doubtlesse the World hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when shee rides triumphant. VWhen like a Phœbean Champion, shee hath rowted the Armie of

of her enemies, flatted their *strangest Forts*, brought the mightiest of her *Foes*, in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged *Chariot*, and be the gaze of the abusive *World*. *Vice*, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that shee is painted.

*Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,*

*Vere dum flores venient tepenti,*

*Et comam silvis hiemes recident,*

*Vel comam silvis reuocabit aëtas.*

*Pomaq; Autumno fugiente cedent,*

*Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.*

*Tu Comes Phæbo, comes ibis astris.*

But *Virtue's* thron'd among the *Starres*,

And while the Spring warmes th' infant bud,

Or *VVinter* bald's the shag-hair'd wood:

*VVhile Summer* gives new lockes to all,

And fruits full ripe, in *Autumne* fall,

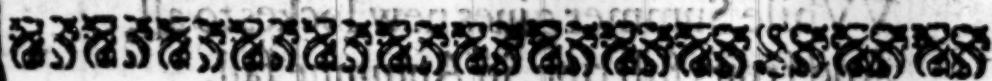
Thou shalt remaine, and still shalt be,

For *Starres*, for *Phœbus*, Company.

Is a rapture of the lofty *Tragedian*. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with incircling raires. The conceits of her actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a ioy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more. The good honour her, for the loue of the like, that they find in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base *Vice*,) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other



other side, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Diuell* is *Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her owne *ensordid raggs*. Her own *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she findes from others, set vp two great *Hels*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horror*, *Shame*; and that which most of all doth gall her, is, that shee findes their *flames* are *inextinguishable*. Outwardly, sometimes shee may *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the *few* *rall Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeited *stones*, wherewith shee guls the *Ignorant*. But there be too maine *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues* *Louer*: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *wayes*; I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *sonnes* in the *Gospell*; whereof *Vertue* said he would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promised to goe, *desisted*.



### Of Puritans.

I Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will owne the *name*. VVhereof the reason sure is this; that 'tis for the most part held a *name of infamy*; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*; nor is it an *appellation* deriued from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* wee may finde, digested into a *Volume*: whereby we doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellency* aboue another; which *man* (being con-

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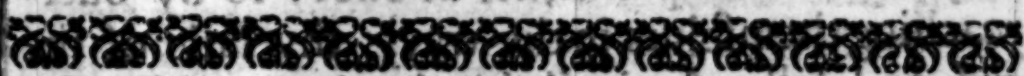
scious of his owne fraile bendings) is ashamed to assume to himselfe. So that I beleue there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that are. One will haue him one that liues religiously, and will not reuell it in a shorelesse excessse. Another, him that separates from our *Diuine Assemblies*. Another, him that in some *tenents* onely is peculiar. Another, him that will not *sweare* Absolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of *Difficulty*; some I know that reioyce in the name; but sure they bee such, as least *understand* it. As hee is more generally in these times taken, I suppose wee may call him a *Church-Rebell*, or one that would exclude order, that his *braine* might rule. To decline offences, to be carefull and conscionable in our seuerall actions, is a *Purity*, that euery man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a fullen *segregation* from all society. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are surely granted to the Children of the *King*; which are those that are the Children of *Heauen*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawfull, sure such a one may lawfully vse it. If *Wine* were giuen to cheere the heart, why should I feare to vse it for that end? Surely, the merry soule is freer from intended mischief, then the *thoughtfull man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Pattent* adding time and happinesse to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deserues a *Censure*, for allowing drunkennesse at *Festiualls*; because, saies he, as then, the Gods themselves reach *Wines* to present *Men*. God delights in nothing more, then in a cheerefull heart, carefull to performe him seruice. V What



*Parent* is it, that reioyceth not to see his *Childe* pleasant, in the limits of a *filiall duty*? I know, wee reade of *Christs weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we see, hee graceth a *Feast* with his *first Miracle*; and thar a *Feast of ioy*: And can weethinke that such a *meeting* could passe without the noyle of *laughter*? VVhat a lump of *quicked care* is the *melancholike man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good still: *Be merry, but sinne not*. As there bee many, that in their life assume too great a *Libertie*; so I beleue there are some, that abridge themselues of what they might lawfully vse. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either *Soule*, or *Body*. A man that submits to reuerent *Order*, that sometimes vnbinds himselfe in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approue himselfe, in the serenenesse of a healthfull *Conscience*: such a *Puritane* I will loue immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremoniall*, shall spurne at the graue Authority of the *Church*, and out of a needlesse *nicetie*, be a Theefe to himselfe, of those benefits which *G o d* hath allowed him: or out of a blind and vncharitable *Pride*, censure, and scorne others, as *reprobates*: or out of obstinacy, fill the *VVorld* with *brawles*, about *undeterminable Tenents*: I shall thinke him one of those, whose *opinion* hath feuered his *zeale* to *madnesse* and *distraktion*. I haue more faith in one *Salomon*, then in a thousand *Dutch Parlours* of such *Opinionists*. Behold then; what I haue seene good! That it is comely to eate, and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he trauaileth vnder the *Sunne*, the whole

number

number of the daies of his life, which God gi-  
ueth him. For, this is his Portion. Nay, *there is no*  
*profit to Man, but that he eate, and drinke, and delight his*  
*soule with the profit of his labour.* For, he that saw o-  
ther things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the  
hand of God. Mee thinkes the reading of *Ecclesia-*  
*sties*, should make a *Puritan* vndresse his braine,  
and lay off all those *Phanatique* toys that gingle a-  
bout his *understanding*. For my owne part, I thinke  
the *VV*orld hath not better men, then some, that  
suffer vnder that name: nor withall, more *Scele-*  
*stique Villaines*. For, when they are once elated with  
that *pride*, they so *contemne* others, that they in-  
fringe the Lawes of all *humane society*.



## V.

## Of Arrogancy.

I Neuer yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor  
*Humility* in an *unworthy minde*. It may seeme  
strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poore *vio-*  
*let Vertue*, should euer dwell with *Honour*: and that  
such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is, should euer so-  
journe with a *constant Basenes*. 'Tis sure, we seldome  
find it, but in such, as being conscious of their own  
*deficiency*, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*,  
but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather then want  
*fame*, they would with a rude assault, *desflowre* her;  
which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour* like a  
*Noble Virgin*, will neuer agree to grace the man that  
rauiseth.



*vanisheth.* If she be not wonne by *Courtesie*, she will  
 neuer loue truly. To offer violence to so choyse a  
 beauty, is the way to be *contemn'd* and loose. 'Tis hee  
 that hath nothing else to commend him, which  
 would inuade mens good opinions, by a *misbecom-  
 ming* *sauesine*. If you search for high and strained  
*Carriages*; you shall for the most part, meete with  
 them, in low men. *Arrogance*, is a weed, that euer  
 growes in a dunghill. 'Tis from the ranknesse of that  
 soyle, that she hath her height and *spreadings*: VVit-  
 nesse *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellowes* that from nothing,  
 are lifted some few steps vpon *Fortunes* *Ladder*:  
 where, seeing the glorious representment of *Hon-  
 our*, aboue; they are so greedy of *imbracing*, that  
 they striue to leape thither at once: so by ouer-  
 reaching themselves in the way, thy faile of the  
*end*, and fall. And all this happens, either for  
 want of *Education*, which should season their *minds*  
 with the generous precepts of *Morality*; or, which  
 is more powerfull; *Example*: or else, for lacke of a  
 discerning *Iudgement*, which will tell them, that  
 the best way thither, is to goe about, by *humility*  
 and *desert*. Otherwise, the River of *Contempt* runs  
 betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by these  
 passages, they must of necessity either *turne* *baocke*  
 with shame, or suffer in the desperate *venture*. Of  
 all *Trees*, I obserue, God hath chosen the *Vine*, a  
 low plant, that creepes vpon the helpfull *Wall*. Of  
 all *Beasts*, the soft and patient *Lambe*: Of all  
*Fowles*, the milde and gall-lesse *Doue*. *CHRIST*  
 is the *Rose* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*.  
 VVhen God appeared to *Moses*; it was not in the  
 lofty

lofty Cedar, not the sturdy Oake, nor the spreading Plane: but in a Bush; an humble, slender, abieſt ſhrub. As if he would by theſe elections, checke the conceited arrogance of Man. Nothing procureth Love, like Humility: nothing Hate, like Pride. The proud man walkes among daggers, poynted againſt him: whereas the humble and the affable haue the People for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our Superiors, is duty: to our Equals, courtesie: to our Inferiors, nobleneſſe. VVhich, for all her lowneſſe, carries ſuch a ſway, that ſhee may command their ſoules. But wee muſt take heed, wee expreſſe it not in vnworthy Actions. For then leauing Vertue, it falls into diſdained baſeneſſe: which is the vndoubtable badge of one, that will betray Society. So farre as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery, and vnmanly cowardice; hee may be humble with commendation. But ſurely, no circumſtance can make the expreſſion of Pride laudable. If euer it bee, 'tis when it meets with Audacious Pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then bee author, that the affronting man, by his owne folly, may learne the way to his duty, and wit. Yet this I cannot ſo well call Pride, as An emulation of the Diuine Juſtice; which will alwaies vindicate it ſelfe vpon preſumptuous ones: and is indeed ſaid to fight againſt no ſinne, but Pride.

of



## VII.

*Of Reward and Service.*

When it lights vpon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Service*, then *The Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes that appeare more, then a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, *Great men* need not so often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* bee abandoned by their old *Attendants*. *Rewards* are not giuen, but paid, to *Servants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blood* to bee accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Master*. *Worth* will neuer faile to giue *Desert* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Master*, that loues his *Servant* well, is in some sort a *God* vnto him: which may both giue him  *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And beleue it, on the other side, a *diligent and discreet Servant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can bee blest withall. Hee can doe whatsoeuer a *Friend* may: and will bee commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a glory aboue his *Master*: for, though it be harder to play a *Kings part* well, then 'tis to act a *Subiects*; yet *Natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* then to *obey*: *Service*, being a condition, which is not found in any *Creatures* of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the *Question* be, when men meet

in

in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The lot will surely fall vpon the *Servant*: For hee is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that euer binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honor*: which is voluntary, and not compulsiue; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *Tye* in his *bargaine*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to vse a *Servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis alwaies fit for a *Servant* to pay him the reuerence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Euery *Family* is but a seuerall *Plume of Feathers*: the meanest is of the selfesame stuffe: onely he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politically*, then from equal Nature. The *seruice* of man to man, followed not the *Creation*, but the *Fall of man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Sonne*, the name of *Servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below. Euen *Kings* are but more *splendid Servants*, for the *Common body*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassalles*. The *Lord* serues them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conueniences*. *Virtue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free, that stoopes to *passions*: nor he in bondage, that serues a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a *Servant*: *Fie* (saies he) *forbeare*; lest by the *World*, your selfe be taken for the *seruant*. And if we haue any faith in *Claudian*, we may beleue, that

He knows no bondage, who a good *King* swayes:  
For *Freedom* neuer shines with clearer rayes,  
Than when braue *Princes* raigne.



*Pallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit  
Sernitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat  
Quam sub Rege pio.*

*Imperiousnesse* turnes that *seruant* into a *slave*; which *Moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle*, with reioycing, that his *Friend* liued familiar with his *Seruant*. Neither can haue *comfort*, where both are *vncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to bee shewed to all. That which makes a wise man modest, makes a *Foole* *vnmanerly*. 'Tis the *sawcie* *seruant*, that causes the *Lord* to shrink his descending *fauours*. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is *preposterousnesse*, which *Salomon* saw the *Earth* did groane for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour* *seruant* a boxe on the eare, for walking but betweene two *Senators*. As I would not *serue*, to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands*: So I thinke, who's ere is rudely *malepart*, blemishes the discretion of himselfe, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be *equality*, because *Nature* has made it: so there ought to be a *difference*, because *Fortune* has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their *Fortunes* be so much, as their *neerenesse*, in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that *likenesse*. The other we haue found in *motion*, in *variance*; euen to rare and inuerted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *Seruant*; for 'tis possible, *hec* may fall below him: Let not the *seruant* neglect his *Master*; for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *seruant* deserue, and the *Master* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*; the best way is, for those

those that be subiect, to forget their seruices; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each louing other, for their *generous worthinesse*; the VVorld shal strew praises in both their *Pathes*. If the *seruāt* suppose his *lot* be hard, let him think, that *seruice* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himselfe, well.

VIII.

*Of Reprehension.*

**T**O Reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. VVho is it, that will either not merit a checke, or endure one? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more vnfold his *loue*, then in preuenting dangers, before their birth: or, in reducing a Man to *safety*, which is travelling in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *iniury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giner*. *Correction* is neuer in vaine. *Vice* is a myerie deepnesse: if thou striuest to helpe one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, sinkes him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chaine. VVhen thou chidest thy *wandering Friend*, doe it secretly; in season; in loue: Not in the care of a popular *conuention*: For many times, the presence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take vp an vniust defence, rather then fall, in a iust *shame*. Diseased eyes endure not an vnmasked *Sunne*: nor does the wound but ranckle more,



which is vanned by the publike ayre. Nor can I much blame a man, though hee shuns to make the *Vulgar* his Confessor: for they are the most vncharitable tell-tales that the burthened *Earth* doth suffer. They vnderstand nothing, but the Dreggs of *Actions*: and with spattering those abroad, they besmeare a deserving *Fame*. A man had better bee conuined in priuate, then be made guilty by a *Proclamation*. *Open Rebukes* are for *Magistrates*, and *Courts of Iustice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the thronged *Hall*. *Priuate*, are for *friends*; where all the witnesses of the offenders blushes, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. We should doe by them, as *Ioseph* thought to haue done by *Mary*, seeke to couer blemishes, with secrecy. *Publike Reproofe*, is like striking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not onely wounds him, to the losse of inabling blood: but betrayes him to the *Hound*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his fellowes, be pusht out of company. Euen concealement of a fault, argues some *Charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when wee tell him of it in secret, it shewes, we wish he should amend, before the *World* comes to know his amisse. Next, it ought to bee in season, neither when the *Braine* is misted, with arising fumes: nor when the *Minde* is madded, with vn-reined passions. Certainly, he is drunke himselfe, that prophanes *Reason* so, as to vrge it to a drunken man. *Nature* vnloosed in a flying speede, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati  
Flere vetat? non hoc vlla monenda loco est:*

Hee's

Hee's mad, that dries a *Mother's eyes* full tyde  
At her *Sonnes* graue. There 'tis no time to chide.

Was the opinion of the *smoothest Poet*. To admonish a man in the height of his *passion*; is, to call a *Souldier* to *Councell*, in the mid'st, in the heate of a *Battaile*. Let the *Combat* flacke, and then, thou maist expect a hearing. All *Passions* are like *rapid Torrents*: they swell the more, for meeting with a *Damme* in their *violence*. He that will heare nothing in the rage and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seeme you to forget him; and he will the sooner remember himselfe. For it often fals out, that the end of *Passion*, is the beginning of *Repentance*. Then will it be easie to draw backe a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with lesse labour, when it hath both a *Wind* and *Tide* to drive it. A word seasonably giuen, like a *Rudder*, sometimes steeres a man quite into another *Course*. VVhen the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captiues*: Saies *Demades*, — Since *Fortune* has made you like *Agamemnon*, why will you shew your selfe like *Thersites*? And this chang'd him to another Man. A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better then ten, deliuered vnseasonably. There are some nicks in *Time*, which whosoever findes, may promise to himselfe *success*. As in all things, so in this, especially, if hee doe it as hee ought, In *Loue*. It is not good to be too *territall* and *virulent*. Kind words make rough *actions* plausible. The bitterness of *Reprehension*, is insweetened with the pleasingnesse of *Compellations*. If euer *Flattery* might bee lawfull,



heere is a Cause, that vvould giue it admission. To  
 be plaine, argues *Honesty*: but to be pleasing, argues  
*discretion*. Sores are not to be anguish't vvith a ru-  
 sticke pressure; but gently stroaked, vvith a *Ladied*  
*hand*. Physicians fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but  
 calmly minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done,  
 as the offender may see *affection* vvithout *arrogancy*.  
 Who blowes our *Candles* vvith too strong a breath,  
 does but make them stinke, and blowes them light  
 againe. To auoyd this, it vvvas ordain'd among the  
*Lacedemonians*, that euery *Transgressor* should be,  
 as it vvwere, his ovvne *Beadle*: for, his punishment  
 vvvas, to cōpasse an *Altar*, singing an *Inuective* made  
 against himselfe. It is not consonant, that a mem-  
 ber so vn-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it  
 vvith an *Ironlash*. Euery man that *adviseth*, assumes  
 as it vvwere, a *transcendency* ouer the other; which if it  
 be not allayed vvith *protestations*, and some selfe-  
 including termes, grooves hatefull: that euen the  
*Reprehension*, is many times the greater fault of the  
 two. It vvill be good therefore, not to make the  
*complaint* our ovvne, but to lay it vpon some others:  
 that not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, vvill, ac-  
 cording to this, be apt to iudge of all his *actions*. Nor  
 can he be a cōpetent *Iudge* of anothers *crime*, that is  
 guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis vnworthily done,  
 to *condemne* that in others, which we vvould not  
 haue but *pardoned* in our selues. VVhen *Diogenes* fell  
 in the Schoole of the *Stoickes*; Hee answers his deri-  
 ders, vvith this *Questiō*: Why doe you laugh at me for fal-  
 ling backward; when you your selues doe retrograde your  
 lines? He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight, that looks  
 vpon

vpon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And, if vv please them vvith praising some of their *vertues*, they vvill vvith much more ease, be brought to knowv their *Vices*. Shame vvill not let them be angry vvith them, that so equally *deale* both the *Rod*, and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superiour*: 'tis good to doe it sometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, giue himsele the *Censure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affecti-on*, and the truth of *friendship* vrging it. If it bee our *Inferiour*, let it seeme our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towvards all, I vvould be sure to shew *Humility*, and *Loue*. Though I find a little *bluster* for the *present*, I am *confident*, I shall meete vvith *Thanks* afterward. And in my *absence*, his reuerend report, follovving me. If not: the best vvay to lose a *friend*; is by *seeking*, by my *loue*, to saue him. 'Tis best for others, that they *hate* me, for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my selfe, that they *hate* mee for my *goodnesse*. For, then am I mine ovvne *Antidote*, against all the *poyson*, they can *spit* vpon me.

## IX.

*Of Time's continuall speede.*

IN all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, some part of his *life* passeth. We dye vvith doing that, for vvich onely, our *sliding life* vvas granted. Nay, though vve doe nothing, *Time* keepes his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idlenesse*, as in *imployment*.



Whether we *play* or *labour*, or *leepe*, or *dance*, or *study*, the *Sunne* posteth, and the *Sand* runnes. An *houre* of *Vice* is as long as an *houre* of *Vertue*. But, the difference which followes vpon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminisheth our *time* heere, yet it laies vp a *pleasure* for *Eternity*: and will recompence what it taketh away, with a *plentifull* returne at last. When we trade with *vertue*, wee doe but buy *pleasure* with *expence* of *time*. So it is not so much a *consuming* of *time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* sowes his *Corne*, he is content to wait it a while, that he may, at the *Haruest*, receiue it with *advantage*. But the *bad* deeds that wee doe heere, doe not onely rob vs of so much *time*; but also be-speake a *torment* for hereafter: and that in such a *life*, as the greatest *pleasure* wee could there be crown'd withall, would bee the very act of *dying*. The one, *Treasures* vp a *pleasure* in a *lasting* *life*: The other, prouides vs *torture* in a *death* *eternall*. *Man*, as soone as he was made, had two great *Suitors*, for his *life* and *soule*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both trauail'd the world with *traines*, *harbingers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running naked, *valiant*, but *vneligant*: then *labour*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirst*, *care*, *vigilance*; and these but *poorely* arayed, and she in *plaine*, though *cleane* attire. But looking neere, shee was of such a *selfe-perfection*; that she might very well *embleme*, whatsoeuer *omnipotency* could make most *rare*. *Modest* shee was: and so *louely*, That whosoever look't but stedfastly vpon her, could not, but *insoule* himselfe in her. After her, followed *content*, full of *Iewels*, *Coyne*, *Perfumes*,

*Perfumes*, and all the *massy riches* of the *VWorld*.  
 Then *Ioy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth*, *Reuelling*, and all  
*Essentiall pleasures*. Next *Honour*, with all the an-  
 cient *Orders of Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and  
*Crownes Imperiall*. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a  
*brightnes* from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I haue heard,  
 no man could euer come so neere, as to *describe* her  
 truly. And behind all these, came *Eternity*, ca-  
 sting a *Ring* about them, which like a strong in-  
 chantment, made them for euer the same. Thus  
*Vertue*, *Vice* thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a  
*smooth, painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but  
 vnder her *garments*, full of *Scabbes*, and *vgly Vlcers*.  
 Shee spoke *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoeuer  
 could bee *wisht for*, in behalfe of her *Mistris*, *Vice*.  
 Vpon her, *Wit* waited: a *conceited Fellow*, and one  
 that much tooke *Man* with his *pretty Tricks* and  
*Gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, so full: That they  
 were after *choaked* with their owne *fat*. Then (be-  
 cause shee could not haue the true ones, for, they  
 follow *Virtue*) she gets *Impostors*, to personate *Con-  
 temt*, *Ioy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: Af-  
 ter these, she comes her selfe, *sumptuously apparell'd*,  
 but a *nasty surfettered Slut*: whereby, if any *kist* her,  
 they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her,  
 followed on a *suddaine*, like *enemies* in *ambush*,  
*gilt*, *horror*, *shame*, *losse*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These  
*charm'd* with *Eternities Ring*, as the other. And  
 thus they wooed *fond Man*: who taken with the  
*subtill coozenages* of *Vice*, yeelded to *lye* with her:  
 where he had his *nature* so *impoyson'd*, that his *seed*  
 was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, euen to this  
 day,



day, is still Conduited to his vndone Posterity. It may be *Virgill* knew of such a Story, when he writ,

*Quisquis enim, duros casus virtutis amore  
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque, decusque parabit :  
At qui desidiam, luxumque, sequetur inertem,  
Dum fugit oppositos, incauta mente, labores,  
Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget auum.*

Man that Loue-conquers *Vertues* thorny waies,  
Reares to himselfe a fame-tombe, for his praise.  
But he that *Lusts*, and *Leaden Sloth* doth prize,  
VWhile heedlesse he, opposed *Labour* flies,  
All, foule and poore, most miserably, dies.

'Tis true, they both spend vs time alike: nay many times, *honest industry* spends a man more, then the vngirthed *Solaces*, of a sensuall *Libertine*: vnlesse they be pursued with *inordinatenesse*: then they destroy the present, shorten the future, and hasten paine. VWhy should I wish to passe away this life ill, which to those that are ill, is the best: if I must daily lessen it, it shall bee by that, which shall ioy mee with a future *Incommē*. Time is like a *Ship* which neuer *Anchors*: while I am aboard, I had better doe those things, that may aduantage me at my *Landing*, then practise such, as shall cause my commitment, when I come to the *Shore*. VWhatsoever I doe, I would thinke what will become of it, when it is done. If good, I will goe on to finish it. If bad, I will either leaue off, where I am, or not vndertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrift*, sels away the *Inheritance*,

tance, vvhile 'tis but in *Reuerſion*: But *Vertue*, huſbanding all things vvell, is a *Purchaſer*. Heare but the vvitty *Spaniards* Dyſtich;

*Ampliat etatis ſpatium ſibi, vir bonus, hoc eſt  
Vivere bis, vna poſſe priore frui.*

He that his former vvell-led life inioyes,  
Liues tvvice: ſo giues addition to his dayes.



### *Of Violence and eagerneſſe.*

**T**He too eager purſuit of a thing, hinders the inioyment. For, it makes men take *indirect* vvaies, vvvhich though they *proſper* ſometimes, are *bleſſed* neuer. The *Couetous*, becauſe he is madde vpon *riches*, practiſeth *iniurious* Courſes, vvvhich God curſing, bring him to a ſpeedy *pouerty*. *Oppreſſion* vvill bring a *Conſumption* vpon thy gaines. *Wealth* ſnatch't vp by *vnjuſt* & *iniurious* vvaies, like a rotten ſheepe, vvill infect thy *healthfull* flocke. VVe thinke by *wrong* to hide our ſelues from *want*, vvhen 'tis that onely, vvvhich *vnauoydeably* pulſ it on vs. Like *Theeues*, that *Hooking* for *cloathes* in the *darke*, they dravv the *Owner*, vvvhich takes, and then imprifons them. He that longs for *Heauen*, vvith ſuch *impatience*, as he vvill *kill* himſelfe, that he may bee there the ſooner, may by that *act*, bee *excluded* thence: and lye *gnaſhing* of his teeth, in *Hell*. Nay, though  
vve



we bee in the *right way*, our *haste* will make our *stay*  
 the longer; Hee, that rides all vpon the *drining*  
*Spurre*, tyres his horse ere his *iourney* ends: so is  
 there the *later*, for making such *vn-wonted speed*. He  
 is like a giddy *messenger*, that runnes away without  
 his *errand*: so dispatches lesse for his *nimblenesse*.  
 When God hath layed out Man a way, in *vaine* hee  
 seekes a *neere* one. Wee see the things wee aime at, as  
 Trauellers doe Townes in *hilly* Countries; we iudge  
 them neere, at the eyes end, because, we see not the  
*valleys*, and the *brooke* in them, that *interpose*. So,  
 thinking to take shorter *courses*, wee are led about  
 through *Ignorance*, and *incredulity*. Surely, God that  
 made disposing Nature, knowes her better, then im-  
 perfect Man. And he that is once *perswaded* of this,  
 will rather stay the *leasure* of the *Deity*, then follow  
 the *chase* of his owne *delusions*. We goe surest, when  
 we poast not in a *precipitation*. Sudden risings, haue  
 seldome sound foundations. We might sweate lesse,  
 and auail more. How haue I seene a *Beefe-brain'd*-  
*fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to  
 shew himselfe a *foole*) thrust into *discourses* of *wit*,  
 thinking to get *esteeme*; when, all that hee hath *pur-*  
*chased*, hath been onely, the *hisse* of the *wise*, and a  
*iust derision* from the *abler iudgements*. Nor will it  
 bee lesse *toylesome*, then wee haue already found  
 it, *incommodious*. What *iealous* and *enuious furies*,  
 gnaw the *burning brest* of the *ambitious foole*?  
 What *fears* and *cares* affright the *starting sleepes*  
 of the *couetous*? Of which if any happen, they  
 crush him, ten times heauier, then they would doe  
 the *minde* of the *well-temper'd man*. All that affect  
 things

things *ouer-violently*, doe *ouer-violently* grieve in the *disappoyntment*. Which is yet *occasioned*, by that, the too-much *earnestnesse*. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue *easily*, though I doe it *assiduously*. And if I can, the *hands diligence* shall goe without the *leaping bounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I shall haue more *content*: as comming lesse expected. Those *iokes* claspe vs with a friendlier *arme*, that *steale* vpon vs, when we *looke* not for them. If it fall out *ill*, my *minde* not being set on't, will teach me *patience*, in the *sadning want*. I will coozen *paine*, with *carelesnesse*; and plump my *iokes*, by letting them *surprize* me. As, I would not *neglect* a suddaine good *opportunity*; so I would not *fury* my selfe in the *search*.



## X I.

*Of the triall of Faith and Friendship.*

**F***aith* and *Friendship*, are seldome truly *tried*, but in *extremes*. To finde *friends*, when wee haue no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when wee haue, are both alike *easie*, and *common*. In *Prosperity*, who will not *professe*, to loue a man? In *Aduersity*, how few will *shew* that they *doe* it, indeed? VVhen we are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *rising flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *World* will be our *seruant*: then, all men *flocke* about vs, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *protesting tongues*. But when these *pleasing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *wealth* but *shifteth*,



shifteth, to another stand: Then, men looke vpon vs, at a distance: and stiffen themselves, as if they were in Armour; lest, (if they should comply vs) they should get a wound, in the cloze. Adversity is like Penelope's night; which undoes all, that euer the day did weaue. 'Tis a misery, that the knowledge of such a blessednesse, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can neuer thoroughly try him, but in the kicke of malignant Chance. And till we haue try'd him, our knowledge can be call'd, but by the name of Hope. What a pittifull plight is poore dust-temper'd-Man in, when hee can neither bee truely happy without a friend; nor yet know him to bee a true friend, without his being unhappy? Our Fortunes, and our selues, are things so closely link'd, that wee know not, which is the Cause of the loue, that wee find. When these two shall part, wee may then discern to which of them affection will make wing: When they are Couēd together, we know not, which is in pursuit. VVhen they rise and breake, we shall then see, which is aymed at. I confesse he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity: but hee is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the triall of friendship, is by finding, what others will do for vs. But the tryall of Faith, is, by finding what we will doe for God. To trust him for estate, when we haue the Euidences in our Iron Chest, is easie; and not thanke-worthy. But to depend vpon him, for what we cannot see; As 'tis more hard for Man to doe; So 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, wee make confession of his Deity.

VVe

VVe know not in the *flowes* of our *contentednesse*,  
 what wee our selues are; or, how we could neglect  
 our selues, to follow *God*, commanding vs. All men  
 will be *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*: and most  
 men will be *Peters*, in their *base deniall*. But few men  
 will be *Peters*, in their *quicke repentance*. VVhen wee  
 are *well*, we sweare we will not leaue him, in our  
 greatest *sickenesse*: but when our *sickenesse* comes, wee  
 forget our *vowes*, and *stay*. VVhen we meete, with  
*blowes*, that will force vs, either to let goe our hold  
 of *God*, or our selues, Then wee see to which, our  
*soules* will cleaue the fastest. And, of this *triall*, ex-  
 cellent is the *vse*, wee may make. If we finde our  
*Faith* vpon the *Test*, firme; it will bee vnto vs, a  
 perpetuall *banquet*. If we finde it *dastardly starting a-*  
*side*, knowing the *weakenesse*, we may strue to sinew  
 it, with a stronger *nerue*. So that it euer is, either  
 the assurance of our *happinesse*, or the way, where-  
 by we may finde it. VVithout this *confidence* in a  
*Power* that is alwaies able to ayde vs, wee *wander*,  
 both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cause of  
 all our *woes*, the ground of all our *sinnes*. Not trust-  
 ing *God*, wee discontent our selues with *fearcs*  
 and *solicitations*: and to cure these, wee runne  
 into *prohibited pathes*. Vnworthy *earthen worrne*!  
 that canst thinke *God* of so vn-noble a nature, as  
 that he will suffer such to *want*, as with a *dutifull en-*  
*deauor* doe depend vpon him. It is not vsuall with  
*Man*, to be so base. And canst thou beleeeue, that  
 that most *heroical & omnipotent infinitenes* of his, wil  
 abridge a *Follower* of such poore *toyes*, as the *accou-*  
*trements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane?  
 Or



## RESOLVES.

Or can hee that graspes the vn-emptied *provisions* of the *World* in his hand, be a niggard to his *Sonnes*, vnlesse he sees it for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, could'st thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou had'st but a *Sareptan Widdowes Cruse of Gold*, could'st thou let a diligent and affectionate *Servant*, that euer waited on thee, want necessities? Could'st thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing *raggs*; nip't to a benumming, with the *Icy thumbes* of *Winter*; complaining, for want of *sustenance*; or neglected in the times of *sicknesse*? I appeale to thy inward and more *noble* *acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'st not. O *peruerse thought*, of *per-verted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these, from so vnbounded *abounty* as his is? Serue him, and but *beleene*; and vpon my soule, he will neuer faile thee, for what is most *conuenient*. O my *God*! My *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *soules Anchor*: I begge that I may but *serue* thee, and *depend vpon* thee: I neede not begge *supply*: To the other two, thou giuest that without asking. Thou knowest, for my selfe, my *soules* wishes are not for a *vast abundance*. If euer I should wish a *plenty*; it should bee for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*: and I am perswaded, I shall neuer *want*; not *necessaries*, not *conueniences*. Let me finde my *heart* *dutiful*, and my *faith* vpon triall *stedfast*: and I am sure these will bee *ground* enough for sufficient *happinesse*, while I liue heere.

That

## XII.

*That a wise man may gaine by any company.*

**A**S there is no Booke so poorely furnished, out of which a man may not gather some thing, for his benefit: so is there no company so savagely bad, but a wise man may from it learne something to make himselfe better. *Vice* is of such a ready complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the soule to hate: So lothsome, when she's seene in her owne vgly dresse: that, like a man falne in a pit before vs, shee giues vs warning to auoyd the danger. So admirably hath God disposed of the waies of Man; that euen the sight of *vice* in others, is like a warning-Arrow, shot, for vs to take heed. When shee thinkes by publishing of her selfe, to procure a traine; God, by his secret working, makes her turne her weapons against her selfe: and strongly pleade for her Adversary, *Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to curse the *Israelites*, had enforced blessings, put in his dissenting tongue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foulle acts, keepe *Vertue* from the charmes of *Vice*. Sayes *Horace*,

— Thus my best Father taught  
Me, to flye *Vice*; by nothing those were naught.  
When he would charge me thrise, and sparing be,  
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:  
See'st not how ill yong *Albus* lines? how low  
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty Item, how



One spent his meanes. And when he meant to strike  
A hate to *Whores*; To *Seetan* be not like.

— thus me a child

He with his Precepts fashion'd. —

— *Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me;* A  
*Vt fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaque notando.*

*Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque*  
*Viuerem uti contentus eo, quod mi, ipse parasset:*

*Nonne vides, Albi ut malè viuat filius? utque*  
*Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem*

*Perdere quis velit. Aturpi meretricis amore*

*Quum deterreret, Seetani dissimilis sis.*

— *Sic me*

*Formabat puerum dictis. —*

I confesse, I doe not learne to correct faults in my  
selfe, by any thing more, then by seeing how vn-  
comely they appeare in others. Who can but thinke  
what a nastie Beast he is in his drunkenesse, that hath  
seene how noysome it hath made another? How  
like a mated Sop, spunged, euen to the cracking of a  
skin? Who will not abhor a chollericke passion, and a  
sawcy pride in himselfe; that sees how ridiculous and  
contemptible they tender those, that are infested  
with them? Why should I be so besottedly blinde,  
as to beleeeue, others should not spie those vices in  
me, which I can see, when they do disclose in them?  
*Vertue* and *Vice*, whensoever they come to act, are  
both margin'd with a poynting finger; but in the in-  
tent, the difference is much: when 'tis set against  
*Vertue*, it betokens then respect and worth: but against  
*Vice*,

*Vice*, 'tis set in scorne, and for *aversion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for hauing *Vice* in his eye: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that hee sees, is *ill*. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (vnlesse it be in matters *wholly religious*,) can bee the absolute *guides* of the true *wise man*. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall iudgement* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *bustle of the World*: in the *twitches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe vs something in the *generall*: but cannot bee sufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, still casuall in the *future*. No man can leaue his *Successor* rules for *seuerals*; because hee knowes not how the *times* will be. Hee that liues alwaies by *Booke-rules*, shall shew himselfe *affected*, and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I see comely, (so it bee not dishonest) rather then what a *grane Philosopher* commands mee to the contrary. I will *take*, what I see is fitly good, from *any*: but I thinke there was neuer any one *man*, that liu'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things, I may goe beyond him. Wee feede not the *body*, with the foode of one *dish* onely: nor does the *sedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her thighes from one *Flowers* single vertues. She takes the best from *many*: and together, shee makes them serue: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would conuert to *poyson*. Thus should the wise man doe. But, euen by this, he may better learne to loue the *good*, then auoyd that which is *offensine*. Those that are thoroughly arted in *Nauigation*, doe as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the



*Sands, the Shalldomes, and the Rockes; as the seoure depths, in the most unperillous Channell. So, I thinke, those that are perfect men, (I speake of perfection since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abtrude it; as the good, that they may embrace. And, this knowledge we can neither haue so cheape, or so certaine, as by seeing it in others, with a pittifull dislike. Surely, wee shall know Vertue the better, by seeing that, which is not shee. If we could passe the World, without meeting Vice: then, the knowledge of Vertue onely were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to liue, and not encounter her. Vice is as a God in this World: whither can we goe, to fly it? It hath an vbiqutie, and ruleth too. I wish no man to know it, either by use, or by intrusion: but being vnwittingly cast vpon it, let him obserue, for his owne more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou mak'st another mans Vices steps for thee, to climbe to Heauen by. The wise Physician makes the poyson medicinable. Euen the mud of the World, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to an vsfull snell. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirme me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their dull staines, either correct those faults I haue, or shunne those that I might haue. As the Mariner that hath Sea-roume, can make any Wind serue, to set him forward, in his wished Voyage: so a wise man may take aduantage from any company, to set himselfe forward to Vertues Region. Vice is subtile, and weauing, for her owne preferment: Why should not Vertue be plotting for hers? It requires as much policy to*

to grow good, as great. There is an *innocentiall providence*, as well as the *flynesse* of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *displac'd*, that would stop vs, in the way of our *Rise*. There are *parties* to be made on our side; *good Mementoes*, to vphold vs when we are declining, through the *private lifts* of our *vnjust maligners*. There is a *King* to bee pleased; that may protect vs against the *shocke* of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning *Humours* of the *Tyme*, that pleade *custome*, and not *reason*. We must haue *Intelligencers* abroad, to learne what *practices*, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) haue on foote against vs: and beware what *Suites* wee entertaine, lest wee dishonour our selues in their grant. Euery *good man* is a *Leiger* heere for Heauen: and hee must be wise and circumspect, to vaine the *sleeke nauations* of those, that would vndoe him. And, as those that are so for the *Kingdomes* of *Earth*, will gaine something from *all Societies* that they fall vpon: So, those that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather something beneficiall, from all that they shall conuerse with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *strengthen themselves*, or *confound their opposers*.

## XIII.

*Of Man's unwillingnesse to dye.*

**W**Hat should make vs all so vnwilling to dye, when yet we know, till death, wee cannot be



be accounted *happy*? Is it the sweetnesse wee finde in this *lifes solaces*? Is there pleasure in the *lushuous blood*? Is it the *horror*, of the *paine*, that doth in *Death* affright vs? Or, is it our *feare*, and doubt of what shall become of vs after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our mis-guided soules, already condemning vs, by the pre-apprehension of a *future punishment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I should thinke there were something more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, then yet we doe imagine. But, I finde one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leaue this *World*, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth seeme no more then a *blood-letting*: and these, I find, are of the sort of men, which we generally doe esteeme for *wise*. — Euery man, in the *Play* of this *World*, besides an *Actor*, is a *spectator* too: when 'tis *new begonne* with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promisseth so much, that he is loth to *leane* it: when it growes to the middle, the *Act* of *virilitie*, then hee sees the *Scenes* grow thicke; and fill, hee would gladly vnderstand the *end*: but, when that drawes neere, and he findes what that will be; hee is then content to *depart*, and leaue his *Room* to *succeeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, hee considers, that 'tis all as it were *delusion*, and a *dreame*; and passeth away, as the *consumed dew*: or as the sound of a *Bell* that is *rung*: He then growes weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *dislike* of it selfe. Oh the vnsettled conceit of *Man*! that seeking after *quiet*, findes his *vnrest* the more: that knowes

knowes neither vvhat *he is*, nor what hee *shall bee* ! We are like men benighted in a *Wildernesſe*: wee wander in the tread of ſeueral paths: wee try one, and preſently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meete with more, that *croſſe* it: and while we are diſtracted about theſe various *waies*, the fierce Beaſt, *Death*, deuoures vs. I find two ſorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One liues in a *full ioy* heere: he *sings*, and *reuels*, and *pleaſants* his *ſpleene*, as if his *Harueſt* were perpetuall; and the whole *World's* face faſhion'd, to a *poſture*, laughing vpon him. And this man would doe any thing, rather then *die*: whereby hee tels vs (though his tongue expreſſe it not) that *he expects a worſe eſtate heereafter*. Another liues hardly heere, with a heauy *heart*, furrowing of a mournfull *face*: as if, like the *Beaſt*, he were yeaned into the *World*, onely to act a *ſad mans* part, and dye: And this *man* ſeekes *Death*, and miſſes him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis ſure, *Natura ſemper in meliorẽ tendit*: Nature euer aimes at better; nor would ſhe wiſh a change, if ſhe did not thinke it a benefit. Nowv, vvhat doe theſe tvvo tell vs: but that there is both a *miſery* and a *Ioy* attending *Man*, vvhen hee is vaniſht hence. The like is ſhevv'd by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one auoyding vvhat the other vvould vvish, at leaſt not *refuſe*, vpon offer. For, the *good man* I muſt reckon vvith the *wiſe*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *liue*. He knowves, vvwhile he is here, *God* vvill protect him; and vvhen he goes hence, *God* vvill receiue him. I borrow it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, vt me*



*vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Domi-  
num.* I haue not so lin'd, as I should bee ashamed: nor  
feare I to dye, for God is mercifull. Certainly, wee  
are neuer at quiet, in any thing long, till wee haue  
conquered the feare of death. Euery spectacle of Mor-  
tality terrifies. Euery casuall danger affrights vs. In-  
to what a dumpe, did the sight of Cyrus Tombe,  
strike the most noble Alexander? It comes, like  
an arrest of Treason in a Iollity: blasts vs, like a  
Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Noses,  
checks vs in the frisks and Lavaltoes, of our dan-  
cing blood. Feare of death, kils vs often, when Death  
it selfe, can doe it but once. I loue therefore, the  
saying of the Dying Emperour Iulian, *Hee that would  
not dye when he must, and hee that would dye when hee  
must not, are both of them Cowards alike.* That which  
we know we must doe, once; why should we be afraid  
to doe it at any time? What we cannot doe till  
our time comes, why should wee seeke to doe it be-  
fore? I like the man that can dye willingly, when-  
soever God will haue him dye; and that can liue as  
willingly, whensoever God would haue him not to  
dye. To feare Death much, argues an euill man; at  
best a man that is weake. How braue did Socrates ap-  
peare, when he told the Athenians, they could doe  
nothing; but what Nature had ordain'd, before  
them, condemne him to dye? How vnmovedly  
did hee take his poyson: as if he had beene drinking  
of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of  
the soule, does feare decline the Coward? How it  
Drownes the head in the intrembled bosome? But the  
Spanish Tragicke tels vs,

He

He that smiling can gaze on  
 Styx, and blacke wau'd Acheron;  
 That dares braue his ruine; hee  
 To Kings, to Gods, shall equall be.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atri,  
 Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,  
 Audetque vita ponere finem,  
 Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.*

'Tis a Fathers Sentence, *Nil est in Morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit*: Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liu'd well, will bee seldome unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues of a well-led-life. To say the good man feares not God, I thinke may bee good Diuinity. Faith approaches Heaven with confidence. Aristippus told the Sayers, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, afraid in the stormes; that the oddes was much: for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life; and he expected the rewards of a good one. Vice drawes Death with a horrid looke, with a whip, and flames, and terrours. It was cold comfort Diogenes gaue a lewd Liuer: that banisht, complain'd hee should dye in a forraine soyle. Be of good cheere, man, whatsoeuer thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confesse, take a man, as Nature has made him, and there is some reason why hee should feare Death: because he knowes not what it will doe with him. What he findes heere, hee sees, and knowes; what he shall find after death; hee knoweth not. And no man,



man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knowes: then indure *paine*, to be deliuered to *incertainties*. I would *live*, till God would haue me *dye*: and then, I would *doe it* without either *feare* or *grudging*. It were a shame for me, being a *Christian*, and beleeuing *Heauen*, to be *afraid* of remouing from *Earth*. In *resolving* thus, I shall *triumph* ouer other *casualties*. All things that wee *feare* heere, wee *feare* as *steps*, that descend vs toward our *graues*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When wee get the *Victory* ouer this great *terror*; all the small ones, are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorpes*, and *Villages*, will soone come in of *themselves*.



## XIIII.

*Of the worship of Admiratiō.*

**W**Hatsoever is *rare*, and *passionate*, carries the soule to the thought of *Eternitie*. And, by *contemplation*, giues it some *glympses* of more absolute *perfection*, then heere 'tis *capable* of. When I see the *Royaltie* of a *State-show*, at some *vnwonted solemnity*, my thoughts *present* me something, more *royall* then this. When I see the most *enchanted* beauties, that *Earth* can shew mee; I yet thinke, there is something farre more *glorious*: methinkes I see a kind of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a face. When I heare the *rauisht* straines of a *sweet-tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the  
Artfull

*Artfull instrument*: I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapason*: and doe almost beleue, I heare a little *Deity* vvhispering, through the *pory substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grope* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *say*, vvhat it is. When I reade a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him, to my *ovvne impatiency*. I cannot reade some part of *Seneca*, aboue *tvvo Leaves* together. Hee raises my *soule* to a *contemplation*, vvwhich sets me a *thinking*, on more, then I can *imagine*. So I am forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such effects vvorkes *Poetry*, vvhen it lookes to *tovvring Vertues*. It giues vp a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *soule*, vvith such high *apprehensions*: that all the *Glories*, vvwhich this *World* hath, hereby appeare, *contemptible*. Of vvwhich the soft-*soul'd Ouid* giues a touch, vvhen hee complains the *want*.

*Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatū Pectora nutrit,  
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That Sacred vigor, vvwhich had vvont, alone,  
To flame the *Poets* noble brest, is gone.

But this is, vvhen these *excellencies* incline to *gravity*, and *seriousnesse*. For othervvise, light *aires* turne vs into *sprightfull Actions*, vvwhich breathe avvay in a loose *laughier*, not leauing halfe that *impression* behind them, vvwhich *serious considerations* doe. As if *Mirth* vvere the *excellency* for the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soule*. As if one vvere, for the *contentment* of this *life*: and the other, *eying* to that of the *life*.



*life to come. All Indeanours aspire to Eminency; All Eminencies doe beget an Admiration. And, this makes me belecue, that contemplative Admiration, is a large part of the worship of the Deity. Tis an adoration, purely, of the Spirit; a more sublime bowing of the soule to the Godhead. And this is it, which that Homer of Philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happinesse, if to his Contemplation, he ioyned a constant Imitation of God, in Justice, Wisdome, Holinesse. Nothing can carry vs so neere to God, and Heaven, as this. The minde can walke, beyond the sight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can lift vs into Heaven, while wee liue. Meditation is the soules Perspective Glasse: whereby, in her long remoue, shee discerneth God, as if hee were neerer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whold life's businesse. We haue bodies, as well as soules. And euen this World, while wee are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution followes sound advisements: so is Man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; Action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defectiue. Without the last, the first is but abortiue, and embrious. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more faire: but action to Leah, which was the more fruitfull. I will neither alwaies be busie, and doing: nor euer shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call Idlenesse, I will call the sweetest part of my life: and, that is, my Thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his Creatures, as well for the inward soule,*

saule, as the outward senses; though hee made them primarily, for his owne Free-will, and Glory. He was a Monke of an honest age, that being asked how he could indure that life, without the pleasure of bookes, answered: The Nature of the Creatures was his Library: wherein, when he pleased, hee could muse vpon Gods deepe Oracles.

## XV.

## Of Fame.

IT may seeme strange, that the whole world of men, should bee carried on with an earnest desire of a noble fame, and memory after their deaths; when yet we know it is not Materiall, to our well, or ill being, what confures passe vpon vs. The tongues of the liuing, auaille nothing, to the good, or hurt, of those that lye in their graues. They can neither adde to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they finde any. My account must passe vpon mine owne actions, not vpon the report of others. In vaine men labour'd, to approue themselves to goodnesse, if the Palaces which Vertue reares, could be vnbuilt, by the taxes of a maulding tongue. False-witnesses can neuer finde admission, where the God of Heauen sits iudging. There is no Common Law in the New Ierusalem. There Truth will bee receiued, though either Plaintiff, or Defendant, speakes it. Heere, wee may article against a man, by a common fame; and by the fleshy buzz of the World, cast away



way the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall be beleevued in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *successive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, shall bee admitted? *Fame*, shall there bee excluded, as a lying *witnesse*: though heere, there is nothing which we doe possesse, which we reckon of an equall *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleasure*, our *lines*, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in in *competition*. Nay, when wee are circled round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *Constant friend*, takes vs by the hand, and cheeres vs, against all our *miseries*. When *Philip* ask'd *Democritus*, if hee did not feare to lose his *head*, hee answer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would giue him one *immortall*. He should be *Statued*, in the *treasury* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ouids comforter*, in his *banishment*.

— Nil non mortale tenemus,  
Pectoris exceptis, ingeniq; bonis.  
Enego, cum patria, caream, vobisque, domoq; :  
Raptaque sint, admi qua potuere mihi.  
Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorq; fruorq; :  
Caesar, in hoc potuit Iuris habere nihil.  
Quilibet hanc saevo vitam, mihi finiet ense :  
Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

— All that we hold will dye,  
But our braue thoughts, and Ingenuity.  
Euen I that want my country, house, and friend;  
From whom is rauisht, all that Fate can rend;  
Possesse

Possesse yet my owne *Genius*, and enioy  
 That which is more, then *Casár* can destroy.  
 Each Groome may kill me: but when I ere lye,  
 My Fame shall liue to mate Eternity.

*Plutarch* tels vs of a poore *Indian*, that would rather endure a dooming to death, then shoot before *Alexander*, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, hee should marre the Fame, hee had gotten. Doubtlesse, euen in this, *Man* is ordered by a power aboue him; which hath instinced in the minds of all men, an ardent appetition, of a lasting Fame. Desire of *Glory*, is the last garment, that, euen wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *Etiam sapientibus, Cupido gloria nouissima excutitur*. Not, that it better selfe, being gone: but that it stirreth vp, those that follow him, to an earnest endeavour, of Noble Actions; which is the onely meanes, to winne the fame wee wish for. *Themistocles*, that streached out his youth, in *Wine*, and *Venerie*, and was sodainely changed, to a vertuous, and valiant man, told one, that ask'd what did so strangely change him: that, The Trophie of *Miltiades*, would not let him sleepe. *Tamberlaine* made it his practice, to reade often the Heroike decds, of his owne Progenitors: not as boasting in them; but as glorious examples propounded, to infire his Vertues. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping vertues, like the Noble Acts of our Predecessors. They are flaming Beacons, that Fame, and Time, haue set on Hills, to call vs to a defence of Vertue; whensoever Vice inuades the Common-wealth of Man. Who can indure to skulke away his life in  
 an



an idle corner, when he has means, and finds, how *Fame* has blowne about *deserving-names*? *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Envy*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Braue men neuer dye, but like the *Phoenix*: From whose *preserved ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring* vp, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, then by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to vs: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their liues to that, which they *esteem'd* about their liues; their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to giue but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why wee should neglect that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and empty *ayre*. *Vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* only, were all the *Garland*, that did crowne her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This followes him but on *Earth*, in *Heauen* is laid vp, a more *Noble*, more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that *springs* from good *Actions*, I must thinke, he that *loves* that, *lovet* also, that which causes it, *worthines*. In others; I will honour the *Fame*, for the *deseruing deeds* which

which caused it. In my selfe, I will respect the *Actions*, that may merit it. And, though for my owne benefit, I will not much seeke it: yet, I shall bee glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may goe beyond me: I will, if I can, tread the *Path* which leads to't. If I finde it, I shall thinke it a blessing: if not, my endeauour will bee enough, for discharging my selfe within; though I misse it. God is not bound to reward me any way: if hee accepts mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deserue a *Fame*, without either search, or caring for it. *Christ*, after many *miraculous cures*, inioyned his *patients* silence: perhaps, to checke the *World*, for the too-too violent quest, of this *vacuum*. For a meane *Man* to thirst for a mighty *Fame*, is a kinde of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouse* can cast a shadow, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a traine like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and such as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humanity*. Good ones may crowne the private. The same fire may be in the *waxen Taper*, which is in the *staued Torch*, but 'tis not equall either in quantity, or advancement. Let the world speake well of mee, and I will neuer care, though it does not speake much. Checke thy selfe, thou *Ayremonger*: that with a madding thought, thus chafest *fleeting shadows*. Loue *substances*, and rest thy selfe content, with what *Boetius* tels thee,

*Quicumque solam, mente pracipiti, petit*

*Summumque credit, Gloriam:*



*Lætè patentes, ætheris cernat plagas,*

*Arctumque terrarum situm.*

*Breuem replere non valentis ambitum,*

*Pudebit, aucti nominis.*

He that thirsts for Glories prize,

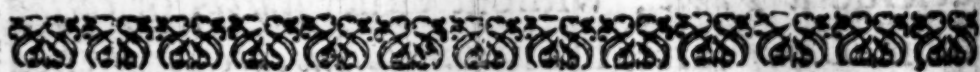
Thinking that, the top of all :

Let him view th' expanded skies,

And the Earth's contracted Ball.

Hee'l be ashamed then, that the name he wanne,

Fils not the short walke, of one healthfull man.



# XVI.

*Of the choice of Religion.*

**V**ariety, in any thing, *distracteth the minde*; and leaues it *waning in a dubious trouble*: and then, how easie is it to sway the *minde* to either side? But, among all the *diuersities* that wee meet with, *none* troubles vs more, then those that are of Religion. 'Tis rare to find two *Kingdomes* one; as if euery *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at least) a way to *God* by it selfe. This *stumbles* the *vnsettled soule*: that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, stickes to none: so *dies*, ere he does that, for which he was made to *liue*: the *Service of the true Almighty*. We are borne as *Men* set downe in the midd'lt of a *Wood*; circled round with seuerall *voyses* calling vs. At first, we see not, which will lead vs the right way out; so diuided in our selues, we

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we sit still, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheisme*, which strikes deepe at the *foundation*, both of our *owne*, and the whole World's *happinesse*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed understanding* search in these *varieties* (which yet is the onely *meanes*, that we haue in our selues, to doe it with) wee shall certainly lose our selues in their *windings*; there being in euery of them something to *beleue*, aboue that *reason* which leades vs to the *search*. Reason giues vs the *Anatomy* of things, and *illustrates* with a great deale of *plainenesse*, all the *waies* that she goes: but her *line* is too short, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. Religion carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soueraignty*, Awe's the inquisitiue *tongue* of *Nature*: and when shee would sometimes *murmur* priuately, she will not let her *speake*. Reason, like a milde *Prince*, is content to shew his *Subiects* the causes of his *commands*, and *rule*. Religion, with a *higher straine* of *Maiesty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further then the *bare command*: which, without *doubt*, is a meanes of procuring mighty *reuerence*. What we know not, we *reuerently admire*; what we doe know, is in some sort subiect to the triumphs of the *soule*, that hath discovered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes vs not able to iudge. Euery one tells vs, his *owne* is the truest: and there is none, I thinke, but hath beene *seal'd* with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how wee may more then *probably*, prooue any: they beeing all set in such *heights*, as they are not subiect to the *demonstrations* of Reason. And as we may easier say what a *soule* is not, then what it is:



so we may more easily disprove a *Religion*, for  
*false*, then prove it, for one that is *true*: There  
 being in the *World*, farre more *error*, then *Truth*.  
 Yet is there besides, another *miser*, neere as great  
 as this: and that is, that wee cannot bee our owne  
*Chusers*: but must take it vpon *trust*, from others.  
 Are we not oft, before wee can discern the *true*,  
 brought vp and grounded in the *false*, sucking in  
*Heresie*, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when  
 wee come to yeeres of *abler iudgement*, wherein the  
 Minde is growne vp *compleat Man*: wee examine  
 not the soundnesse, but retaine it meere, because  
 our fathers taught it vs. What a lamentable  
*weakenesse* is this in Man, that hee should build his  
*Eternall welfare*, on the *approbation*, of perhaps a  
 weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our  
*neglect* the most, in that, wherein our care should  
 be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfill that  
*Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *best*? As-  
 suredly, though *Faith* be aboue *Reason*, yet is there  
 a *reason* to bee giuen of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole*  
 that beleeueth hee knowes neither what, nor why.  
 Among all the *Diversities of Religion*, that the world  
 holds, I thinke, it may stand with most safety, to  
 take that, which makes most for *Gods Glory*, and  
*Mans quiet*. I confesse, in all the Treatises of *Religi-*  
*on* that I euer saw; I finde none that I should so soone  
 follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I neuer  
 found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for  
*Religion*: as the *Song* of the *Angels* at the *Birth* of  
*Christ*: *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*,  
 the *reuerend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the  
*Adoration*,

*Adoration*, which we ought to giue him. *On earth peace.* This is the effect of the former: working in the hearts of Men, whereby the *World* appeares in his noblest beauty, being an entire chaine of inter-mutuell amity. And good will toward men. This is Gods mercy, to reconcile Man to himselfe, after his fearefull differtion of his Maker. Search all Religions the world thorow, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to God, Nor that constitutes so firme a loue among men, as does the establisht Doctrine of the Protestant Church among vs. All other either detract from God: Or infringe the Peace of Men. The Iewes in their *Talmud* say, before God made this, hee made many other Worlds, and marr'd them againe: to keepe himselfe from Idlenesse. The *Turkes* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, discoursing vvith the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things vvwhich before hee knew not: and after, they make him sweare by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figges*, and *Oliues*. The *Papists* portray him as an old Man: and by this meanes, disdeifie him, derogating also from his Royalty, by their odious interposing of merit. And for the Society of men; vvhat bloody Tenents doe they all hold: as, That hee deserues not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his enemy to the death: That 'tis no sinne to reuenge iniuries: That 'tis meritorious to kill a Heretike, vvith vvhom no Faith is to bee kept: Euen to the vngluing of the vvhole Worlds Frame; Contexted onely, by Commerce, and Contracts. What abhorred barbarismes did *Selymus* leaue in Precept, to his Successor *Solyman*: vvwhich, though I am not



certaine they were ratified, by their *Musties*; I am sure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taste*, learne to detest them all.

*Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem :  
Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.  
Iura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo super sit  
Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.  
Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat, regale tueri  
Nomen, & expertem te finit esse metus.*

Thinke not thy kinreds murther ill, 'tis none :  
By thy flaine brothers, to secure thy Throne.  
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Riuals aime,  
Thy ruine, may be practiz'd, else they maim.  
This is the way, how kingly names may be  
Infat't, and from distractiue terrors, free

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond opinions haue they held of their *Gods*? reuiling with vnseemely threats, when their *affaires* haue thwarted them. As if allowing them the name, they vwould conserue the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* vvhich vve now professe, establisheth all in another *straine*. VVhat makes more for *Gods Glory*? vvhath makes more for the *mutuall loue* of *Man*, then, *The Gospell*? All our *Abilities* of good, vve offer to *God*, as the *Fountaine* from vvhence they *streame*. Can the  
day

*day be light, and that light not come from the Sun?*  
 Can a *Clocke* goe, vvithout a *weight* to moue it, or a  
 Keeper to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to  
 tread on *Cottons*, mild's his vvilder *temper*: and  
 learns him in his *patience*, to affect his *enemies*.  
 And for that vvhich doth partake on both: it  
 makes *Iust God*, a friend to *vnjust Man*, vvithout  
 being *vnjust*, either to himselfe, or *Man*. Sure, it  
 could bee no other, then the *invention* of a *Dei-*  
*ty*, to find out a way, hovv *Man*, that had *iustly* made  
 himselfe *unhappy*, should, vvith a full *satisfaction* to  
 exactest *Iustice*, be made againe most *happy*. I vvould  
 vvish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion*  
 vpon others vvords: but once resolved in it, 'tis  
 dangerous to *neglect*, vvhere vvee knowv vve doe  
 ovve a *Seruice*.

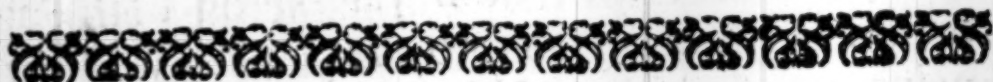
*Dij multa neglecta dederant,  
 Hesperia mala Luduosa.*

G o d neglected, plenteously  
 Plagued mournfull *Italy*.

And this, before *Horace his time*; vvhen *God is*  
*neglected of Man*; *Man* shall bee *contemned of God*.  
 VVhen *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honour*; *God* vvill  
 shorten *Man* of his *happinesse*. It cannot but be best,  
 to giue all to *him*, of vvhom vvhatsoever vve haue,  
 vve hold. I beleue it *safest* to take, that *Religion*,  
 vvhich most *magnifies God*, and makes most, for the  
*peaceable Conuersation of Men*. For, as vvee cannot  
*ascribe* too much to *him*, to vvhom vve ovve more



then wee can *ascribe*: so I thinke the most splendid *estate* of *Man*, is that, which comes neereſt to his firſt *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleaſant *embracements* of *mutuall loue*, and *concord*.



## XVII.

*Of Petitions and Denials.*

**D***enials* in *Sutes*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We ſeeme thereby to tell him, that hee craues *That*, which is not *conuenient*; ſo erres from that *ſtation*, he ſhould reſt in. In our *demaunds*, we vncouer our owne *deſires*; in the anſwers wee receiue, we gather how we are *affected*. Beware what thou aſkeſt: and beware what thou *denieſt*. For if *diſcretion* guide thee not, there is a great deale of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windowes* of our *heart* wider, then all the *indeauours* of our *obſeruers* can. 'Tis like giuing of a man our hand in the *darke*; which directs him better where wee are, then either our *voyce*, or his owne *ſearch* may. If wee giue *repulſes*, wee are preſently held in *ſuſpition*; and inſearched for the cauſe: which, if it bee found trenching on *diſcourteſie*; *Loue* dyes, and *Reuenge* ſprings from the *aſhes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man neuer ought to giue a rough *deniall*: but alwaies, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *Reason* why wee *condiſcend* not; by no meanes ſuffering him to goe away *unſatisfied*:

For

For that, euer leaues *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding iarre*. Deny not a iust sute; nor *prefer* thou one, that is *un-just*. Either, to a wise man, stamps vnkindnesse in the *memory*. I confesse, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*, so 'tis *harsh*, to be *denyed*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *iniuri-ous* fauours, nor bee *importunate*: and when thou bee'st to receiue of such, grant not too much on a yeelding *Friend*: though thou maist haue thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequell*. Those that are readily daunted vpon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may bee the speede of their *suite*. 'Tis easier to beare *collected vnkindnesse*, then that which wee meete in *affronts*: the *one* wee may wrap to death in a still *silence*: the *other* we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, neuer to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtayning*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, we giue our selues the *deniall*. *Ill Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusall* is deseruedly, while our *demands* are either *vnfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to bee offended with any but our *selues*, when wee haue in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though in some I haue kuowne the deniall of *one fauour*, drowning the memory of *many* fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giuing mee that, which he needs not, is *Iniustice*: but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *Extreme ingratitude*. The  
good



goodmans thanks for old fauours, liue, euen in the blowes of iniurie. Why should a diswonted unkindnesse make me ingrate for wonted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesses, and remember them: or vnmake fauours, & forget them. For all the fauours I receiue, I will be thankfull, though I meete with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make mee neglectfull of many: no, not though I finde upbraiding: which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an iniury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one child, kill all the elder issue? Those fauours that I can doe, I will not doe for thanks, but for Noblenesse, for Loue; and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hoarse voyce, marres the musicke of the song: Yet, as I will doe none for thanks; so I will receiue none without paying them. For Petitions to others, I will neuer put vp Vndecent ones; nor will I, if I faile in those, either vexe my selfe, or distaste too much the denyer. Why should I thinke he does me an iniurie, when hee onely but keepes his owne? I like *Pedaretus* his mirth well, who when hee could not bee admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad, that the Republique had three hundred better men then himselfe.* I will neuer importune too much vpon unwilling mindes: nor will I bee slow in yeelding, what I meane to giue. For the first, with *Ouid*,

*Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,  
Ne subeant animo tadia iusta tuo.*

I shall

I shall both feare and shame, too oft to pray,  
Lest *urged minds* to iust disdain giue way :

For the other, I am confident, *Ausonius* giues  
good counsell, with perswading reasons :

*Si bene quid facias, facias citò : nam citò factum,  
Gratum erit : ingratum, gratia tarda facit :*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good : quicke courteous deeds  
Cause thanks : slow fauour, men vnthankfull breeds.



## XVIII.

## Of Pouerty.

THE *Pouerty* of the *poore man*, is the least part of  
his *misery*. In all the stormes of *Fortune*, hee is  
the first that must stand the shocke of *extremity*.  
*Poore men* are perpetuall *Sentinels*, watching in the  
depth of *night*, against the incessant assaults of  
*want* ; while the *rich* lye stoued in *secure* *reposes* : and  
compass'd with a large *abundance*. If the *Land* bee  
ruffled with a *bloodlesse Famine* ; are not the *poore*  
the first that *sacrifice* their liues to *Hunger* ? If *Warre*  
thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the  
*poore* those that are exposed to the *Enemies* *Sword*  
and *outrage* ? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded sponge*, flies,  
sprinkling *poyson* torow a *populous Kingdome* : the  
*poore* are the *fruite* that are shaken from the bur-  
then'd *Tree* : while the *rich*, furnisht with the helpes  
of



of *Fortune*, haue meanes to wind out themselves, and turne these sad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot auoyd them. Like salt *marshes*, that lie low: they are sure, whensoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to bee first vnder, and imbarrenn'd with a *fretting care*. Who, like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppression*, euer subiect to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightinesse*? Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *insultation* both. He is like one rowled in a Vessell full of Pikes; which way soeuer hee turnes, he something findes that prickes him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent miserie*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

*Nil habet infelix, &c.*

Vnhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,  
Then that it makes men *scorn'd*.——

As if the *poore man* were but *Fortunes Dwarf*; made lower then the rest of men, to bee *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though hee were the *same minde*, and the *same man*) in his *squallid rages*, could not finde admission, when *better robes*, procured both an open doore, and *reuerence*. Though outward things can adde nothing to our *essentiall worth*: yet, when wee are iudged on, by the helpe of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteem*. A *Diamond* set in *brasse*, would bee taken for a *Christall*, though it bee not so, whereas a  
*Christall*

*Chrifall* fet in gold, will by many bee thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man wife*, shall be thought a *foole*; though hee haue nothing to condemne him, but his being *poore*: The complaint is as old as *Salomon*: *The wifedome of the poore is despised; and his words not heard*. *Pouerty* is a gulfe, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poore men*, though *wise*, are but like *Sattens* without a *glosse*; which euery man will refuse to looke vpon. *Pouerty* is a *reproach*, which cloudes the lustre of the *purest vertue*. It turnes the *wise man foole*, to humour him that is a *foole*. Good parts in *pouerty*, shew like *beauty* after *sicknesse*; *pallid* and *pulingly deadish*. And if all these calamities be but *attendants*, what may we iudge that she is in *herselfe*? Vndoubtedly, whatsoeuer we preach of *Contentednesse in want*; no precepts can so gaine vpon *Nature*, as to make her a *non-sensitiue*. 'Tis impossible to finde *content* in gnawing *penury*. Lacke of things necessary, like a *heavy load*, and an ill *saddle*, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreame *pouerty* one calls a *Lanthorne*, that lights vs to all *miseries*. And without doubt, when 'tis vrgent and importunate, it is euer chafing, vpon the very *heart of nature*. What pleasure can he haue in *life*, whose whole *life* is griped by some or other *misfortune*? Liuing no time free, but that, wherein he does not liue, his *sleepe*. His *minde* is euer at iarte, either with *desire*, *feare*, *care*, or *sorrow*: his *appetite* vnappeasedly crauing *supply of foode*, for his *body*: which is either nummed with *cold*, in *idleness*, or stew'd in *sweat*, with *labour*: nor can it be, but it will imbase euen the *purest metall* in *Man*:  
it



it will *Alchimy* the gold of vertue, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course waies*, which another estate would scorne: nay, it will not suffer the soule to exercise that *generous freedome*, which equall nature ha's giuen it: but haies it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdaine* vpon it. *Counsell* and *discretion*, either quite leaue a man; or else are so limited, by vnresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they vse to shine withall.

*Crede mihi, miseros, prudentia prima reliquit,  
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Beleeue it, *Wisedome* leaues the man distrest:  
VVith *wealth*, both wit and *Counsell* quits the brest.

Certainely, *extreme pouerty*, is worse then *Abundance*. VVe may be good in *Plenty*, if we will: in biting *Penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casuall*: in the other, 'tis *neecessitating*. The best is that which *partakes* of both, and *consists* of neither. He that hath too little, wants *feathers* to fly withall. He that hath too much, is but combred with too large a *Taile*. If a flood of *Wealth* could profit vs, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: But it can neither lengthen our *liues*, nor enrich vs after the end. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *grane*:

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam ditissime regum,  
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus:*

*Constitit;*

*Constitit; utque procul, solito maiore cachinno  
 Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi diuitia  
 Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis  
 Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?  
 Nam quacunque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipse  
 Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus:*

When the *Tubb'd Cynicke* went to *Hell*, and there  
 Found the pale *Ghost* of golden *Cræsus* bare,  
 He stops, and geering till he shugges againe,  
 Sayes; O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gaine  
 Haue all thy large heapes brought thee, since I spy  
 Thee heere alone, and poorer now then I?  
 For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,  
 Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little vse does he make the *mines* of this  
 same opulent man? Surely, *Estates* bee then best,  
 when they are likest *mindes* that be worst: I meane,  
 neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too  
*much*, nor narrowly pent, with too *little*: yet nee-  
 rer to a *plenty* then *want*. Wee may be at ease in a  
 Roome *larger* then our selues: in a Roome that is  
*lesse*, we cannot. We neede not vse *more* then *will*  
*serue*: but wee cannot vse *lesse*. VVee see all things  
 grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when wee would impri-  
 son them in any thing *lesse* then themselves. *Fire*,  
 shut vp, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake  
 out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compressed, spurteth  
 thorow the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to  
 contract *many graines* into *one*, then to cause ma-  
 ny spring out of *one*. VVhere the *channell* is too  
 little

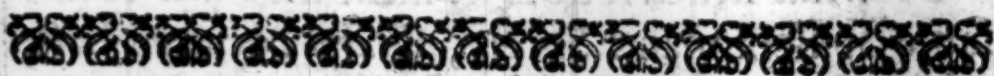


little for the *flood*, who can wonder at the *over-flowing*.

*Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.*

He is lesse guilty, that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the *world*, such another object of *pitty*, as the *pinched State*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braues*, and *contempt*. *Questionlesse*, I will rather with *charity* helpe him that is *miserable*, as I *may bee*: then despise him that is *poore*, as I *would not be*. They haue *flinty and steeled hearts*, that can adde *calamities* to him, that is already but one *intirer Masse*.



# XIX.

*Of the euill in man from himselfe, and occasions.*

**T**Is not so much *want of good*, as *excesse of ill*, that makes man *post to lewdnesse*. I beleue there are *sparkes* enow in the *soule*, to flame a man, to the *morall life of vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid fogs of corruption*. As *fruits of hotter Countries*, *trans-earth'd in colder Climates*, haue *vi-goure* enough in themselves to bee *fructuous*, according to their *nature*: but that they are hindred, by the *chilling nippes of the ayre*, and the *soile*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliqu'd*  
*Impressa's*

*Impressa's* of *divine Vertue* still so left within her, as she would mount her selfe to the *Tower of Noblesse*, but that shee is depressed, by an vnpassable *Thicket* of hindrances: The *fraileties* of the *Body*, the *current* of the *World*, and the *Armies* of *Enemies*, that continually warre against *goodnesse*, are euer checking the *production* of those *motions*, she is pregnant with. When we runne into *new crimes*, how wee schoole our selues when the *Act* is ouer? as if *Conscience* had still so much *Iustice* left, as it would be vpright in *sentencing* euen against it selfe. Nay, many times, to gratulate the *Company*, wee are faine to force our selues to *unworthinesse*. *Ill actions* runne against the graine of the *undefiled soule*: and, euen while wee are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues*, for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerely, out of their loue to *vice*. There is a *noblesse* in the minde of *man*, which of it selfe, intitles it, to the *hated* of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomlesly ill*, as to loue *vice*, because it is *vice*? Yet we finde, there are some so *good*, as to loue *goodnesse* purely, for *goodnesse* sake. Nay, *vice* it selfe is loued, but for the *seeming-good* that it carries with it. Euen the first *sinne*, though it were (as *Saint Augustine* sayes) originally from the *soule*: yet it was by a *wilfull-blindnesse*, committed, out of respect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *Soule* leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing 'tis *spotlesse* and *immaculate*: and where we see, there be meanes to second the *progressions* of it: it flies to a glorious height;

F

scorning



scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the *body*. And when wee haue performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it selfe, and *man*? As if it had no *true soy*, but in such things, as transcending the sence of the *druggie flesh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aspiring flame of *Vertue*: nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her *creation*, she rests full, in her owne approuement, without the *weake Worlds* reedy *under-propping*. *Man* has no such *comfort*, as to bee conscious to himselfe, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They set him almost in the Throne of a *Deitie*; ascend him to an *unmoouednesse*; and take away from him those *blacke feares*, that would speake him still to bee but *fragile man*. 'Tis the sicke and diseased soule, that driues vs into vnlimited *passions*. Take her as shee is in her selfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the mists of *corporalitie*; then is shee a *beauty*, displayed in a full and diuine *sweetnesse*.

*Amat, sapit, recte facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.*

When man obeyes his mind, hee's wise, loues, and  
(does right.

But this is not to be vnderstood at large. For, saies the same *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifest it selfe, in it *selfe*: but euen ouer the *body* too: and that so farre, that it euen conuerts it to a *spiritualitie*: making it indefatigable in *travailes*, in *toyles*, in *vigilancies*; insensible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

*Omnia deficiunt; animus tamen omnia vincit;*

*Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:*

Sayes the grand *Loue-Master*.

(dues,  
Though all things want; all things the *minde* sub-  
And can new strength in fainting *Flesh* infuse.

VWhen we find it seconded with the prevalent incitations of *Literature* and sweet *Morality*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towring is she? *Socrates* calls *Nature*, the Reason of an honest man; as if man, following her, had found a square, whereby to direct his life. The soule that takes a delight in *Lewdnesse*, is gain'd vpon by *Custom*: and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a ioy in that, which at first did daunt with *terroure*. The first Acts of Sinne, are for the most part trembling, fearefull, and full of the blush. Tis the iteration of euill, that giues forehead to the foule offender. Tis easie to know a beginning swearer: hee cannot mouth it, like the practised man. Hee oathes it, as a cowardly *Fencer* playes; who as soone as hee hath offered a blow, shrinkes backe: as if his heart suffered a kinde of violence by his tongue: yet had rather take a step in *Vice*, then bee left behinde for not being in *fashion*. And, though a man be plunged in wickednesse, yet would hee bee glad to be thought good. VWhich may strongly argue the Intentions of the Soule to bee good; though vnable to maturate that seed that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of *Captiue*, shee is carried by corruption, through boggs, and *Desarts*, that at first shee feares



to tread vpon. *Sinne* at first does a little startle the blood. *Vice* carries *horror* in her considered looke, though we finde a *short plausibility*, in the present *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *soule* dislikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this distaste is so generall, that when *Custome* ha's dull'd the *sence*; yet the *minde* shames to transmit it selfe to the *tongue*; as knowing, hee which holds *Tenents* against *Natures Principles*, shall, by shewing a *quicke wit*, lose his *honest name*. *Goodnesse* is not so quite extinct in *man*, but that shee still flashes out a glimmering light, in *morality*. Though *Vice* in some *soules*, haue got the start on her: yet shee makes euery mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation*. Hee that maintaines *Vice* lawfull, shall haue *mankinde* his enemy. 'Tis *gaine*, not *loue to Treason*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deede* does beare a *spurre* in it selfe. They are *bad works*, that need *rewards* to crane them vp withall. I belecue, if we examine *Nature*, those things that haue a pleasure in their performance, are *bad* but by mis-vse; not simply so in themselves. *Eating, drinking, mirth*, are ill, but in the *manner*, or the *measure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wisdom* consists not in the *not vsing*, but in the *well vsing* of what the world affords him. *How to vse*, is the most waightry lesson of *man*. And of this we faile, for want of seconding the *seedes* that bee in the *soule*: The *thornes* doe first choke them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lacke of *watering*. Two things I will strongly labour for: To remoue *Annoyance*; and To cherish the growth of budding *Vertue*. Hee spends his time well, that strives to  
reduce

reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, shee wishes well to *man*, but is growne so *poore*, and *false* into such *decay*, as indeed she is not *able*. I will helpe her what I can in the way, though of my selfe, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spirituall things*, not able to beginne. As *man* has not that free power in himselfe, which first hee had: so I am farre from thinking him so dull, to be a *patient* meerely: it was not in the first Fall *slaine*, but irrecoverably *lamed*: *debilitated*, not *annihilated*. But whether this be true or no, I thinke it cannot be ill, of whatsoeuer *good* we doe, to giue our *God* the *glory* on't.

## XX.

## Of Preaching.

THE *excesse* which is in the *defect* of *Preaching*, ha's made the *Pulpit* flighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. Tis a wonder to me, how men can *Preach* so little, and so long: so long a time, & so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vaine *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse* as *Divinity* is, should bee presented to the *People* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that he which speaks from the *Father of Languages*, should deliuer his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can neuer speake too well, where he speakes not too *obscure*. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the *care*, and



difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* wel couch'd,  
 takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I loue  
 not those *Cart-ropes speeches*, that are longer then the  
 memorie of man can fathome. I see not, but that  
*Diuinity*, put into apt *significants*, might rauish as  
 well as *Poetry*. The waighry *lines* men finde vpon  
 the *Stage*, I am perswaded, haue beene the *lures*, to  
 draw away the *Pulpit-followers*. We complaine of  
 drowzinesse at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled  
 length, leades vs on still with alacrity. But the  
 fault is not all in our selues. If wee saw *Diuini-  
 ty* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much in-  
 uigilate. But it is too high to bee personated by  
*Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *eare* and the  
*eye*; and through his *latter sense*, the *Soule* drinks dee-  
 per draughts. Things acted, possesse vs more, and  
 are too more retaineable, then the *passable tones* of  
 the *tongue*. Besides, heere wee meete with more  
*compassed Language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded  
 into curious *Phrase*; Though 'tisto be lamented,  
 such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and confor-  
 ted to *Diuinity*; who without doubt, well deckt,  
 will cast a farre more radiant *lustre*, then those ob-  
 scene *scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents vs with,  
 though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest syre*.  
 At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *understander* can  
 haue a motion to *sleepe*? *Diuinity* well ordered,  
 casts forth a *Baite*, which angles the *Soule* into  
 the *eare*: and how can that cloze; when such  
 a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser me-  
 tall, which leade the eyes to slumber. And should  
 we heare a *continued Oration*, vpon such a subiect as  
 the

the *Stage* treats on, in such words as wee heare some *Sermons*; I am confident, it would not only be farre more tedious, but *nauseous* and *contemptfull*. The most aduantage they haue of other places, is, in their good *Lines* and *Action*. For 'tis certaine, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleate, when they both make but one Man. He answered well, that after often asking, sayd still, that *Action* was the chiefeft part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is most powerfull, where the *Tongue* is diffusiue and speakes in a *native decency*, euen in euery *limme*. A good *Orator* should pierce the *eare*, allure the *eye*, and inuade the *minde* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better then *fine ones*: I like not those that are *in-iudiciously made*; but such as be *expresiuely significant*: that leade the *minde* to something, beside the *naked terme*. And he that speakes thus, must not looke to speake thus euery day. A *kemb'd* *Oration* will cost both *sweate*, and the *rubbing of the braine*. And *kemb'd* I wish it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Diuinitie* should not *lasciuiate*. *Vn-wormewooded Iests* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tauerne*, then the *Maiestie* of a *Temple*. *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authoritie*. *Gravitie* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demosthenes* confest he became an *Orator*, by spending more *Oyle* then *Wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *substantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *Wine*, is, for the most part, like the *sparkelings* in the *Cup*, when 'tis filling: they *briske* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of some men; that before their *Studies*, dare ascend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more



paines, then they haue done in their *Library*. But hauing done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *leepe*. And this makes some such *fugitive Diuines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not all, nor *matter* is not all; nor *gesture*: yet, together, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Orator*, when the *Soule* seemes to speake, as well as the *tongue*. *Saint Augustine*, sayes *Tully*, was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *minde*; *Aristotle* more for his *minde*, then his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And surely, nothing deckes an *Oration* more, then a *Iudgement* able well to conceiue and vtter. I know, *God* hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a washed *Language* hath much preuailed. And euen the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I belecue they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expression: wherein, almost euery word, hath a *Metaphoricall sense*, which does illustrate by some *allusion*. How *politicall* is *Moses*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *philosophicall* *Iob*? How *masse* and *sententious* is *Salomon* in his *Proverbs*? how *quaint*, and *flamingly-amorous* in the *Canticles*? how *graue* and *solemne* in his *Ecclesiastes*? that in the *world*, there is not such another dissection of the *world* as it. How were the *Iewes* astonied at *Christs Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *disputation* how *subtile*? And he that reades the *Fathers*, shall finde them, as if written with a *crisped pen*. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a *Philosopher* or a *Poet*, come in and waite, and giue a

*Trencher.*

*Trencher* at this *Banquet*. *Saint Paul* is president for it. I wish no man to be too darke, and full of shaddow. There is a way to be pleasantly-plaine, and some haue found it. Nor wish I any man to a totall neglect of his hearers. Some *Stomaches* rise at sweete meates. Hee prodigals a *Mine* of *Excellencie*, that lauishes a terse *Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himself may moue his tongue in vaine, if hee has none to heare him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speake to *Children*, assume a pretty lissing. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeite of their owne shrill notes. There is a *Magicke* in the *Tongue*, can charme the wilde mans *Motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the *World*, the *People*. Hee that heares, ha's onely those affections that thy tongue will giue him.

(blot: Thou maist giue smiles, or teares, which ioyes doe Or wrath to *Judges*, which themselves haue not.

You may see it in *Lucans* words:

*Flet, si flere iubet, gaudet, gaudere coactus:*

*Et te dante, capit Index quum non habet iram.*

I grieue, that any thing so excellent as *Divinitie* is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures doe eclipse her; yet this is a principall, I neuer yet knew a good *Tongue*, that wanted eares to heare it. I will honour her, in her plaine trimme; but I will wish to meete her in her gracefull Jewels; not that they giue addition to her.



her goodnesse: but that shee is more perswasive in working on the soule it meetes with. When I meet with *Worth* which I cannot over-loue, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a meanes to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordiall*, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.

# XXI.

## Of reconciling Enemies.

**T**Is much safer to reconcile an *Enemy*, then to conquer him. *Victory* deprives him of his power; but *Reconciliation*, of his will: and there is lesse danger in a *Will* which will not hurt, then in a power, which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the *Will* is studious to finde out meanes. Besides, an *Enemy* is a perpetuall *Spie*, vpon thy Actions; a *Watch*, to obserue thy failes, and thy excursions. All which, in the time of his *Captivity*, he treasures vp, against the day of advantage, for the confounding of him that hath beene his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed: apt to note a fault, and publish it: and with a strained *Construction*, to deprave those things, that thy intents haue told thy soule are honest. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art downe, he insidiates thy intrapped life; and with the warmest blood of thy life, fattens his insulting *Enuie*. Thy waies hee strewes with *Serpents* and inuenumings. Thy vices he sets, like  
Pauls,

*Pauls*, on high: for the gaze of the world, and the scatter'd City: Thy *Vertues*, like *Saint Faiths*, he placeth vnder ground, that none may note them. Certainly, tis a miserie to haue an *Enemie*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound vpon *Proofes*, they will doe it yet vpon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees, and sly wayes, corrupt the faire temper of our *Reputations*. In which, this *disadvantage* cannot bee helped; that the *Multitude* will sooner beleue them then our selues. For *affirmations* are apter to win beliefe, then *Negatives* to vncredit them. It was a *Spawne* of *Machiauell*, that *A slander once raised*, will scarce ever dye, or faile of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust. The baggage *World* desireth of her selfe to scarse the face, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leapes, and flies to the imbracement of the thing shee wished for: where, with a sharpe-set appetite, shee quarries on the prey she meetes withall. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum?* *Seneca* answers, *Alter Homo*. Our *Enemies studies* are the plots of our ruine: nor is any thing left vn-attempted, which may induce our damage. And many times, the danger is the more, because wee see it not. If our *Enemie* be *Noble*, he will beare himselfe valiantly, and scorne to giue vs an *advantage* against him: though his owne iudicious forwardnesse, may put vs to the worse, let his worth perswade thee to an atonement. He that can be a worthy *Enemy*; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier *Friend*. He that in a iust cause, can valiantly fight against thee; can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee.



thee. If he be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; even that will be worth thy labour. Use him as a *Friend* in outward *fairenesse*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-assume his *Armes*. He that is a *base foe*, will hardly be but false in *friendship*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are euer working, to blow vp our vntainted *names*. They spit a *poysen*, that will *freckle the beauty of a good report*: and that *same* which is *white and pure*, they spot with the *puddled sprays of the tongue*: For, they cannot but sometimes *speake as they thinke*: and this *S. Gregory* will perswade vs to beleue: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicū tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat*: *All men thinke their Enemies ill*. If it may bee done with *honor*, I shall thinke it a worke of good discretion, to regaine a *violent Aduersary*. But to doe it so, as it puts a *poorenesse* on a mans selfe; though it bee *safe*, is worse then to be conquer'd in a *manfull contestation*. *Friendship* is not commendable, when it rises from *dishonorable Treaties*. But hee that vpon good termes, refuses a *Reconcilement*; may be *stubborne*, but not *vlaiant*, nor *wise*. Whoso euer thou art, that wilfully continuest an *Enemy*, thou teachest him to doe thee a *mischiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeouour spent to purpose, that either *makes a Friend*, or *unmakes an Enemy*. In the one, a *Treasure* is wonne; in the other, a *Siege* is raised. When one said, He was a *wise King*, that was kinde to his friends, and sharpe to his *Enemies*: Sayes another, Hee is *wiser*, that can retaine his *Friends in their loue*; and make his *Enemies like them*.

## XXII.

*Of our sense of absent Good.*

**S**Vrely, the *Mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we sweat for what wee lose, before we know we haue it. We euer dote most on things, when they are *wanting*: Before we possesse them, we chase them with an eager runne: VVhen wee haue them, wee slight them: When they are gone, we sinke vnder the wring of sorrow, for their losse. *Infatuated estate of Man*! That the inioyment of a pleasure, must diminish it: That perpetuall vse must make it, like a *Piramide*, lessening it selfe by degrees, till it growes at last to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what vndelayable heate, does the *lime-twig'd* *Lower court* a *deseruing Beauty*? Which, when hee obtaines, is farre short of that content it promised him: Yet, hee againe no sooner loses it, but hee over-esteemes it, to an *hyperbolicall summe*. *Presence* drownts, or mightily cooles contentment: and *Absence* seemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts most, when most stretched. *Want* teaches vs the worth of things more truly. How sweete a thing seemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Case of Walls*? How deare a *Iewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *distempered blood*? Is it so, that *Pleasure*, which is an *ayery constitution*, cannot be grasped by a *reall body*? Or doe wee so empty our selues in the *Fruition*, that we doe in it, powre out our *appetites* also? Or is content such a slender



Slender tittle, that 'tis nothing but the *present now*;  
 fled sooner then enioy'd? Like the report of a  
*loud-tongu'd Gunne*, ceas'd as soone as heard: with-  
 out any thing to shew it has beene; saue *remem-*  
*brance* onely. VVe desire long, and please our selues  
 with *hope*. VVee enioy and lose together: and then  
 wee see what we haue *forgone*, and *griue*. I haue  
 knowne many, that haue lou'd their *dead friends*  
 better, then euer they did in their *life time*. There  
 is (if I haue giuen you the right sense) a like *com-*  
*plaint* in the *sinewie Lyricke*.

They that striue to chase away  
 Slaughters and intestine VVarre:  
 That would haue dumbe *Statues* say,  
 These their Cities Fathers are:  
 Let them their owne wilde lusts tame,  
 They shall not liue, till dead. (O Fate!)  
 VVe enuious, hate safe Vertues name,  
 She dead; we sigh our widdowed state.

*O quisquis voluit impias*  
*Cades, & rabiem tollere cynicam:*  
*Si quærît, Pater urbium*  
*Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat*  
*Refranare licentiam,*  
*Clarus postgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)*  
*Virtutem incolumem odimus,*  
*Sublatam ex oculis, quærimus inuidi.*

VVe adore the blessings that wee are *depriu'd* of.  
 An estate squander'd in a wanton waste, shews better  
 in

in the *misse*, then while wee had the *use* on't. Possession blunts the *thought* and apprehension. Thinking is properest to *that*, which is *absent*. VVee inioy the *present*: but we thinke on *future things*, or passed. VVhen *benefits* are lost, the *minde* has time to recount the *seuerall worths*: VVhich, after a *considerate search*; she findes to be many more, then the *un-examining possession* told her of. VVe see more, in the *discomposure* of a *Watch*, then we can, when 'tis set together. 'Tis a true one: *Blessings* appeare not, till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *serious*, when he writ,

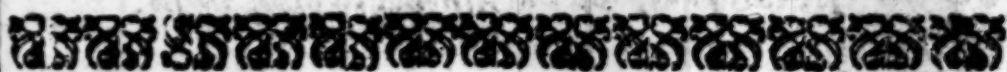
*Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,  
Cum qua in potestate habuimus, ea amissimus.*

Fond men, till we haue lost the goods we had,  
VVe vnderstand not what their values were.

'Tis *Folly* to neglect the *present*; and then, to grieue that we haue *neglected*. Surely, hee does best, that is *carefull* to preserve the  *blessings* he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their *leaves*, to let them goe without *sorrowing*, or *over-summing* them. Vaine are those *lamentations* that haue no better fruit, then the *displeasing* of the *soule*, that owne them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall-labour*, to the *faigned twelve*: or do any thing, that lyes in *noble man*, to pleasure or preserve the *life* of a *friend*. But dead once; all that *teares* can doe, is on-ly to shew the *World* our *weakenesse*. I speake but my selfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reason* tels me is *unreasonable*.



*unreasonable.* It was the *Philosophers Dictate*, That hee which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that That Man was a Man. I count it a *deed-royall*, in the kingly *David*, who began to warme his ioyes againe, when the *infants* blood was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his indarkned heart*. I will apply my selfe to the *present*; to *pre-*  
*serue* it; to *injoy* it. But, neuer bee *passionate* for the losse of *that*, which I cannot *keepe*; nor can *regaine*. When I haue a *blessing*, I will *respect* it, I will *loue* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confesse, I would *griue* as little. And this I thinke I may *well* doe, yet owe a deare *respect*, to the *memo-*  
*ry* of that I *lost*.



## XXIII.

*That no man can be good to all.*

I Neuer yet knew any man so *bad*, but some haue thought him *honest*; and afforded him *loue*. Nor euer any so *good*, but some haue thought him *vile*: and *hated* him. Few are so *stigmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few againe are so *iust*, as that they seeme not to some *unequall*: either the *Ignorance*, the *Enuie*, or the *partiality*, of those that *Iudge*, doe constitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himselfe, *alwaies* appeare *alike*, to all. In some, *Nature* hath inuested a *disparity*. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Iudgement*. And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing vs to *loue*, or *hate*.

Or

Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*.  
 Or, perhaps not any of these. The *soule* is often led  
 by secret *motions*, and *lones*, shee knowes not why.  
 There are impulsive *prinacies*, which vrge vs to a  
 liking, euen against the *Parliamentall Acts* of the two  
 houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sence*. As if there  
 were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*,  
 then all that the *eye* can see. And this too, more  
 powerfull at one *time*, then another. Vndiscovered  
 influences *please* vs now, with what wee would  
 sometimes *contemne*. I haue come to the same man,  
 that hath now welcomm'd me with a *free expression*  
*of loue*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me  
*unsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I haue  
 beene certaine of his sound *affection*: and haue  
 found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indispo-*  
*sednesse*, or, a *minde*, seriously *busied* within. *Occasion*  
 reines the *motions* of the stirring *minde*. Like men  
 that walke in their *sleepes*, we are led about, we nei-  
 ther know *whither* nor *how*. I know, there is a *gene-*  
*ration*, that doe thus, out of *pride*: and in *strangers*,  
 I confesse, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there  
 is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnished vizar*, as well as  
 an *unpencill'd face*. Some people coozen the *World*:  
 are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world*  
 is coozened: beleeuing them ill, when they are  
 not. Vnlesse it hath beene some few of a *Family*,  
 I haue knowne the whole *Atlehill* of *Pismires* (the  
*World*) in an *error*. For, though *Report* once  
 vented, like a *stone* cast into a *Pond*, begets *circle*  
 vpon *circle*, till it meets with the *banke*, that bounds  
 it: yet *Fame* often plaies the *Curra*, and opens, when



*the springs no game. Censures wil not hold out weight,*  
*that haue life onely from the spongie Cels of the*  
*common braine. Why should I definitiue*  
*any man, whom I know but superficially: as if I were*  
*a God, to see the inward soule. Nature, Art, Report,*  
*may all faile: Yea, oftentimes probabilities. There*  
*is no certainty to discouer Man by, but Time, and*  
*Conuersation. Euery Man may be said in some sort,*  
*to haue two soules; one, the internall minde; the o-*  
*ther, euen the outward ayre of the face, and bodies*  
*gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they*  
*differ: I haue knowne a wise looke, hide a foole within:*  
*and a merry face, inhold a discontented soule. Cleanthes*  
*might well haue fail'd in his iudgement, had not ac-*  
*cident haue helped him, to the obscured Truth. Hee*  
*would vndertake to reade the minde in the bodie.*  
*Some to trie his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow,*  
*that in his youth, had beene expos'd to toyle: seeing*  
*his face tann'd, and his hands lethr'd with a*  
*hardened skinne, he was at a stand. Whereup-*  
*on departing, the man sneezed, and Cleanthes*  
*sayes, Now I know the man, hee is effeminate.*  
*For great labourers rarely sneeze. Iudgement is*  
*apt to erre, when it passeth vpon things we know*  
*not. Euery man keepes his minde, if hee lists,*  
*in a Labyrinth. The heart of Man, to Man, is*  
*a roome inscrutable. Into which, Nature has*  
*made no certaine window, but as himselfe shall*  
*please to open. One man shewes himselfe to mee,*  
*to another, hee is shut vp. No man can either like*  
*all, or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay,*  
*I thinke, it may stand with Diuinity, as men are, to*  
*say,*

say, hee cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*. I will speake of euery man as I finde. If I heare he hath beene *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne him*, till I heare his owne *Apologie*.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,  
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus est.*

Who iudgement giues, and will but one side heare,  
Though he iudge right, is no good Iusticer.

The Nature of many men is *abstruse*: and not to be espied, at an *Instant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too farre beleue reports from others: So I will neuer *censure* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor euer those, but *sparing*, and with *modestie*.

### XXIII.

*That Man ought to bee extensiuely good.*

I Finde in the Creation, the first blessing God gaue Man, was, *Be fruitfull and multiply*. And this, I finde imposed by a *precept*, not a *promise*. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leaue it, but almost in an *impulsive quality*. And withall to shew vs that (euen from the beginning) *mans happinesse* should consist, in obeying Gods commands. All men loue to liue in *posteritie*. Barrenesse is a *Curse*, and makes



makes men vnwilling to dye. *Men*, rather then  
 they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken  
 by the *handed Statute*: Or by the *long-lasting* of  
 some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses*  
 would compare himselfe with his Father *Cyrus*, and  
 some of his *flatterers* told him, hee did excell him:  
 Stay, sayes *Crasus*; you are not yet his *equall*; for  
 hee left a *sonne* behind him. As if hee were an *im-*  
*perfect Prince* that leaueth an *unhelmed State*. When  
*Philip* viewed his yong sonne *Alexander*, hee said,  
 He could then be content to dye. Conceit of a surui-  
 uing name, sweetens *Deaths alloed potion*. 'Tis for  
 this, we so loue those that are to *preserue* vs in ex-  
 tended *successions*. There was something more in  
 it, then the naked geere, when *Caesar* (seeing stran-  
 gers at *Rome*, with *whelpes* and *Monkies* in their in-  
 dulent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that  
 the women of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee  
 thought such *respectfull loue*, was due to none, but a  
 selfe-extracted *Off-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the  
*baser part of Man*, the *body*: but euen in the *Sagacious*  
*Soule*. The first Act *God* requires of a *Conuert*, is,  
*Bee fruitfull*. The good Mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid  
 in himselfe alone: hee is still strengthening of his  
*weaker brother*. How soone would the *World* and  
*Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both  
 of it and *man*: Good *workes*, and good *instructi-*  
*ons*, are the *generative acts* of the *soule*: Out of which  
 spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospell*. And I  
 am perswaded, to bee a meanes of bringing more  
 to *heauen*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is  
 rightly *stated*. Good men, with all that they con-  
 uerse

uerse withall in goodnesse, to bee like themselves. How vngratefully hee *shakes* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a *glory* to *Heauen*? How barren a tree he is, that *lines*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaues not one *seed*, not one good worke to generate another, after him? I know all cannot leaue alike; yet, all may leaue something, answering their *proportion*, their *kindes*. They be *dead*, and *withered* *graines* of *Corne*, out of which, there will not one *Eare* spring. The *Physician* that hath a *Soueraigne* *Receit*, and dyeth vnreuealing it, robbes the world of many *blesings*, which might multiply after his *death*: Leaving this *Collection*, a truth to all *Suruiuers*: that he did good to others, but to doe himselfe a *greater*: Which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature* of *explicatiue* *Love*; I appeale to those mindes where *Grace* hath sowne more *Charity*. *Vertue* is distributiue, and had rather pleasure many with a *selfe-iniury*, then bury *benefits* that might pleasure a *multitude*. I doubt whether euer he will finde the way to *Heauen*, that desires to goe thither alone. They are enuious *Favorites*, that wish their *Kings* to haue no *Loyall* *Subiects*, but themselves. All *heauenly* hearts are *charitable*. *Lightned* *soules* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, doe something for others, and *heauen*; not to deserue by it; but to expresse my *selfe*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot doe what I would, I will labour to doe what I can.

of



## XXV.

*Of the horror sinne leaues behind.*

**N**O willing *Sinne* was euer in the *Act displeasing*.  
 Yet, is it not sooner past, the distastfull: though  
 pleasure merries the Sences for a while: yet horror  
 after vultures the vnconsuming heart; and those  
 which carry the most pleasing tastes, fit vs with the  
 largest reluctations. Nothing so soone, can worke  
 so strange a change: Now, in the height of delight.  
 Now in the depth of horror. Damned Satan!  
 that vvith *Orphean ayres*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead'st  
 vs to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, vvith a contempt  
 deridest vs. Like a cunning *Curtizan*, that dal-  
 lies the *Ruffian* to vndoe himselfe: and then payes  
 him vvith a *scere*, and *scorne*. Or, as some men vvill  
 doe to a desired beauty, vovv, and promise that, in the  
 heat of passion, vvwhich they neuer mind to stand vnto.  
 Herein onely is the difference: *Gratitude*, and good  
 nature, may sometimes make them penitent, and  
 seeke some vvay to *satisfie*: vvhereas, hee that  
 yeelds to the wooing *Deuill*, does but more aug-  
 ment his tyranny. For, vvhen vvee meete vvith  
 ignoble spirits, the more obedience, is a cause of the  
 worser use. How often, and how infinitely are vve  
 abused: vvith vvhat *Masques* and *Triumphs* are  
 vvee led to destruction? Foolish, besotted, degene-  
 rate Man! that hauing so often experimented his  
*Juggling*, vvilt yet beleue his *fictions*, and his turfed

*Mines:*

*Mines*; as if hee had not many waies to one *destroying end*: or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not ayme at thine *ouertrow*. Knowest thou not, that he sowes his *Tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knowes may *hurt thee*? Are not all those *delights* hee brings vs, like *Trappes* we set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, butto *kill*? Does hee not first pitch his *Toiles*, and then *traine* vs about to *insnare* vs? Hee shewes vs nothing but a *tempting face*; where hee hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance*: while, whatsoever is *infectiue*, is veiled ouer with the exactest *dresse of comelinesse*. When our soules thirst after *pleasure*, we are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder*, to the *slaughter-house*: or as *Boyes* catch *Horses*, with *pro- uender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetuall perturbations*: the *punishment* that fol- lowes, is farre more *griuous*, then the *performance* was *delightfull*: and the *guilt* is worse then the *pu- nishment*.

*Estq; pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus.*

The most smart is, to thinke we haue deseru'd it.

I'll giue you the *Story*: A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *Shoocs* vpon trust: the *Shoomaker* dyes: the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinkes them *gaines*: but a while after, his *conscience* twitches him, & becomes a *perpetuall chider*: hee repaires to the *house* of the *dead*, casts in his *money*, with these words; *There, take thy due, Thou liuest to mee, though dead to all beside.*



Certainely, ill gotten gaires are farre worfe, then losses with preſerued honesty. Theſe grieue but once, the other are continually grating vpon our quiet. He diminifhes his own contentment, that would adde to it, by vnlawfulneſſe; looking onely on the beginning, hee thinkes not to what end, the end extendeth. Tis indiscretion that is Hare-fighted.

*O Demea, iſtuc eſt ſapere non quod ante pedes modo eſt  
Videre, ſed etiam illa qua futura ſunt proſpicere.*

I tell thee, Demea, VViſedome lookes as well,  
To things to come, as thoſe that preſent are.

This differenceth a wiſe man and a ſoole: The firſt, begins in the end; the other ends in the beginning. I will take a part of both, & fixe one eye on the Act, another on the conſequence. So if I ſpy the Devill be ſhrowded in the following traine, I will ſhut the dore againſt the pleaſure it ſelfe, though it comes like a Lord, vnder a pretence of honouring mee.

## XXVI.

### *Of Man's imperfection.*

**O**F my ſelfe, what can I doe without the hazzard of erring? Nay, what can I thinke? Nay, what can I not doe, or not thinke? even my beſt buſinneſſe, & my beſt vacaney, are workes of offence and error. Vncomfortable conſtitution of man, that canſt not but be  
bad,

bad, both in action, and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purest deuotions: and not to performe them, is neglect. VVhen we thinke not of God at all, we are impious, and vngreatfull: when we do, we are not able to thinke aright. Imperfection swaies in all the weake dispatches of the palsied soule. If the Diuell be absent, our owne frailties are his tempting Deputies. If those forbear, the Meretricious World claps our cheekes, and fond's vs to a coozening faile. So, which way soeuer we turne, we are sure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can wee intend our selues, wherein there is not a Diuell to intrap vs? If we pray, how hee casts in wandering thoughts, or by our eyes, steales away our hearts, to some other object then God? If we heare, he hath the same policy, & preiudicates our opinion with the Man, or part of his doctrine. If we reade, he perswades vs to let Reason iudge, as well as Faith: So, measuring by a false rule, he would make vs beleeue, Diuinity is much short of what it shewes for. If we doe good workes, he would poyson them, with Pharisisme, and make vs, by ouerualuing, lose them. If we doe ill, he encourages vs to a continuance: and at last accuses vs. If nothing, we neglect the good wee should doe. If we sleepe, he comes in dreames, and wantoneth the ill-inclining soule. If we wake, wee mis-spend our time, or, at best, doe good, not well. So, by bad circumstances, poyson a well intended principall. Euen Actions of necessity, we dispatch not without a staine; we drinke to excesse: and the drowning of the braine. VVe eat, not to satisfie Nature, but to overcharge her; and to venerate the vnbridled spirits



*rits.* As a Mill wheele is continually turn'd round,  
and ever drenched with a new *stream*: so are wee  
alwaies hurried with successions of *various finnes*.  
Like *Arrows* shot in mighty *windes*, wee wander  
from the *bow* that sent vs. Sometimes wee thinke  
we doe things well: but when they are past, we are  
sensible of the *transgression*. We progresse in the  
waies of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpe-*  
*tually offending*. You may see the thoughts of the  
whipping *Satyr*ist, how diuine they are:

*Mobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum:*  
*Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,*  
*Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis*  
*Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit*  
*Damnatos fixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis*  
*Pecandi finem posuit sibi: quando recepit*  
*Eccum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?*  
*Quisquam hominum est, quem in contentum zideris uno*  
*Flagitio.*

*Nature* is motiue in the quest of ill:  
Stated in mischief: all our ablest Skill  
Cannot know right from wrong, till wrong be done.  
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customs ruine  
Vnchangedly: Who to his finnes can set  
A certaine end? When hath he euer met  
Blushes once from his hardned forehead throwne?  
Who is it finnes, and is content with one?  
Surely there will not a man bee found, that is able  
to answer to these *quere's*. Their *soules* haue ceiled  
eyes,

eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their  
 ovne labours. It is not to any man given, absolute-  
 ly to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censu-  
 ring the *workes* of others; nor will I ever doe any,  
 that I will not submit to judgement, and correction:  
 yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have  
 order'd them, as the world sees.

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## XXVII.

*Of curiositie in knowledge.*

**N**othing wraps a Man in such a *myst* of errors, as  
 his ovne *curiosity*, in searching things beyond  
 him. How happily doe they live, that know no-  
 thing, but what is necessary. Our knowledge doth but  
 shew vs our ignorance. Our most studious *scrutiny*, is  
 but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the  
 effect: but cannot gette at the cause. Learning is like  
 a River, whose head being farre in the Land, is, at  
 first rising, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go,  
 it gapeth with a wider bank: not without pleasure,  
 and delightfull vinding; while it is on both sides  
 set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers.  
 But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the  
 broader 'tis; till at last, it imbrues it selfe in the unfath-  
 om'd Ocean; There you see more water; but no  
 shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastnesse. In many  
 things we may sound Nature, in the shallowes of  
 her revelations. We may trace her, to her second  
 causes; but beyond them, we meete with nothing  
 but



but the puzzle of the soule, and the dazle of the minds dim eyes. While wee speake of things that are, that we may dissect, and haue power, and meanes to finde the causes, there is some pleasure, some certaintie. But, when we come to *Metaphisicks*, to long buried *Antiquity*, and vnto *unreueal'd Diuinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is deeper then the short reach of the line of *Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inquisition*; but more will euer rest, which *Man* cannot discover. I wonder at those, that will assume a knowledge of all; they are *unwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgraciue*; 'tis no shame for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *World* with cruell *brawles*, in the *obstinate defense* of that, whereof we might with more *honour*, confesse our selues to bee ignorant. One will tell vs our *Sanctours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses* body. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood; and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heauen* as perfectly, as if they had been hurried about in euery *Sphere*; and I thinke they may. Former *VVriters* would haue the *Zones* inhabitable; we finde them by *experience*, temperate. *Saint Augustine* would by no meanes indure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certaine. Every *Age* both *confutes* old errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer we approach a *Sunne* that *blindes* vs. He that went furthest in these things, we finde ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progresse of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schools* haue

haue not made more Questions then they haue decided; where haue we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as wee haue found among those, which haue not so much, as had the knowledge of Letters? Surely, these fruitlesse and enigmatique Questions, are bones the Diuell hath cast among vs, that while wee strine for a vaine Conquest, in these Toyes we forget the Prize we should run for. The Husbandman that lookes not beyond the Plough, and the Sythe, is in much more quiet, then the diuided braine, of the Starist, or the Scholler. Who will not approoue the iudgement of our Moderne Epigrammatists!

*Iudice me, soli semperque perinde beati,  
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.*

If I may iudge, they onely happy show,  
Which doe or nothing, or else all things know.

In things whereof I may be certaine, I will labour to be instructed. But, when I come where reason loseth herselfe; I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I racke my braines, for vnprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know how much is hid; I may soone iudge what may be discovered.

XXVIII.

*Of being overualueed.*

**T**Is an inconuenience for a Man to be counted wiser then ordinary. If hee be a Superior, it keepes him



him from discerning what his *inferiors* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *iudgement*, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a *Care*, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him onely, the best of themselves. Like *ill complexion'd Women*, that would faine be mistaken for *faire*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautifull*. Worth in others, and *defect* in our selues, are two *motiues*, that induce vs to the *gilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kerfies* himselfe in his *Holiday cloathes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, he does *fine* vp his *homely house*, and *covers* his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rusby Carpet*: and all is, that he may appeare as aboute *himselfe*: while he is to meete with one that is so indeed. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke man*: and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cantelous* of him, then they would of an *unesteemed Man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but vpon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Fantes* warne vs to aduised *contracts*. He that is to play with a *cunning Fencer*, will heed his *Wardes*, and *aduantage* more; who, were hee to meete with one *unskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *thinke* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I haue seene a *rising Favorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gaine*. *Report* both makes *Ielousies* where there are

are none, and increaseth those that there are. If hee be an *inferiour*, hee is often a man of *unwelcōme society*. He is thought one of *too prying an observation*: and that he *lookes* further into our *actions*, then wee would haue him search. For there be few, which doe not sometimes doe such *actions*, as they would not haue *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it selfe, would not be awed by a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *observer* may faile as well as the *other*: but we all know *natures* to be so composed,

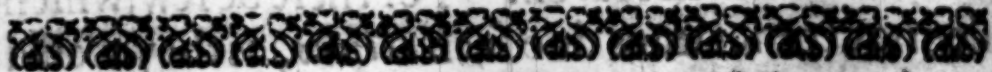
*Aliena melius ut videant, & iudicent, quàm sua.*

That they see more of others then their owne.

We iudge of others, by what they *should be*; of our selues, by what we are. No man ha's *preeminence*, but wishes to preserue it in *vnpruned state*, which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, he thinkes, doth suffer *detriment*: so he rather seekes to be rid of his *company*, then desires to keepe him, as the *watch of his wayes*. Let me haue but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *selfe*, and my *meanes*; and I shall neuer care to be digired, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to bee esteemed wiser then vsuall: They that are so, doe better in *concealing* it, then in telling the *World*. I hold it a greater *injury* to be *ouer-valued*, then *under*. For, when they both shall come to the *touch*, the one shall *rise* with *praise*, while the *other* shall decline with *shame*. The *first* hath more *incertain'd honour*; but lesse *safety*: The *latter* is *humbly-secure*; and what is wanting in *renowne*, is made vp in a better blessing, *quiet*.  
There



There is no *Detraction* worse then to *over-praise* a man. For whilest his *worth* comes short of what *report* doth speake him; his owne *actions* are euer giuing the *lye* to his *honour*.



## XXIX.

*That mis-conceit ha's ruin'd Man.*

Ovrowne *Follies* haue beene the onely *cause*, to make our liues *uncomfortable*. Our *error* of *opinion*, our *cowardly feare* of the *Worlds* *worthlesse Censure*, and our *madding* after *un-necessary Gold*, haue brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it farie more difficult then indeed it is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should vphold her: That now we feigne her to be, nor what she is, but what our *fondnesse* makes her, a *Hill* almost *vn-ascendable*, by the roughnesse of a *craggy way*. We force *indurance* on our selues, to waue with the wanton *taile* of the *World*: Wee dare not doe those things that are *lawfull*, lest the *mandring World* misconstrue them: As if we were to looke more to what wee should bee *thought*, then to what we should *resolvedly* be. As if the *Poet* writ *vntruth*, when hee tels his *friend*, that,

*Vertue, muddy censures* *scorning*,

*With vnstained Honour* *shines*:

*Without vulgar breath's* *suborning*,

*Takes the Throne, and Crowne* *resignes*.

*Virtus*

*Virtus repulsa nescia sordida,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:  
Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis Aura.*

Nor does she liue in *penurie*; as some haue ill imagined: though she liues not in *Palaces*, yet shee does in *Paradise*: & there is the *Spirit of ioy*, youthfull in *perpetuall life*. *Vertue* is a competent fruition of a lawfull pleasure; which we may well vse so farre, as it brings not any euell in the *sequell*. How many haue thought it the *Summum bonum*? *Antisthenes* vvas of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly happy: to the attaining of vvhich, he wanted nothing but a *Socratic strength*. Shall vve thinke *Goodnesse* to be the height of pleasure in the other world: and shall vve be so mad, as to thinke it heere, the *sufferance of miserie*? Surely 'twvas none of Gods intent, to square man out for sorrowes. In our salutes, in our prayers, vvee vvish & inuoke *heauen* for the *happinesse* of our friends: & shall vve be so vniust, or so vncharitable, as to vvith-hold it from our selues? As if vve should make it a *fashion*, to be kinde abroad, and discourteous at home. I doe thinke nothing more lawfull, then moderately to satisfie the pleasing desires of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not our selues, or the commerce of humane societie. Laughing is a faculty peculiar to *Man*; yet, as if it vv ere giuen vs for inuersion, no Creature liues so miserable, so disconsolate. Why should we deny to vse that lawfully, vv hich *Nature* hath made for pleasure, in *employment*? *Vertue* hath neither so crabbed a face, nor so austere

H

a looke,

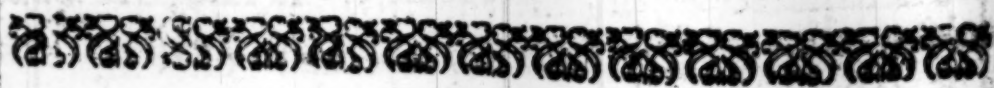


a looke, as we make her. Tis the *World*, that choaking vpon the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things liue, that follow harmelesse *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent of the *present*, and neuer solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *conuenient foode* then *dainty*: and that they eate, not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arrayed with what *Nature* has giuen them: and for *rayment*, they are neuer clad in the *spoiles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *silkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They liue like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmelesse*, they hang vpon her *nursing brest*. How rarely finde we any *diseased*, but by *ill mans* mis-vsing them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *bleessednesse* they haue heere about *Man*; that, neuer seeking to be more then *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happinesse* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confesse, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his owne *sinne*: they, but for the *sinne of Man*: and therefore they decline lesse into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his owne *Calamities*: & what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*; *Search*, and *selfe-presumption*. Hee hath sought meanes to winde himselfe out of *misery*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* haue defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanced into *by-deuices* of his owne *ingiddied braine*:

braine: nor doe I see, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately, yet wee reade not of any *Law* hee had to liue by, more then the *Instinct* of *Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moses* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice*? as if wee should almost beleeeue, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once false) was by degrees growne to a height of *preuariance*: Then *God* commanded *Moses*, to giue them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man* *righteous*: but he sought out *vaine Inventions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, then the setting vp of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serue *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pulst at by those that runne with the *generall streame*. Incogitable calamitie of *Man*; that must make that for the hinges of his *life* to turne on, which need not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Westerne Indies*, where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whose *Inhabitants* esteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into necessarie *vessell*; and that no more, then they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: esteeming more of the *commodiousnesse*, then they did of the thing it selfe. Is it not miserable, that wee should set vp such an *Idoll*, as should destroy our *happinesse*? And that *Christians* should teach *Heathen* to vndoe them'selues by *conscience*! How happily they liu'd in *Spaine*, till *fire* made some *mountains* vomit



*Gold* and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Vines* vpon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put downe, *Vertue* might then be *Queene* againe. Now, wee cannot serue her as wee ought, without the leaue of this *Godling*. Her accessse is more difficult, because wee must goe about to come to her. As when an *Vsurper* hath deposed the *rightfull King*: those that would shew their loue to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for feare of the *false ones might*. Somethings I must doe that I would not: as being one among the rest, that are inuolued in the *generall necessitie*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Lawes of Humantie*, I will neuer deny my selfe an honest *solace*, for feare of an *ayery censure*. VVhy should another mans *iniustice* breede my *unkindnesse* to my selfe? As for *Gold*, surely the *World* would bee much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Passe*, to trauell the *World* by, without *begging*. If I haue none, I shall haue so much the more misery; because *custome* hath plaid the *foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.



XXX.

of Woman.

SOME are so *vncharitable*, as to thinke all *Women* *bad*: and others are so credulous, as they beleue, they

they all are good. Sure: though every man speaks as he findes; there is reason to direct our opinion, vvithout experience of the vvhole Sex; vvhich in a *strict examination*, makes more for their honour, then most men haue acknowvledged. At first, shee vvvas created his *Equall*; onely the difference vvvas in the Sex: othervvise, they both vvvere *Man*. If vvee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: so the *man* being put first, vvvas *worthier*. I answer, *So the Evening and Morning was the first day*: yet few vvill thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Gouernor*, and so *aboue* her, I beleue rather the punishment of her sinne, then the *Prerogative* of his worth: Had they both stood, it may be thought, shee had neuer beene in that *subiection*: for then had it beene no *curse*, but a *continuance* of her *former estate*: vvhich had nothing but *blessednesse* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the fall, had *prioritie*: But *Chrysostome*, he sayes, does doubt it. All vvill grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* then *Mans*: fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders*: both for *conception*, and *fostering* the *produced birth*. And can vvee thinke, God vvould put a *worser soule* into a *better body*? VVhen *Man* vvvas created, 'tis said, God made *Man*: but vvhen *woman*, 'tis said, God *builded* her: as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and moore *exact composition*. And, vvithout doubt, in her *body*, shee is much more *wonderfull*: & by this, vve may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tels vs, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the generall it follovvves the *tempera-*



ment of it : so the comeliest out-sides, are naturally ( for the most part ) more *vertuous* within. If place can bee any priuiledge; vve shall finde her built in *Paradise*; vvh<sup>e</sup>n *Man* vvas made without it. 'Tis certaine, they are by constitution colder then the boyling *Man* : so by this, more temperate : 'tis heate that transports *Man* to immoderation and furie : 'tis that, vvhich hurries him to a *sauage & libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more modest : and modesty is the seate and dwelling place of *Vertue*. VVhence proceed the most *abhorrid villanies*, but from a masculine *unblushing impudence* : VVhat a deale of sweetness doe we find in a *mild disposition* : VVhen a *Woman* growes bold and daring, vve dislike her, & say, *shee is too like a man* : yet in our selues, we magnifie vvh<sup>t</sup> vve condemne in her. Is not this *iniustice* ? Eue-ry man is so much the better, by how much he comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like Him, then in being *mercifull*. Yet *Woman* is farre more *mercifull* then *Man* : It being a *Sexe*, vvh<sup>e</sup>rein *Pitty* and *compassion* haue disper'd farre brighter *rayes*. *God* is sayd to be *Loue* ; and I am sure, euery where *Woman* is spoken of, for transcending in that *qualitie*. It was neuer found, but in *two men* onely, that their loue exceeded that of the *feminine Sexe* : and if you obserue them, you shall finde, they were both of *melting dispositions*. I know, when they proue *bad*, they are a sort of the *vilest creatures* : Yet still the same reason giues it : for, *Optima corrupta pessima* : The best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose soules are of a more ductible temper, then the harder metall of *man* : so may be made

made both better and worse. The Representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkatiuenesse, I see not, but at meetings, Men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great Actions. Naturall heat does more actuate the stirring Genius of Man. Their easie Natures make them somewhat more irresolute: whereby men haue argued them of feare and inconstancie. But men haue alwaies held the Parliament, and haue enacted their owne wills, without euer hearing them speake: and then, how easie is it to conclude them guiltie? Besides, Education makes more difference betweene men and them, then Nature: and, all their aspersions are lessenoble, for that they are onely from their Enemies, Men. Diogenes snarled bitterly, when walking with another, hee spied two women talking, and said, See, the Viper and the Asse are changing poyson. The Poet was conceited, that said, After they were made ill, that God made them fearefull, that Man might rule them: otherwise they had beene past dealing with. Catullus his Conclusion was too generall, to collect a deceit in all Women, because hee was not confident of his owne.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle  
Quam mihi: non si se Iupiter ipse petat.  
Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,  
In vento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

My Mistress sweares, she'd leaue all men for me:  
Yea, though that Ioue himselfe should Suiter be.



She sayes it : but what *Women* sweare to kind  
*Loues*, may be writ in rapid streames, and wind.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* so-  
 euer I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I shall  
 finde it more in *Women*, then *Men*; though weaker,  
 and more infirmely garded. I beleue, they are bet-  
 ter, and may bee wrought to bee worse. Neither  
 shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to All:  
 nor the goodnesse of some, make mee credulous of the  
 rest. Though hitherto, I confesse, I haue not found  
 more sweet and constant goodnesse in *Man*, then I haue  
 found in *Woman*: and yet of these, I haue not found  
 a number.

### XXXI.

*Of the losse of things loued.*

**N**O crosses doe so much affect vs, as those that be-  
 fall vs in the things wee loue. VVee are more  
 griued to lose one child of affection, then we should  
 be for many that wee doe not so neerely care for,  
 though euery of them bee like to vs, in respect of  
 outward relations. The Soule takes a freedome, to in-  
 deare what it liketh, without discovering the reason  
 to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, shee  
 mournes, as hauing lost a sonne. VVhen the choice of  
 the Affections dyes, a generall lamentation followes.  
 To somethings we so dedicate our selues, that in  
 their parting, they seeme to take away euen the sub-  
 stance

*stance of our soule along: as if wee had laid vp the  
 treasure of our liues, in the fraile and moueable hold  
 of another. The Soule is fram'd of such an active na-  
 ture, that 'tis impossible but it must assume something  
 to it selfe, to delight in: VVee seldome finde any,  
 without a peculiar delight in some peculiar thing:  
 though various, as their fancies leade them. Honour,  
 Warre, Learning, Musicke, do all finde their severall  
 votaries: who, if they faile in their soules wishes,  
 mourne immoderately. David had his Absalon:  
 Hannah's wish was children: Hamans thirst was Ho-  
 nour: Achitophel took the glory of his counsell.  
 VVho would haue thought, that they could, for  
 the misse of these, haue expressed such excessive  
 passions: VVho would haue beleued, that one  
 neglect of his Counsell, would haue truss'd vp  
 Achitophel in a voluntary Halter: VVee then begin  
 to be miserable, when we are totally bent on some  
 one temporall object. VVhat one sublunary Center  
 is there, which is able to receiue the circles of the  
 spreading soule? All that wee finde heere, is too  
 narrow, and too little, for the patent affections of the  
 minde. If they could afford vs happinesse, in their  
 possessions, it were not then such fondnesse to inleague  
 our selues with an undeniable loue: but being they  
 cannot make vs truly happy in their inioying; and  
 may make vs miserable by their parting; it will bee  
 best, not to concenter all our rayes vpon them.  
 Into how many ridiculous passages doe they pre-  
 cipitate themselves, that dore vpon a rosey face?  
 VVho lookes not vpon Dido, with a kinde of  
 smiling pittie, if Virgil's Poetry does not inuirtue her  
 with*



with *lovet* to *Aeneas*, rather then tell the truth of her hate to *Iarbas*.

*Vritur infelix Dido totaq; vagatur  
Urbe furens: qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta;  
Quam procul incantam nemora inter Cressia fixit  
Pastor agens telis: liquitq; volatile ferrum  
Nescius: illa fuga sylvas saltusq; peragrat  
Dictæos: haret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

(waies

Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities severall  
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deers* that strays,  
And vnawares, by some rude *Shepherds* Dart,  
In her owne *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,  
Flies tripping through al *Dictæ's* Groves & Plaines  
Yet still the deadly *Arrow* stickes, and paines.

But for such high-fed Love as this, *Crates* triple-remedy is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time*: and, if both these faile, *A Halter*. And surely hee deserves it, for robbing himselfe of his Soule. Certainly, they can neuer live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. Feare and suspicion startle their affrighted mindes: and many times, their over-louing is a cause of their losse: Moderate care would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering Flowre, addes not to the continuance, but is a properation of more swift decay. VWho loues a Glasse so well, as hee will still bee playing with it, breakes that by his childishnesse, which might haue beene sound in the Cellar or Case. But, when in this wee shall lay vp all our

b:st

*best contentments*; vvhhat doe vvee, but like *foolish Merchants*, venture all our *estate* in a *lottome*? It is not good to bring our selues into that absolute *necessitie*, that the failing of *one aime* should *perish* vs. VVho, that cannot swim me well, vvculd with one *small thred*, hazzard himselfe in the *faithlesse* and *vnfounded Sea*? How pleasantly the *wise man* laughs at that, vvhich makes the *Lady weepe*. The death of her *little Dogge*: The *louing part* in her, vvanted an *obicct*: so *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that so *deepely*, that shee must *bedew* her *n'yes* at parting vvith't. How *improuident* are vvee, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewell*, vvhich while vvee had, vve knew vvas not alwaies to *stay*: nor could (if wee so pleas'd not) theeu the least *mite* from vs. He is *vnwise*, that lets his *light spleene* clap his *wanton sides*, vvhich knowes it needes must *dye*, when's ere the *Musicke* ceases. I like him, that can both *play*, and *winne*, and *laugh*: and *lose*, without a *chafe*, or *fighes*. Our *loues* are not alwaies *constant*: their *obiccts* are much more *uncertaine*; and *events* more *casuall* then they. *Something* I must like and *loue*: but, *nothing* so violently, as to vndo my selfe with wanting it. If I should euer bee intangled in that *snare*; I will yet cast the *worst*, and prepare as well for a *parting iourney*, as *cobabitation*. And to preuent all, I will bend my *loue* toward that, which can neither bee *lost*, nor admit of *excesse*. Nor yet vvill I euer loue a *Friend* so *little*, as that hee shall not command the *All* of an *honest man*.

of



## XXXII.

*Of the uncertainty of life.*

**M**iserable Breuitie! more miserable uncertainty of Life! we are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertaine that we shall live at all. And euen while I am writing this, I am not sure my Pen shall end the Sentence. Our life is so short, that wee cannot in it, contemplate what our selues are: so uncertaine, as we cannot say, we will resolve to doe it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being asked, *What hee thought of humane life*: sayd nothing, turn'd him round, and vanisht. Like leaues on Trees, we are the sport of euery puffle that blowes: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life & nutriment. VVe trauaile, wee study, wee thinke to dissect the World with continued searches: vvhile vve are contriuing but the neereſt way to't, Age, and consumed yeeres ore'take vs; and only Labour payes vs the losses of our ill-expended time. Death vvhiskes about the vnthought full World, and vvith a Pegasean speede, flies vpon vnuarie Man; vvith the kicke of his heele, or the dash of his foote, springing Fountains of the teares of Friends. Iuuenall does tell vs, how Life vvings avay:

— *Festinat enim decurrere velox  
Flosculus angusta, miseraque breuissima Vita  
Portio: dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas  
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.*

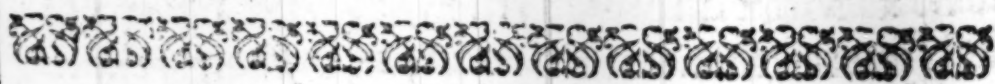
— The

—The short-lyu'd *Flowre*, and *Portion*  
Of poore, sad *life*, post-hasteth to be gone:  
And while we *drinke*, seeke *women*, *wreaths*, & *earn'd*  
*Applause*, old age steales on vs vn-discern'd.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active creature*, that  
hee should bee delighted in *employment*, nothing  
would conuince him of more *folly*, then the du-  
rance of some *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for  
they are many times of such a future length, as wee  
cannot in reason hope to liue till their *conclusion*  
comes. We *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for eter-  
nitie: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many  
times the length of three or foure *Lyues*. How  
many *Warriers* haue expir'd in their *expugnations*;  
leauing their *breath* in the places where they laid  
their *Siege*? Certainly, he that thinkes of *lifes ca-*  
*sualties*, can neither bee *carelesse*, nor *couetous*. I con-  
fesse, we *may* liue to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-*  
*staffe*: to the *stooping backe*, to the *snow*, or the *sleeke-*  
*nesse* of the *declining crowne*: but, how few are  
there, that can vnfold you a *Dyarie* of so many  
*leaves*? More doe dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of  
their yeeres, then liue till *Autumne*, or their *growned*  
*Winter*. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitali-*  
*tie*, for the hilling vp of *fatall Gold*; and shall then  
thinke, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may snatch him in a  
moment from it: how it quells his *laborious hope*, &  
puts his posting *minde* into a more safe and quiet  
pace? Vnlesse we were sure to enioy it, why should  
any man straine himselfe, for more then is *conueni-*  
*ent*? I will neuer care too much, for that I am not  
sure



sure to keepe. Yet, I know, should all men respect but their *owne time*, an Age or two would finde the World in *ruine*: so that for such actions, men may plead their *charity*, that though they liue not to enioy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficiall to *posterity*. And I rather thinke this an *Instinct* that God hath put in *Man*, for the conseruation of things: then an *intended Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation*, wee are often more beholding to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, then their desire of hauing vs: so in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the aimes of our *Predecessors* for themselves, haue, by the secret worke of *providence*, cast benefits vpon vs. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they bee *vanities* to him, because hee knowes not who shall enioy them: yet they will bee things well fitted, for some that shall succcede them. They that doe me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I do not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *blesse* them, as *instruments*; then *condemne* them, as not *intenders*.



## XXXIII.

*That good counsell should not be valued by the person.*

TO some, there is not a greater vexation, then to be aduised by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are vnwelcome, that come to vs by *ascensions*: as if *wealth* only were the full accomplishment of a *soule*

withing;

within; & could as well infuse an *inward iudgement*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I haue knowne some, that being aduised by such, haue runne into a *worser contradiction*; because they would not seeme to learne of one below them: or if they see no other way conuenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perillous height, then seeme to decline at the voyce of one *beneath them*. Pittifull! that we should rather *mischiefe our selues*, then be content to be *unprided*: For had wee but so much *humilitie*, as to thinke our selues but what wee are, *Men*; wee might easily belecue, another might haue *braine* to equall vs. Hee is sick to the ruine of himselte, that refuseth a *Cordiall*, because presented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *Wisedome* is not *lastingly good*, which stopsthe *eare* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speake all*, without hearing the voyce of another. Euen the *Slave* may sometimes light on a way to *inlarge his Master*; when his owne *invention* failes. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearelesse*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weake*, it might displease, by being too light in the *poize*. *Iob* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that hee had not refused the *iudgement of his seruant*. 'Tis good to *command* and *heare* them. Why should wee shame by any *honest meanes*, to meete with *that* which benefits vs? In things that bee *difficult*, and not of important *secresie*, I thinke it not amisse to consult  
with.



with *Inferiours*. Hee that lyes vnder the *Tree*, sees more then they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to looke *upward* with more ease then *downe*: So, *the eye of the soule* sees better in *ascensions*, and things *meanely raised*. Wee are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the *things above vs*: wee haue also better meanes of obseruing them, while wee are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath vs*, not being so *delighted* with them, wee passe them ouer with *neglect*, and *not-obseruing*. *Seruants* are vsually our *best frienes*, or our *worst Enemies*: *Neuters* seldome. For, being knowne to bee priuie to our *retired actions*, and our more *continuell conuersation*; they haue the aduantage of being *beleueed*, before a *remoued friend*. *Friends* haue more of the *tongue*, but *Seruants* of the *hand*: and *Actions* for the most part, speake a *man* more truly then *Words*. *Attendants* are like to the *lockes* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preferue vs in *safety*: but *weake* or *open*, we are left a *prey* to *theeues*. If they bee such as a *stranger* may picke, or another open with a *false key*; it is very fit to *change* them instantly. But if they be well *warded*, they are then good *gards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confesse, to consider how they stand *affected*: and to *handle* their *Counsels*, before wee *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poyson*. *Aduice* is as well *the wise mans fall*, as *the fooles Advancement*: and is often most *wounding*, when it stroakes vs with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutives* of a *Court*; where most men respect  
more

more their owne *advancement*, then the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foole Ladie*, that shee looks lovely: makes a *base Lord*, soothe yph his ill *King in Mischiefe*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by *flattering* with a *light-lon'd humour*, then to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall wee better iudge of his *counsell*, which yet if wee finde good, we shall doe well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will loue the good counsell, even of a *bad man*. Wee thinke not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought vs in a *bagge of leather*: No more ought wee to contemne good counsell, because it is presented vs, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.

## XXXIV.

*Of Custome in aduancing monie.*

**C***ustom* mis-leades vs all: we magnifie the *weal-thy man*, though his parts be neuer so *poore*; the *poore man* we despise, bee he neuer so well otherwise *qualified*. To be *rich*, is to be three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poore*, is to be made a *pauement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Couerlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fooles Curtaine*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *World*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speake*, against the *natiue Genius* of the *growing heart*: It sup-  
I ples



ples more then Oyle, or Pomentations: and can  
 stiffen beyond the Summer Sunne, or the Winters  
 white-bearded cold. In this wee differ from the an-  
 cient Heathen; They made *Jupiter* their chiefe god:  
 and we haue crowned *Plato*. Hee is Master of the  
*Muses*, and can buy their voyce. The *Graces* waite  
 on him: *Mercury* is his Messenger: *Mars* comes to  
 him for his pay: *Venus* is his Prostitute: Hee can  
 make *Vests* breake her vow: Hee can haue *Bacchus*  
 be merry with him; and *Ceres* feast him, when he  
 lists. Hee is the sick mans *Esculapius*: and the  
*Pallas* of an empty braine: nor can *Cupid* cause love,  
 but by his golden-headed Arrow. Money is a generall  
 Man: and without doubt, excellently parted. *Pe-  
 tronius* describes his Qualities:

*Quisquis habet nummos, securo naniget aura:*

*Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.*

*Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit*

*Acrisium iubeat credere, quod Danaen:*

*Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes*

*Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.*

*Iurisconsultus, paret, non paret: habeto;*

*Atque esto, quicquid Seruius aut Labeo.*

*Multa loquor: quid vis nummis presentibus opta,*

*Et veniet: clausum possidet arca Iouem.*

The moneyed-man can safely saile all Seas:

And makes his Fortune as himselfe shall please.

He can wed *Danae*, and command that now

*Acrisius* selfe that fatall match allow.

He can declame, chide, censure, *verses* write;  
 And doe *all things*, better then *Cato* might;  
 He knowes the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is  
 Whole *Servius*, and what *Labo* could possesse.  
 In briebe, let *rich men* with what ere they love,  
 'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keepe a love.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied; which he gaue the reason why hee would bee buried *groning*: wee haue made the *Earths* bottome powerfull to the loftie skies: *Gold*, that lay buried in the buttocke of the *World*; is now made the head, and *Ruler* of the *People*: putting all vnder it, we haue made it extensue, as the *Spanish ambition*: and in the meane, haue vnderstandedly put *worth* below it. *Worth* without *wealth*, is like an able *seruant* out of *imploymēt*; he is fit for all *businesses*, but wants wherewith to put himselfe into any: hee hath good *Materials*, for a *foundation*: but misseth wherewith to reare the *Walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can shew him to the *World*, when he is so: But when wee thinke him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, wee appeare content, to be misled with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confesse, we owe something; but to the *wise man*, most: To this, for himselfe, and his innate *worthinesse*: to the other, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselves are  *blessings*; but neuer so much, as to make *Virtue* *mercenarie*: or a flatterer of *Vice*. *Worth* without *wealth*, besides the *native Noblenesse*, ha's this in it, That it may bee a way of getting the *wealth* which



is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Ass* withall.

## XXXV.

*That Sinne is more craftie then violent.*

**B**Efore wee sinne, the *Deuill* shewes his *policie*; when we haue sinned, his *basenesse*: hee makes vs first reuile our *Father*: and then steps vp, to witnesse how we haue *blasphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not beene, but for his owne *intisement*. Hee was neuer such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: Hee blowes vp more by one *Mine*, then he can kill by *tenne assaults*: He preuailes most by *Treaty*, and *facetious waies*. *Presents* and *Parlies* winne him more then the *cruell wound*, or the *dregge* of the *compulsive hands*. All sinne is rather *subrill*, then *valiant*. The *Deuill* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, flye thee: nor dare hee shew himselfe in a *noted good mans* company: if he does, he comes in *seeming-vertues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Maiessty* of a good confirmed *Soule*. *Cato's* presence stoppeth the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia's*. *Satan* beganne first with *hesitations*, and his fly-couch'd *Oratorie*: and euer since, he continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a *toyling braine*: rather perswading vs to sinne, then *virgin* vs: and when wee haue done it, he seldome lets

lets vs see our folly, til we be plunged in some deepe extremity : then hee writes it in capitall Letters, and carries it as a Pageant at a Show, before vs. What could haue made *Dauid* so heartlesse, when *Absalom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented sinnes : when hee fled, and wept, and fled againe : It appeares a wonder, that *Shimei* should raile a King to his face : and unpunisht, braue him, and his Host of Souldiers, casting stones, and spitting taunts, while hee stood incompass'd with his Nobles. Surely, it had beene impossible, but that *Dauid* was full of the horror of his sinnes, and knew he repeated truth ; though in that, hee acted but the Devils part, ignobly to insult ouer a man in misery. Calamity, in the sight of worthinesse, prompts the hand, and opens the purse, to relieue. 'Tis a Hellish disposition, that watcheth how to giue a blow to the man that is already reeling. VWhen wee are in danger, hee galls vs with what we haue done : and on our sicke beds, shewes vs all our sinnes in multiplying Glasses. He first drawes vs into hated Treason ; and when wee are taken, and brought to the Barre, hee is both our accuser, and condemning witnesse. His close policy, is now turn'd to declared basenesse : nor is it a wonder : for unworthinesse is euer the end of vn honest Deceit : yet sure this Coozenage is the more condemned, for that it is so ruinous, and so easie. Who is it but may coozen, if he minds to be a Villaine ? How poore and inhumane was the craft of Cleomines, that concluding a League for seuen daies, in the night assaulted the secure enemy : alledging, The nights were not excluded from slaughter.



Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knaue* furnisht with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to auoyd him, is to disdain the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*, at the first, to resist him; then after *yeelding*, to endeavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devill*, or his *Machianill*. For though the *Devill* bee the more secret *Enemie*, yet the base *Politician* is the more familiar: and is indeed but a *Devill* in *Hose* and *Doublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted shape, to aduantage his *deceit* the more.



## XXXVI.

## Of Discontents.

THE discontented man is a *Watch* over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *Water*, that fills the whole *Fountaine* full of *blacknesse* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoyles the *burnish* of the *siluer minde*. It casts the *Soule* into the *shade*, and fills it more with consideration of the *unhappinesse*, then thought of the *remedie*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischiefe*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the waies that should giue vs *release*. It does dissociate *Man*, and sends him with *Beasts*, to the lonelinessse of *unpatbed Deserts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature* *companionable*. Nor is it the *minde* alone, that is thus mudded; but euen the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complexion*, and dyes it into an *unpleasing swarthinnesse*:

shinesse: the eye is dimme, in the discoloured face; and the whole man becomes as if stoned in stone & earth. But, above all, those *discontents* sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: For, then the Soule pines away, and starues, for want of counsell, that should feede and cherish it. Concealed sorrowes, are like the vapours, that being shut vp, occasion Earth-quakes; as if the World were plagued with a fit of the Collicke. That man is truly miserable, that cannot but keepe his miseries; and yet must not unfold them. As in the body, whatsoever is staken in, that is distastfull, and continues there vnvoyded, does daily impostume, and gather, till at last it kills, or at least indangers to extremity: so is it in the minde, Sorrowes entertain'd, and smother'd, doe collect still, and still habituate it so, that all good disposition giues way to a harsh morositie. Vexations, when they daily billow vpon the minde, they froward euen the sweetest Soule, and from a dainty affabilitie, turne it into spleene and restinesse. It is good to doe with these, as Iocasta did with Oedipus, cast them out in their infancie, and lame them in their feete: or, for more safety kill them, to a not reuiuing. Why should wee hug a poisoned Arrow so closely in our wounded bosomes? Neither griefes nor ioyes, were euer ordained for secrecie. It is against Nature, that we should so long goe with child with our conceptions; especially when they are such, as are euer striding, to quit the clecting VVombe.



## RESOLVES.

*Strangulas inclusus Dolor, atq; cor aestuat intus,  
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.*

*Untold griefes choake, cynder the Heart: and by  
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.*

I thinke, no man but would willingly tell them, if eyther *shame of the cause*, or *distrust of the friend*, did not bridle his expressions. Either of these intaile a mans mind to *miserie*. Euery *Sorrow* is a *short convulsion*; bu. he that makes it a close prisoner, is like a *Papist*, that keepes *Good-Friday* all the yeere; hee is euer *whipping*, and inflicting penance on himselfe, when he needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for hee *seemes wise*, and is not. As the eye fixt vpon one *object*, sees other things but by halues and glancings: so, the soule intent on this *accident*, cannot discern on other *contingencies*. *Sad objects*, euen for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *Willowes*, if wee set them deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *ouerspread*, when wee intended them but for *staves*, to *uphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deads the actiuenesse of the *minde*. Mee thinkes *Crates* shew'd a *braver Spirit*, when hee danc'd and laugh'd in his *threed-bare Cloake*, and his *Wallet* at his backe, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when hee wept, that hee had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the World*, to gouerne. Hee *contemned*, what this other did cry for. If I must haue *sorrow*, I will neuer be so in loue with it, as to keepe it to my selfe alone: nor will I euer so affect *company*, as to liue where *vexations* shall daily salute me.

of

## XXXVII.

*Of Natures recompencing wrongs.*

**T**Here be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beantie of the minde* can cover, or counteruaile, euen to their *not-seeming*. For, that which is *vnfightly* in the *body*, though it bee our *misfortune*, yet it is not our fault. No man had euer power to *order Nature* in his owne *composure*: what we haue there, is such as we could neither giue our *selues*, nor *refuse* when it was *bequeathed vs*: but, what we finde in the *Soule*, is either the *blurre of the Man*, or the *blossome* for which we praise him: because a *minde well qualifi- ed*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that againe which is mudded with a *vi- cious iniquination*, is so, by the vilenesse of a *wilfull selfe-neglect*. Hence, when our *soule* findes a rare- nesse in a *tuned soule*, we fixe so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foyles*, to set off the other, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excel- lencie* can saue the *reall blemishes* of the *bodie*. In a *man deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, wee vse first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which be as it were, *things* set off with more *glory*, by the *pitty* and *defect* of the o- ther. 'Tis fir the *minde* should bee most magnified; which I suppose to bee the reason, why *Poets* haue ascribed



## RESOLVES.

ascribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, than to *Venus*, the *Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* sayes, *Minerva* cur'd *Ulysses* of his wrinkles and balnesse; not that she tooke them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiuing fucus*: but that hee was so applauded, for the *acutenesse* of an *ingenuous minde*, that men spared to object vnto him his *diformity*: and if it shall chance to be remembred, it will bee allayed with the adiunct of the other's *worth*. It was said of *bald, hooke-nos'd, crooke-footed Galba*, onely that his *wit* dwelt ill. *Worth* then does vs the best seruice, when it both hides the faults of *Nature*, and brings vs into *estimation*. Wee often see *blemished bodies*, rare in *mentall excellencies*: which is an admirable *instinct of nature*, that being conscious of her owne defects, and not able to *absterge* them, she vses *diuersion*, and drawes the consideration of the *beholders*, to those parts, wherein shee is more confident of her *qualifications*. I doe thinke, for *worth* in many men, we are more beholding to the defects of *Nature*, then their owne *inclinary Loue*. And certainly, for conuerse among men, *beautifull persons* haue lesse need of the *mindes commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it selfe, is such a *silent Orator*, as euer is pleading for *respect* and *liking*: and by the eyes of others, is euer sending to their hearts for *loue*. Yet, euen this hath this *inconuenience* in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the *minde* with *Noblenesse*. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the *minde* is ill. The *modest sweetnesse* of a *Lillied face*, makes men per-swade the *heart* vnto *immodesty*: Had not *Dinah* had

had so good a one, she had come home *unmaimed*.  
*Unlovely features* have more liberty to be good with-  
 all, because they are freer from *solicitations*. There  
 is a kinde of *continuall Combat*, betweene *Vertue*,  
 and *Proportions* *pleasingnesse*. Though it be not a  
*Curse*; yet 'tis many times an *unhappinesse* to bee  
*faire*.

*Lucretia's* fate warnes vs to wish no *face*  
 Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace  
 To Lute-backt *Rutila*, in exchange: for still,  
 The fairest Children doe their Parents fill  
 With greatest care; so seldome *modestie*  
 Is found to dwell with *Beantie*. —

— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem*  
*Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutila Virginia gibbum*  
*Accipere atq; suam Rutila dare. Filius autem*  
*Corporis egregij miseros, trepidosq; parentes*  
*Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formae*  
*Atque pudicitiae.* —

The words be *Iuuenals*. Aboue all therefore, I ap-  
 plaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is  
 the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soule* are  
 met, in the *similiarie robe* of *Comelinesse*: and he is  
 the more to be affected, because wee may belecue,  
 he hath taken vp his *goodnesse*, rather vpon *loue* to it,  
 then vpon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly vertuous*,  
 that are so, without *incitation*: nor caa it but ar-  
 gue, *vertue* is then strong, when it liues *upright*,  
 in the prease of many *temptations*. And, as these  
 are



are the best in other eyes, so are they most composed in themselves. For heere Reason and the senses kisse; disporting themselves, with mutuall speculations: whereas those men, whose mindes and bodies differ, are like two that are married together, and loue not: they haue euer secret reluctations, and doe not part for any other reason, but because they cannot.



## XXXVIII.

*Of Truth, and bitternesse in iests.*

IT is not good for a man to be too tart in his iests. Bitternesse is for serious Potions; not for Healths of merriment, and the iollities of a mirthfull Feast. An offensive man is the Devils Bellows, wherewith hee blowes vp contentions and iarres. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling then an offensive Truth. For thereby we runne into two great errors. One is, wee childe that in a loose laughter, which should be graue, and fauour both of loue and pittie. So we rub him with a poyson'd oyle, which spreads the more, for being put in such a fleeting supplenesse. The other is, wee descend to particulars, and by that meanes, draw the whole company to witnesse his disgrace we breake it on. The Souldier is not noble, that makes himselfe sport, with the wounds of his owne companion. VVho soeuer will iest, should be like him that flourishes at a Show: hee may turne his Weapon any way, but not aime more

more at once, then at another. In this case, things like *Truth*, are better then *Truth it selfe*. Nor is it lesse ill then vn safe, to fling about this *wormewood of the braine*: some noses are too tender to endure the strength of the *smell*. And though there bee many, like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling sparke, vnwarm'd: yet some againe, are couer'd with such light, dry *Straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceede to mischief. *Exitus ira, furor*: Anger is but a step from *Rage*; and that is wilde fire, vvhich vwill not be extinguished. I know, vwise men are not too nimble at an *iniury*. For, as vwith *fire* the *light stasse*, and *rubbish*, kindles sooner then the *solid*, and more *compact*: so Anger sooner inflames a *Foole*, then a man composed in his *resolutions*. But vve are not sure alwayes to meete *discreet ones*: nor can vve hope it, vvhile vvee our selues are othervvise in giuing the *occasion*. *Fooles* are the greater number: *Wise men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *Wood*, heere and there one: and though they bee most acceptable, to *men wise*, like themselves, yet haue they neuer moore neede of *Wisedome*, then vvhenthey conuerse vwith the *ringingelboes*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keepe vs from being infected: But when wee grow *bitter* to a *wise man*, wee are then *worst*: For, hee sees further into the *disgrace*, and is able to harne vs more. *Laughter* should *dimple the cheek*, not *farrow the brow* into ruggednesse. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

Mischiefe



*Mischiefe is the childe of Mirth. All should haue libertie to laugh at a Jest: but if it throwes a disgrace vpon one, like the cracke of a string, it makes a stop in the Musicke. Flouts we may see proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a generous mind then scorn. Nature at first makes vs all equall: wee are differenc'd but by accident, and outwards. And I thinke 'tis a Iealousie, that she hath infus'd in Man, for the maintaining of her owne Honour against externall causes. And though all haue not wit to reiect the Arrow: yet most haue memorie to retaine the offence; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay in, both with more advantage, and ease. 'Tis but an unhappy wit, that stirs vp Enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue; or laugh him into an Enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill mixture: and sometime truth is bitternesse. I would wish any man to bee pleasantly merry: but let him beware, he bring not Truth on the Stage, like a Wanton with an edged Weapon.*

## XXXIX.

*Of apprehension in wrongs.*

**W**E make our selues more iniuries then are offered vs: they many times passe for wrongs in our owne thoughts, that were neuer meant so, by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong, hurts more, then the sharpest part  
of

of the *wrong* done. So, by falsly making of our  
 selues *patients* of *wrong*, wee become the true and  
 first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourse*  
 to diue into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne  
*Comment*: nor to stir vpon a doubtfull *indignitie*,  
 without it: vnlesse wee haue *proofes*, that carry  
*weight* and *conviction* with them. Words doe some-  
 times fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither  
*hatch* nor *harbour*. While we thinke to *revenge* an  
*iniurie*, we many times *beginne one*: and after that,  
 repent our *misconceptions*. In things that may haue  
 a *double sense*, 'tis good to thinke, the *better* was in-  
 tended: so shall wee still both keepe our *friends*,  
 and *quietnesse*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*: yet  
 it is sometimes better to *dissemble* it, then play the  
*Wasse*, then strue to returne a *sting*. A *wise mans*  
*glory* is, in passing by an *offence*: and this was *Salomons*  
*Philosophie*. A *Foole* strooke *Cato* in the *Bath*,  
 and when hee was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it:  
 For, sayes *Seneca*, *Melius putauit non agnoscere, quam*  
*ignoscere*. Hee would not come so neere *Revenge*,  
 as to acknowledge that hee had been *wronged*.  
*Light iniuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding:  
 which, with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to  
 height, and burthen. It stands not with the *dis-*  
*cretion* of a *generous spirit*, to returne a *punishment*  
 for euery *abuse*. Some are such, as they require no-  
 thing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgell* is not  
 of use, when the *beast* but onely *barkes*. Though  
*much sufferance* be a *stupiditie*: yet a little is of good  
 esteeme. Wee heare of many that are disturbed  
 with a *light offence*, and wee commend them for it:  
 because,



because, that which wee call *remedy*, slides into *dis-  
ease*; and makes that live to *mischiefe* vs, which else  
would *dye*, with giuing life to *safety*. Yet, I know  
not what *selfe-partialitie*, makes vs thinke our selues  
behind-hand, if wee offer not repayment in the  
*same coyne* wee receiued it. Of which, if they may  
stand for *reasons*, I thinke, I may giue you two.  
One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which  
will endure any thing with more patience, then  
a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *ayre*, it  
conueyed a *stab* to the *atheriall soule*. Another is,  
because liuing among many, wee would iustifie  
our selues, to auoyd their *contempt*; and these be-  
ing most such, as are not able to *iudge*: wee rather  
satisfie them by *externall actions*, then relye vpon a  
*iudicious verdict*, which giues vs in for *nobler*, by *con-  
temning* it. Howsoeuer we may prize the reuenge-  
full man for *spirit*: yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely*  
to *disdaine a wrong*: w<sup>ho</sup>, when *Embassadours* haue  
offered *undecencies*, vse not to *chide*, but to deny  
them *audience*, as if *silence* were the way *Royall*, to  
reiect a *wrong*. Hee enioyes a *braue composednesse*,  
that seates himselfe, aboue the flight of the *inuri-  
ous claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weakenesse*,  
but his *wisedome*. For, *Qui leniter sentiunt, sapiunt  
magis*: The wisest rage the least. I loue the man that  
is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till hee must  
needs; and then to *purpose*. A continued patience I  
commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*.  
For though God beares much, yet he will not beare  
*alwaies*.

When

## XL.

*When Vice is most dangerous.*

**W**hen Vice is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the *end*. Give a hot Horse his head at first, and he will surely runne away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he hath a little discharg'd his *passion*, either by *intemperate speech*, or *blowes*? in vaine wee preach a *patience*, presently after the sence of the *losse*. What a stir it askes, to get a man from the *Tauerne*, when hee is but *halfe drunke*! Desire is dispersed into euery *veine*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dyes not in the way; but by *discharge*, or *recessse*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, hee may forbear: in the *end*, he will leaue alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but goe on to worse; nor will he, in that heate, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no friend to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer euen the *best aduice*. Bec counfeld by the *Romane Ouid*:

*Dum furor incursu est, currenti cede furori;  
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.  
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,  
Pugnat, in aduersas ire natator aquas.*

When rage runnes swiftly, step aside and see  
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* bee.

K

When



When dangers may be shun'd, I reckon him  
Unwise, that yet against the streame will swim.

We are so blinded in the *heate of the Chase*, that we beate backe all *preservations*: or make them meanes to make our *vices* more. That I may keepe my selfe from the *end*, I will euer leaue off in the *beginning*. Whatsoever *Precepts* strict *Stoicisme* would giue vs, for the calming of *untemper'd passion*, tis certaine, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention* is the *best bridle*. I commend the *Policy* of *Satyrus*, of whom *Aristotle* hath this Story; That being a *Pleader*, and knowing himselfe *cholericke*, and in that *whirre* of the *minde*, apt to rush vpon foule *transgression*; he vsed to stop his eares with *waxe*, lest the sense of ill *Language*, should cause his *fiere blood* seethe in his *distended skinne*. It is in *Man* to auoyd the *occasion*; but not the *inconuenience*, when hee hath admitted it. Who can retyre in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soule*? Let a *Giant* knocke, while the *doore* is shut, hee may with ease bee still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *linette* of himselfe: then is there no course left, to keepe out the *intirer bulke*.

# XLI.

*That all things are restrained.*

I Cannot thinke of any *thing*, that hath not some *enemy*, or some *Antagonist*, to restraine it, when  
it

it growes to *excesse*. The whole world is kept in order by *discord*; and every part of it, is but a more particular *composed* *warre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but have something to ballast their *lightnesse*. One *scale* is not alwaies in *depression*, nor the other lifted ever *high*, but the alternate waue of the *beame*, keepes it ever in the *play* of motion. From the *Piswre* on the *rusted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *awe* it. VVee are all heere like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in strings: when wee mount too *high*, wee have that which puls vs *downe* againe. VVhat man is it which liues so *happily*, which feares not something, that would sadden his *soule* if it fell: nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth so much *tristitate*, as that hee neuer sees the *flashes* of some warning *ioy*. *Beasts* with *beasts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upheld*. And in all these, it makes greatly for the *Makers* glory, that such an admirable *Harmony* should bee produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The world is both a perpetuall *warre*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the vniuersall *Parents*. And to raile on *Discord* (saies the Father of the *Poets*) is to speake ill of *Nature*. As in *Musicke* sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet neuer one *long*, nor neuer all at once: So sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometime another; sometimes one *Element* is violent, now another; yet neuer was the whole world vnder one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every



string has his use, and his time, and his name. When the Assyrians fell, the Persians rose. When the Persians fell, the Grecians rose. The loss of one man, is the gain of another. 'Tis this variety that maintaines the World. As in infinite circles about one Center, there is the same Method, though not the same measure. So, in the smallest creature that is, there is an Epitome of a Monarchy, of a World, which hath in it selfe Convulsions, Rescations, Enlargements, Erections: which, like props. keepe it upright, which way soever it lames. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of Nature, which yet he doth not relinquish, but dispose. The world is composed of foure Elements, & those bee contraries. The yeere is quartered into different seasons. The body both consists, and is nourished by contraries. How diuers, euen in effect, are the birds and the beasts that feede vs: and how diuers againe are those things that feede them: how many seuerall qualities haue the plants that they browse vpon: which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd Salad doe they make? The minde too is a mixture of disparities: Ioy, sorrow, hope, feare, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing, which flow to vs, in the smoothnesse of a free prostitution. A gentle resistance heightens the desires of the seeker. A friendly warre, doth indurate the insuing close. 'Tis variety that hits the humours of both sides. 'Tis the imbecillity of declining Age, that commits man prisoner to a sedentary settlednesse. That which is the vigor of his life, is angling, Heate and cold, drinesse and moysture, quarrell & agree within

within him. In all which, he is but the great worlds *Breviary*. Why may wee not thinke the world like a *Masquing Bassell*, which God commanded to bee made for his owne content in viewing it? Wherin, euen a *dying Fly* may lecture out the worlds *Mortalitye*. Surely, wee deceiue our selues, to thinke on earth, continued ioyes would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Natura* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, then to bee glutted with perpetuall *Iollities*: were the body tyed to one dish alwaies, (though of the most exquisite delicate, that it could make choise of) yet after a small time, it would complaine of *loathing* and *satietie*. And so would the soule, if it did euer epicure it selfe in ioy. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not well which is the more *usefull*; ioy I may chuse for pleasure, but *aduersities* are the best for profit. And sometimes these doe so farre helpe me, as I should without them, want much of the ioy I haue.

## XLII.

## Of Dissimulation.

**D**issimulation in Vice, is like the braine in Man. All the Sences haue recourse to that, yet is it much controuerted, whether that at all be *sensitine*, or no: So, all vices fall into dissimulation, yet is it in a dispute, whether that in it selfe be a vice, or no. Sure, men would neuer act Vice so freely, if they thought not they could escape the shame on't by *dissembling*.



Vice hath such a loathed look with her, that shee desires to be euer masqued. Deceit is a dresse that shee does continually wear. And howsoever the Worlds corrupted course may make vs sometimes vse it; euen this will condemne it, that it is not of vse, but either when wee doe ill our selues; or meet with ill from others. Men are deuided about the question; some disclaime all, some admit too much, and some haue hit the Meane. And surely, as the World is, it is not all condemnable. There is an honest policy. The heart is not so farre from the tongue, but that there may be a reseruation; though not a contradiction betweene them. All policy is but circumstantiall dissembling; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute necessity from a word already passed, and say, that Faith is but a Merchants, or Mechanicke vertue. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall vice. There is an order that out-goeth Machiauell: or else hee is honeste then his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis; in bello gerendo laudabilis.* That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certaine there is a prerogative in Princes, which may legitimate something in their Negotiations, which is not allowable in a private person. But euen the grant of this liberty, hath encouraged them to too great an enlargement. State is become an irreligious Riddle. Lewis the eleuenth of France, would wish his sonne to learne no more Latine, then what should teach him to bee a dissembling Ruler. The plaine heart in Court, is but growne

growne a better word for a *Wolf*. Great Men haue occasions both more, and of more weight, and such as require contriuings, that goe not the ordinary way; lest being traced, they be countermined, and fall to ruine. The ancient Romans did (I thinke) miscall it, *Industry*. And when it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they needs would haue it commendable. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hanibal*, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate (as *Liuius* tells vs) apprehended and sent backe againe. They practiz'd more then some of them taught; though in this deede, there was a greater cause of performance, because there was a voluntary trust reposed. Contrary to the opinion of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to saue a Citizen, or deceiue an enemy. There is a sort, that the Poet bids vs coozen.

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum  
Sunt genus : in laqueos quos posuere, cadent.*

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be Profane: let their owne snare their ruine be.

But sure wee goe too farre, when our coozenage breeds their mischiese. I know not well whether I may goe along with *Lipsius*: *Fraus triplex: prima leuis, vt dissimulatio, & diffidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, vt conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, vt perfidia, & iniustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs* distinction of good and bad: Good, as the Nurse with the child, or the



*Physician with his Patient, for his health's sake: but, when 'tis any way author of harme. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a fault, as an imperfection: and carries a kinde of diffidence of God along with it. I belecue if Man had not falne, hee should neuer need haue vs'd it: & as he is now, I thinke no Man can liue without it. The best way to auoyd it, is to auoyd much businesse and Vice. For if men defend not in some sort, as others offend; while you maintaine one breach, you leaue another vnmann'd; and for Vice, shee euer thinkes in this darke, to hide her abhorred foulnesse. If I must use it, it shall bee onely so, as I will neither by it, dishonour Religion, nor bee a cause of hurt to my neighbour.*

XLIII.

*Of Censure.*

**T**Is the easiest part to censure, or to contradict a *crack*. For truth is but one, and seeming truthes are many: and few workes are performed without errors. No man can write fixe lines, but there may be something, one may carpe at, if he bee disposed to canill. Opinions are as various, as false. Iudgements is from every tongue, a senerall. Men thinke by censuring to be accounted wise; but in my conceit, there is nothing layes forth more of the Foolc. For this you may euer obserue; they that know least, censure most. And this I belecue to bee a reason, why men

men of precise lines, are often rash in this extravagance. Their rettyrednesse keeps them ignorant, in the course of businesse; if they weighed the imperfections of humanity, they would breathe lesse condemnation. Ignorance gives disparagement, a lowder tongue then Knowledge does. Wise men had rather know then tell. Frequent dispraises are at best, but the faults of uncharitable wit. Any Clowne may see the Furrow is but crooked, but where is the Man that can plow me a streight one? The best workes are but a kind of Miscellany; the cleaneft Corne will not bee without some soile. No, not after often winnowing. There is a tincture of corruption, that dyes euen all Mortalitie. I would wish men in workes of others, to examine two things before they iudge. Whether it be more good, then ill: And whether they themselves could at first haue perform'd it better. If it bee most good, wee doe amisse, for some errors to condemne the whole. Who will cast away the whole body of the Beast, because it in held both guts and ordure? As man is not iudged good or bad, for one action, or the fewest number; but as hee is most in generall: So, in workes, wee should weigh the generality, and according to that, censure. If it bee rather good then ill, I thinke hee deserues some praise, for raising Nature aboue her ordinary flight. Nothing in this World can bee framed so entirely perfect, but that it shall haue in it, some delinquencies, to argue more were in the comprisor. If it were not so, it were not from Nature, but the immediate Deity. The next, if wee had neuer seene that frame, whether or no, wee thinke wee could haue mended it.



it. To *espy* the *inconueniencies* of a house built, is easie, but to lay the plot at first, well; is matter of more *pate*, and speaks the praise of a good *Contriuer*. The *crooked lines* helpe better to shew the *streight*. *Iudgement* is more certaine by the eye, then in the *fancy*, surer in things *done*, then in those that are but in *cogitation*. If wee finde our selues able to correct a *Coppy*, and not to produce an *originall*, yet dare to *deprave*; wee shew more *Criticisme*, then *Ability*. Seeing wee should rather magnifie him, that hath gone beyond vs; then *condemne* his *worth* for a few *failes*. *Selfe examination* will make our *iudgements* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *iudgement*, that the heauiest *iudgement* comes. If wee must needs *censure*, 'tis good to doe it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelue *Casars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* vnpartially: and leaue the *vpshot* to *collection* of the priuate *minde*. So shall we learne by hearing of the *faults*, to auoyd them: and by knowing the *vertues*, practize the like. Otherwise, wee should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, then brand him for his more of *ill*. Wee are full of *faults* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without our *care* and *industry*.



## XLIV.

## Of Wisedome and Science.

Science by much is short of Wisedome. Nay, so farre, as I thinke, you shall scarce finde a more  
Foole,

*Foole*, then sometimes a meere *Scholler*. Hee will  
 speake *Greeke* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to  
 women that vnderstand it not. *Knowledge* is the  
 treasure of the minde. But *Discretion* is the key: with-  
 out which, it lyes dead, in the dulnesse of a fruitlesse  
 rest. The *practique* part of *Wisedome*, is the best. A  
 native *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of in-  
 dustry study. *Wisedome* is no *Inheritance*, no nor  
 to the greatest *Clerkes*. Men write, commonly more  
 formally, then they *practize*: and they conuersing  
 onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pe-  
 dantisme*. He that is built of the *Presse*, and the *Pen*,  
 shall be sure to make himselfe *ridiculous*. *Company*  
 and *Conuersation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble*  
*behaviour*. And this is not found in a *melancholy*  
*study* alone. *VVhat* is written, is most from *Imagi-  
 nation*, and *Fancy*. And how ayery must they needs  
 be, that are congeriated wholly, on the fumes, per-  
 haps, of *distempered braines*? For if they haue not  
*iudgement*, by their *Learning*, to amend their con-  
*uersations*; they may well want *iudgement* to chuse  
 the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they know much:  
 and I thinke any man may doe so, that hath but *me-  
 mory*, and bestowes sometime in a *Library*. There  
 is a *flowing noblenesse*, that some men bee graced  
 with, which farre out-shines the notions of a *timed*  
*Student*. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rheto-  
 rique*; some men speake more excellently, euen from  
*Natures owne iudiciousnesse*, then can the *Scholler* by  
 his quiddit of *Art*. How fond and untuneable are a  
*Fresh-mans brawles*, when wee meete them out of  
 their *Colledge*: with many times a long recited *Sen-  
 tence*,



tence, quite out of the way. Arguments about nothing; or at best, nicities. As one would bee of Martins Religion, another of Luthers, and so quarrell about their Faith. How easie an inuention may put false matters into true Syllogismes? So, I see how Seneca laugh at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus: in hoc barbam dimissimus: Disputationes istae, utinam tantum non prodesse, nocent.* O most childish follies! is it for this wee knit our browes, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations onely did not profit vs; but they are hurtfull. In discourse, giue me a Man that speakes reason, rather then Authors: rather Sence, then a Syllogisme: rather his owne, then anothers. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrenness in himselfe, which forces him, to be euer aborrowing. In the one, a man bewrayes Iudgement; in the other, Reading. And in my opinion, 'tis a greater commendation to say, hee is wise, then well read. So farre I will honour Knowledge, as to thinke, this art of the braine, when it meetes with able Nature in the minde, then onely makes a man compleat. Any Man shall speake the better, where hee knowes, what others haue sayd. And sometimes the conscioufnesse of his inward knowledge, giues a confidence to his outward behaviour: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.

That

## XLV.

*That misapplication makes Passion ill.*

I Reade it but of one, that 'tis said, Hee was a Man  
after Gods owne heart. And Him, among all others,  
I finde extremely passionate, and very valiant. Who  
ever read such bitter Curses, as hee prays may light  
vpon his Enemies? Let Death come hastily vpon them:  
and let them goe quicke to Hell. Let them fall from one  
wickeanesse to another. Let them bee wiped out of the  
Booke of Life. Let their prayer bee turned into sinne.  
Certainly, should such imprecations fall from a  
Moderne tongue, wee should censure them for want  
of charity: and I thinke we might doe it iustly. For  
God hath not giuen vs Commission to curse his ene-  
mies, as hee did to David. The Gospell hath set Reli-  
gion to a sweeter Tune. The Law was giuen with  
Thunder, striking Terror in the Hearers. The Gos-  
pell with Musicke, Voyces, and Angellike apparitions.  
The Law came in like Warre, threatening ruine to  
the Land of Man. The Gospell like Peace, in the soft  
pleasures of writing Weddings. And this may satis-  
fie for his rigour: But if we looke vpon him, in ano-  
ther trimme of the minde: how smooth hee is, and  
mollifying: how does his soule melt it selfe into his  
eyds, and his bowels flow, with the full streames of  
compassion? How fixt hee was to Jonathan: how  
like a weake and tender woman, hee laments his  
Rebell Absalom, and weepes oftner, then I thinke wee  
blot  
reade



read of any through the whole Story of the Bible? His *valour*, we cannot doubt: it is so eminent in his killing of the Beare and Lyon: in his *Duell* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many other *Martiall Acts* against them. So that there seemes to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrary-ing passions*: and yet the man from *Gods* *owne Mouth*, hath a testimony of a true *approuement*. When *passions* are directed to their right end, they may faile in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When the *subiect* of our *hatred* is *Sinne*, it cannot bee too deepe: When the *obiekt* of our *Love* is *God*, it cannot bee too high. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To be but *warme*, when *God* commands vs to be *hot*, is *sinfull*. We belye *Vertue* into the constant dulnesse of a *Mediocrity*. I shall neuer condemne the *nature* of those *men*, that are sometimes *violent*: but those that know not, when 'tis fit to be so. *Valour* is then best temper'd, when it can turne out of a sterne *Fortitude*, into the milde straines of *Pitty*. 'Tis written to the honour of *Tamberlaine*, that conquering the *Musconites* with expression of a *Princely valour*, hee fells from the ioy of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the many *casuall Miseries* they endure, that are tyed to follow the leading of *Ambitious Generals*. And all this, from the sight of the *field*, couered with the *soulelesse man*. Some report of *Cesar*, that hee wept when hee heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *Pitty* be a downy *vertue*, yet shee neuer shines more *brightly* then when shee is clad in *steele*. A *Martiall man* *compassionate*, shall conquer both in *Peace* and *Warre*: and by a two-fold

fold way, get *Victory* with *honour*. *Temperate* men haue their *passions* so ballanced within them, as they haue none of either side in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore as they seldome fall into *foule acts*; so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excellling deeds of *Noblenes*. I obserue in the generall, the most famed men of the world, haue had in them both *Courage* and *Compassion*: and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob *Temperance* of her *royalty*. *Fabius* may conquer by *delaying*, as well as *Cesar*, by *expedition*. As the *casualties* of the world are, *Temperance* is a *vertue* of singular worth: But without doubt, *high Spirits* directed right, will beare away the *Bayes* for more *glorious actions*. These are best to raise *Common-wealths*: but the other are best to *rule them after*. This, best keepest in *order*, when the other hath stood the *shock* of an *in-nouation*; of either, there is excellent *vse*. As I will not *ouer-value* the *moderate*: so I will not too much *dis-esteem* the *violent*. An arrow aimed right, is not the worse for being *drawne home*. That *action* is best done, which being good, is done with the *vigor* of the *spirits*. What makes *zeale* so *commendable*, but the *feruency* that it *carrieth* with it?

of



## XLVI.

*Of the waste and change of Time.*

I Looke vpon the lauish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pitty* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten vp by the *steely teeth* of *Time*: or else, rest as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Great *workes* vndertaken for *ostentation*, misse of their *end*, and turne to the Authors *shame*: if not; the *transitions* of *Time*, weare out their ingraued *names*, and they last not much longer then *Caligulaes* Bridge over the *Baie*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the Ship bestriding *Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus* Theater, the *Bituminated Wals* of *Babylon*? and how little rests of the *Aegyptian Pyramides*? and of these how diuers does report giue in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pittie the *toyles* of *Vertue*, when hee shall find greater *honour* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, then to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *Wals* of *Thebes*, shee offer'd to re-edifie them, with condition this *Sentence* might but on them bee inlitter'd: *Alexander* pull'd them downe; but *Phryne* did rebuild them. From whence, some haue iested it into a quarrell for fame, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtlesse, no *Fortifications* can hold, against the cruell deuastations of *Time*.

I could neuer yet finde any *estate*, exempted from this *Mutabilitie*. Nay, those which wee would haue thought had beene held vp with the strongest *pillers of continuance*, haue yet suffered the extremest *changes*. The houses of the *dead*, and the *vrned bones*, haue sometimes met with *rude hands*, that haue scattered them. Who would haue thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tombe*, that the *Turkes* should after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones for Jewels*? Change is the great Lord of the *World*; Time is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to suffer his *vnstaid Dominion*.

—— *Ille tot Regum parens,  
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,  
Ardente Troia*——

—— He that had a *Prince* each sonne,  
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,  
He wants his *Funerall* one.

VVe are so farre from *leauing* any thing certain to *posterity*, that we cannot bee sure to *inioy* what we haue, while wee *liue*. VVe *liue* sometimes to see more *changes* in our selues, then wee could *expect* could happen to our *lasting off-spring*: As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* asks.

*Dinitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?  
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.  
Ille, Syracusiamodo formidatus in vrbe,  
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.*

L

Who



Who has not heard of *Craesus* heapes of Gold,  
 Yet knowes his Foe did him a prisoner hold:  
 He that once aw'd *Sycilia's* proud extent,  
 By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* scarce prevent.

Ve all put into the *World*, as men put *Money* into a  
*Lottery*. Some lose all, and get nothing: Some with  
 nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps ven-  
 tring againe, with hope of increase, they lose with  
 griefe, that they did not rest contented. There is  
 nothing that wee can confidently call our owne: or  
 that wee can surely say, wee shall either doe, or a-  
 void. VVe haue no power ouer the present: Much  
 lesse ouer the future, when we shall be absent, or dis-  
 solved. And indeed, if wee consider the *World*  
 right, wee shall finde some reason, for these con-  
 tinuall *Mutations*. If euery one had power, to trans-  
 mit the certaine possession of all his acquisitions, to  
 his owne *Succeeders*, there would bee nothing left,  
 for the *Noble deeds* of new aspirers to purchase: VWhich  
 would quickly betray the world, to an incommuni-  
 cable dulnesse: and vtterly discourage the generous  
 designs of the stirring, and more elementary spirit.  
 As things now are, euery man thinkes something  
 may fall to his share: and since it must crowne some  
 indeauours, hee imagines, why not his? Thus by  
 the various treads of Men, euery action comes to  
 be done, which is requisite for the *World's* maintai-  
 ning. But since nothing heere below is certaine, I  
 will neuer purchase any thing, with too-great a  
 hazzard. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *Wisedome*, that makes  
 Princes hazzard their whole estates for an honour  
 meere-

meerely titular. If I finde that *lost*, which I thought to haue kept; I will comfort my selfe with this, that I knew the *World* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a lesse good: so he can, if hee please, conferre me a greater.

## XLVII.

## Of Death.

There is no *Spectacle* more profitable, or more terrible, then the sight of a *dying man*, whē he lyes expiring his *soule* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soule* is diuelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The *spirits* shrink inward, and retyre to the anguished *heart*: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a sad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with a *frighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashionable clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nailes*, and by an *insensible surprize*, suffocated the *inuiro'd heart*. To see how the *mind* would faine utter it selfe, when the *Organes of the voyce* are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimnesse*, which a little before, was swift as the *shootes of Lightning*, nimbler then the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent then in any of the other

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parts,



parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, should yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, then the revolutions of an *indefinite soule*. So suddenly bringing the *object to conceits*, that one would thinke, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the eye it selfe. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, euen the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *study and practice* to continue the *lives of others*: and who is the *Anatomist* of generall *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which he can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To see the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps there shin'd a *lonely Maiessty*, euen to the captiuing of *admiring foules*) now altered to a *frightfull palenesse*, and the terrors of a *gastly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*; and kept all in awe, with the moouing of a *spongie tongue*, is now become a thing so full of *horror*, that *children* feare to see it: and must now therefore bee transmitted from all these *enchanting blandishments*, to the darke and hideous *grane*: VVhere, in stead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies imprison'd but in five foot of *Lead*: and is become a *nest of wormes*, a *lump of filth*, a *boxe of pallid putrefaction*. There is euen the difference of two seuerall VVorlds, betwixt a King enamel'd with his *Robes and Jewels*, sitting in his *Chaire of adored State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Cafe of Crawlers*: and yet all this change, without the losse of any *visib. substantiall*:

Since

Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the least signe, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I thinke, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Cessation of the Soules functions*: as if it were rather a *restraint*, then a *misfine ill*. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis onely *colour*, *motion*, *beate*, and *empty ayre*. Though indeed, if wee consider this *dissolution*, man by *death* is absolutely diuided and disman'd. That grosse object which is left to the spectators eyes, is now onely a *composure* but of the two *baser Elements*, *Water*, and *Earth*: that now it is these two only, that seeme to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Ayre*, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *ascentiue Soule*. When thou shalt see also these things happẽ to one whose *conuersation* had indeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the *body* put on *Deaths* sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of *night*, when *silent darknesse* does incompasse the dimme light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou hearest a *solemn Bell* tolled, to tell the *World* of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into a *dumbe attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, denoting thee to *pleasure*, and the *fugitiue toyes of life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *winke of life is man*! And with what a generall swallow, *Death* still gapes vpon the generall *World*! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was: Hee answered in these seuerall truthes: It is a *sleepe eternall*; the *Bodies dissolution*; the *rich mans feare*; the *poore mans wish*; an *event inevitable*; an *uncertaine*



*Journey; a Thiefe that steales away man; Sleepes father; Lifes flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all.* VVho may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learne, if he will, both *humility* and *loftinesse*? the one, to vilifie the *body*, which must once perish in a *stenchfull nastinesse*; the other to aduance the *Soule*, which liues heere but for a higher, and more *heauenly ascension*? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the *flesh*, which I must one day yeeld to the *wormes*: So I would euer bee studious for such actions, as may appeare the issues of a *noble and diuiner Soule*.

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 XLVIII.

*Of Idlenesse.*

**T**He Idle man is the barrenest piece of Earth in the Orbe. There is no Creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restlesse world. Euen the most *venemous* and most *rauenous* things that are, haue their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances*: and they are euer engaged in some action, which both profiteth the *World*, and continues them in their *Natures* courses. Euen the *Vegitables*, wherein *calme Nature* dwels, haue their *nurties* and times in *fructifying*: they *leafe*, they *flowre*; they *seede*. Nay, *Creatures* quite inanimate, are (some) the most laborious in their *motion*. VVith what a cheerefull face the *Golden Sun* chariots through the *rounding Skie*? How perpetuall

is

is the *Maiden Moone*, in her iust and horn'd mutations: The *Fire*, how restlesse in his quicke and catching flames: in the *Ayre*, what transitions: and how fluctuous are the salted waues: Nor is the teeming *Earth* wearie, after so many thousand yeeres productions: All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing thorow his vn-washt face. *Idlenesse* is the most corrupting Fly, that can blow in any humane minde. That *Ignorance* is the most miserable, which knowes not what to doe. The *Idle man* is like the dumbe lacke in a *Virginall*: while all the other dance out a winning Musicke, this, like a member out of ioynt, sullens the whole *Body*, with an ill disturbing lazinesse. I doe not wonder to see some of our *Gentrie* growne (well-neere) the lowdest men of our *Land*: since they are, most of them, so muffled in a non-employment. 'Tis action that does keepe the Soule both sweet and sound: while lying still does rot it to an ordur'd noysomenesse. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* losse of the blessing, partly to his slothfulnesse, that had rather receiue meate, then seeke it. Surely, exercise is the fat'ning foode of the Soule, without which, shee growes lanke, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are so much debauched, I beleeue to be want of employment: For the Soule, impatient of an absolute recesso, for want of the wholesome foode of businesse, preyes vpon the lewder actions. 'Tis true, Men learn to doe ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I beleeue, *Salomon* meant the *Field of the sluggard*, as well for the Embleme of his minde, as the certaine Index of his outward state, As



the one is over-growne with *Thornes* and *Briers*; so is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egistrus* grew adulterate, the *exile* of the *Verse* will tell him, — *Desideratus erat*. VVhen one would bragge the *blesings* of the *Romane State*, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* subiected, they might now bee happy, as ha- uing nothing to feare: Sayesthe best *Scipio*, *We now are most in danger*: for while wee want *businesse*, and haue no *Foe* to awe vs, wee are ready to drowne in the mud of *Vice* and *slothfulnesse*. How bright does the *Soule* grow with *vse* and *negatiation*! VVith what proportioned *sweetnesse* does that *Familie* flourish, where but one *laborious Guide* steereth in an order'd *Course*! VVhen *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some *coine*, hee shewes it his *Companions*, and tels them, that he now, if hee will, can nourish ano- ther *Cleanthes*. Beleeue it, *Indiestry* is neuer wholly vnfruitfull. If it bring not *ioy* with the *incomming profit*, it will yet banish *mischiefe* from thy *busied gates*. There is a kinde of good *Angell* waiting vpon *diligence*, that euer carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crowne her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not bee pray'd vnto, but with hands in *motion*. The *bosom'd fist* beckens the *approach* of *pouerty*, and leaues besides, the *noble head* vngarded: but the *lift- ed arme* does frighten want, and is euer a *shield* to that *noble director*. How vnworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but onely *lin'd*, and *dy'd*. Though *Epaminondas* was seuerer, hee was yet exemplary; when he found a *Souldier* slee- ping in his *Watch*, and ranne him thorow with his *Sword*;

*Sword*; as if he would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleep*, to a meeting: and when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, he sayes, hee did but leaue him as hee found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest happinesse, to haue a *minde* that loues a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis daily rising to *blessednesse* and *contentation*. They are *idle Diuines*, that are not *beau'ned* in their *lines*, about the vn-studious man. Euery one shall smell of that hee is busied in: as those that stirre among *perfumes* and *spices*, shall, when they are gone, haue still a gratefull *odour* with them: so, they that turne the *leaves* of the *worthy VVriter*, cannot but retaine a *smacke* of their *long-lyu'd Author*. They conuerse with *Vertues Soule*, which hee that writ, did spread vpon his *lasting Paper*. Euery *good line* addes *sinew* to the *vertuous minde*: and withall, hells that *vice*, which would be springing in it. That I haue liberty to doe any thing, I account it from the fauouring *Heauens*. That I haue a *minde* sometimes inclining to vse that *libertie* well; I think, I may, without *ostentation*, bee thankfull for it, as a *bounty of the Deitie*. Sure, I should bee *miserable*, if I did not loue this *businessse* in my *vacancie*. I am glad of that *leasure*, which giues mee leasure to *employ my selfe*. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue mee, I should both keepe my selfe from *worse*, and not haue time to entertaine the *Devill* in.

That



## XLIX.

*That all things haue a like progression and fall.*

**T**Here is the same method thorow all the *World* in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they stay the least of time; then they *decline* as they *rose*: onely *mischiefe* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath beene long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* sung the fall:

*Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,  
Et subito casu, quæ voluere, ruunt.*

All that *Man* holds, hangs but by slender twine,  
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

*Man* may bee kil'd in an instant; he cannot be made to *live*, but by space of time in *conception*. *Ve* are curdled to the fashion of a life, by *time*, and set *successions*; when all againe is *lost*, and in the moment of a minute, gone. *Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men*, all grow vp by *leasurely progressions*: so *Families, Prouinces, States, Kingdomes, Empires*, haue the same way of rise by steps. About the *height* they must stay a while, because there is a neerenesse to the middle on both sides, as they *rise*, and as they *fall*: otherwise, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very *point of time*, the present *now*, which *now* againe

is

is gone. Then they at best descend, but for the most part tumble. And that which is true in the smallest particulars, is, by taking a larger view, the same in the distended bulke. There were first, Men, then Families, then Tribes, then Commonwealths, then Kingdomes, Monarchies, Empires: which wee finde, haue beene the height of all worldly dignities. And as we finde those Monarchies did rise by degrees, so wee finde they haue slid againe to decay. There was the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman. And sure, the height of the *Worlds* glory, was in the dayes of the *Roman Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Augustus*. Peace then gently breathed thorow the *Vniuersall*: Learning was then in her fullest flourish: no Age, either before or since, could present vs with so many towering Ingenuities. And then, when the whole *World* was most like vnto God, in the sway of one Monarch: when they saluted him by the Title of *Augustus*; and they then, like God, began in rule to bee called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the fulnesse of time, wherein G O D, the Saviour of the world, vouchsafed by taking *Humane nature* vpon him, to descend in the *World*. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our thoughts: Though our Faith bee not bred, yet is it much confirmed, by obseruing such like circumstances. But then may wee thinke, how small a time this *Empire* continued in this flourish. Euen the next Emperour, *Tiberius*, beganne to degenerate; *Caligula* more: *Nero* yet more then he: till it grew to be embroyled and dismembred, to  
an



an absolute division. Since, how has the *Turkes* seized one in the *East*; and the other in the *West*? how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spain*? Some haue also obserued the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neereſt the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and ſo on in diſtant *remouals*, following the courſe of the *Sunne*: as if beginning in the *Morning* of the *World*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *West*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his riſing in the *East*. This may ſtand to the *Southerne* and *Westerne* *Inhabitants* of the *World*; but I know not how to the *Northerne*: for elſe how can that bee ſaid to riſe *any where*, which reſteth *nowhere*, but is perpetuall in the ſpeede of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *World* was within a very little, aged 4000. *yeeres*; which, I belecue, was much about the *middle Age* of the *World*: though ſeeing there are *promiſes* that the *later dayes* ſhall bee *ſhortned*, wee cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which wee finde did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that *Decay*, which haſtens in the *ruine* of all leſſer things, will likewiſe bee more ſpeedy in this. If all things in the *World* decline faſter by farre, then they do *aſcend*; why ſhould we not beleue the *World* to doe ſo too? I know not what certaine grounds they haue, that dare aſſume to foretell the *particular time* of the *Worlds conflagration*. But ſurely in *reaſon*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot bee mightily diſtant. VVe haue ſeene the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all paſt: Nay, wee haue ſeene it vvell ſtept in-

to yeeres, and *declination*, the most infallible *premonitors* of a *dissolution*. Some could belecue it within lesse then this nine and twenty yeeres, because as the *Flood* destroyed the *former World*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *first* destroying *Adam*; so the *latter World* shall be consumed by *fire*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *second* saving *Adam*; which is *Christ*. But I dare not fixe a *certainie*, where *God* hath left the *World* in *ignorance*. The exact *knowledge* of all things is in *God* only. But surely, by *collections* from *Nature* and *Reason*, *Man* may much helpe himselfe, in *likelihood* and *probabilities*. VVhy hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soule*, if not to thinke on the *course* and *causes* of *things*, thereby to magnifie his *Creator* in them? I will often muse in such like *Theames*: for, besides the *pleasure* I shall meete, in *knowing further*; I shall finde my *Soule*, by *admiration* of these *wonders*, to loue both *Reason*, and the *Deitie* better. As our *admiring* of *things euill*, guides vs to a *secret hate* and *decession*: so, whatsoever wee *applaud* for *goodnesse*, cannot but cause some *raise* in our *affections*.

L.

*Of Detraction.*

IN some *vnluckie dispositions*, there is such an *envious* kinde of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should bee set forth for *excellent*:



*excellent*: so when they heare one *iustly praised*, they will either seeke to dismount his *Vertues*; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent; they will stab him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were something yet so *foule*, as did *obscure* euen his *brightest glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot *iustly condemn* him, they will leaue him in suspected ill, by *silence*. Surely if wee considered *detraction*, to be bred of *ennie*, nested onely in *deficient mindes*; we should, finde that the applauding of *vertue*, would winne vs farre more *honour*, then the seeking filly to *dispraise* it. That would shew we *lovd* what we *commended*, while this tels the *World*, wee grudge at what we want in our selues. VVhy may we not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which sprung of the *teeth of Cadmus* *poysoned Serpent*: I am sure their *ends* may paralell; for they vsually murder one another in their *fame*: and where they finde not *spots*, they deuise them. It is the *basest Office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *Whipper* of the *Worthy man*. If wee doe know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can scarce shew our selues in a nobler *vertue*, then in the *charity* of concealing them: so it bee not a *flattery*, perswading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *absence*, euen sometime that which is *true*, is most vnbecoming the report of a *Man*. VVho will not condemn him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *society*, that tells the *private fault* of his *friend*, to the *publike & depraving World*. VVhen two *friends* part, they should locke vp one anothers *secrets*, and enterchange their *keyes*. The *honest man* will rather bee a *grave* to his *neighbours failes*,

*failes*, then any way *uncurtaine* them. I care not for his *humour*, that loues to clippe the wings of a *loftie fame*. The Counsell in the *Satyre* I doe well approue of.

— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,  
Qui non defendet alio culpante, solutos  
Qui captat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,  
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caueo.*

— VWho bites his absent Friend,  
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along  
With mens loose laughter, and each *praters* tongue,  
That feines what was not, and discloaks a *soule*;  
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, hee is foule.

And for the most part, hee is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. Hee that can *detract vnworthily*, when thou canst not answer him, can *flatter* thee as *vnworthily*, when thou canst not chuse but *heare* him. 'Tis vsuall with him to *smooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keeps a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And besides all this, it imployes a kinde of *cowardice*: for who will iudge him otherwise, that but then vnbuttons his *tumour'd brest*, when hee findes none to oppose the *bignesse* of his *lookes* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it neuer boasteth vainely, yet is euer the greatest *Coward* in *absence*: but the *Coward* is neuer *valiant* but then: and then too, tis without his *heart*, or *spirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, then her secret



cret repining at anothers *transcendencie*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, shee is able lesse to *discerne*. Hee that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seekes *lost gold* in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which hee better might haue found with *stilnesse*. To *ouer-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *DetraCTOR* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed tis hard to speake a *man* true, as hee is: but howsoeuer, I would not depraue the fame of the *absent*: 'Tis then a time for *praises*, rather then for *reprehension*. Let *prayse* be voyced to the *spreading Ayre*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed eare*: Which action teaches vs, euen while we *hide*, to *loue*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speake of him that ownes them, I will tell them foorth *unpartially*. If there bee *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *World* shall know them by some *other tongue* then mine.



## LI.

*Against Compulsion.*

**A**S nothing preuailes more then *Courtesie*: so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more wee desire to *gaine*, the more doe others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is euer iealous of her owne *supremacie*: and when shee sees that o-  
thers

thers would *under-tread* it, she calls in all her powers, for *resistance*. Certainly, they worke by a wrong *Engine*, that seeke to gaine their ends by *constraint*. Crosse two *Louers*, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may *stroake* the *Lyon* into a *bondage*: but you shall sooner *hew him to pieces*, then *beate* him into a *chaine*. The *Foxe* may *praise* the *Crowes* meate from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *swiftnesse* ouertake her *wing*. *Easie Nature*, and *free liberty*, will steale a man into a *winy excesse*: when *urged healths* doe but shew him the way to *refuse*. The *noblest Weapon* wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *loue*, and *gentlest courtesie*. How many haue lost their *hopes*, while they haue sought to *rauish* with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to bee led by the soft motions of the *musicall tongue*, then the rusticke threshings of a *striking arme*. *Loue of life*, and *Iollities*, will draw a man to more, then the feare of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Casar* for a *Conquerour*, when shee gaue him both such *courage*, and such *courtesie*; both which put *Marius* into a *maze*. They which durst speake to him, (hee said) were *ignorant of his greatnesse*; and they which durst not, were so of his *goodnesse*. They are men the *best composed*, that can bee *resolute*, and *remisse*. For, as *fearfull Natures* are wrought vpon, by the sternenesse of a *rough comportment*: so the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affabilitie*, and a shew of *pleasing liberty*. *Little Fishes* are twitched vp with the violence of a *sudden pull*; when the like action crackes the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs.

M

I haue



I haue knowne *denials*, that had neuer beene giuen,  
but for the earnestnesse of the requester. They teach  
the petitioned to be *suspicious*; and *suspition* teaches  
him to *hold* and *fortifie*. Hee that comes with *You*  
*must haue mee*, is like to proue but a *fruitelesse Wooer*.  
Urge a *grant* to some men, and they are *inexorable*;  
*seeme carelesse*, and they will force the thing vpon  
you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giuing  
him a *second life*, whereas his *death* could at best  
but haue remou'd an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled*  
*Poet*.

*Flectitur obsequio curuatus ab arbore ramus:*

*Franges, si vires experiere tuas.*

*Obsequio tranantur aquae, nec vincere possis*

*Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda nates.*

*Obsequium Tygres domat, tumidosq; Leones:*

*Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.*

The *Trees* crookt branches, gently bent, grow right,  
When as the hands full vigor breakes them quite.  
Hee safely swimmes, that vvaues along the Flood,  
While crossing streames is neither safe nor good.  
*Tygers* and *Lyons*, mildnesse keepes in awe:  
And, gently vs'd *Buls* yoakt, in *Ploughs* vvill draw.

Certainely, the *faire way* is the best, though it bee  
something the further about. 'Tis lesse ill for a  
*Journey* to be long, then *dangerous*. To vex other  
men, I vvill thinke, is but to tutor them, how they  
should again vex me. I vvill neuer vvish to purchase  
ought vnequally: What is got against *reason*, is for  
the

the most part wonne, by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knaue*. If ought bee sought with *reason*, that may come with *kindnesse*; for then *Reason* in their owne *bosomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will bee content to lose a little, rather then bee drawne to obtaine by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazzard* wee auoyd, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender losse*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all waies else shall faile. But in the generall, *Fairenesse* ha's preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *love*; when that, onely leaues a *loathsome hate* behind it.

## LII.

## Of Dreames.

**D**reames are notable *meanes* of discovering our owne *inclinations*. The *wise man* learns to know himselfe as well by the *nights blacke mantle*, as the *searching beames* of day. In *sleepe*, we haue the naked and naturall thoughts of our *soules*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to shuffle in *occasional cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then shut vp in the *Burrough* of the *body*; none of the *Cinquenports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *Vertue*, wee may by obseruation finde in our *dreames*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *dreames*.



For then, the *soule* stated in a deepe *repose*, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the busie day, shee would eyther *not shew*, or *not note*. It was a custome among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *sleepe*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might haue *happy dreames*; and withall consult well for their *Subjects* benefit: as if the *night* had beene a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wise*. And certainly, the *wise man* is the wiser for his *sleeping*, if hee can *order well* in the day, vwhat the *eye-lesse night* presenteth him. Euery *dream* is not to be counted of: nor yet are *all* to be cast away with *contempt*. I would neither be a *Stoicke*, *superstitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *considerate* of none. If the *Physician* may by them iudge of the *disease* of the *body*, I see not, but the *Diuine* may doe so, concerning the *soule*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *soule* is *waking*, and *motiue* euen in the *fastest closures*, of the *imprisoning eye-lids*. But to *presage* from these thoughts of *sleepe*, is a *wisedome* that I would not reach to. The best *use* wee can make of *dreames*, is *observation*: and by that, our owne *correction*, or *incouragement*. For 'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *minde* is working, in the *dullest depth* of *sleepe*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,*

*Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.*

*Venator, defessa toro cum membra reponit,*

*Mens tamen ad siluas, & sua lustra redit.*

*Indicibus*

*Iudicibus lites, auriga somnia currus,  
 Vanaque nocturnis meta canetur equis.  
 Furto gaudet amans; permutat nauis Merces:  
 Et vigil elapsas querit auarus opes.  
 Blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus agris,  
 Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.  
 Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,  
 Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.*

Day thoughts, transwinged frō th' industrious brest,  
 All seeme re-acted in the nights dumbe rest.  
 When the tyr'd Huntsman, his repose begins,  
 Then flies his minde to woods, & wild beast dens.  
 Iudges dreame cases: Champions seeme to run,  
 With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.  
 Loue hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.  
 The Miser thinks hee some lost treasure findes.  
 And to the thirsty sicke, some potion cold,  
 Stiffe flattering sleepe, inanely seemes to hold,  
 Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, euen I  
 Troubled with *Arts* deepe musings, nightly lye.

Dreames doe sometimes call vs to a recognition  
 of our *inclinations*, which *print* the deeper in so *un-*  
*disturbed times*. I could wish men to *giue* them their  
*consideration*, but not to *allow* them their *trust*,  
 though sometimes 'tis easie to picke out a *profita-*  
*ble Morall*. *Antiquitie* had them in much more *rene-*  
*rence*, and did oft account them *prophecies*, as is ea-  
 sily found in the *sacred volume*: and among the  
*Heathen*, nothing was more frequent. *Astyages* had  
 two, of his daughter *Mandana*, the *Vine*, and her  
 urine.



urine. Calphurnia of her *Cesar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost euery *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shew-  
ed in interpreted *dreames*. *Galen* tels of one, that  
dream'd his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soone  
after it was strooke with a *dead Palsie*. The aptnesse  
of the *humours* to the like *effects*, might suggest  
something to the *minde*, then apt to receiue. So that  
I doubt not but either to *preserue health*, or amend  
the *life*, *dreames* may, to a wise *observer*, be of *speciall*  
*benefit*. I would neither depend vpon any, to in-  
curre a *preiudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *pro-*  
*digall neglect* and *scorne*. I finde it of one that ha-  
uing long beene *troubled* with the *paining spleene*:  
that hee dream't, if he opened a certaine *veine*, be-  
tweene two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which  
he *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would  
rather *beleene* this, then be drawne to *practize* af-  
ter it. These *plaine predictions* are more rare *For-*  
*tellings*, vsed to bee lapp'd in more *obscure foldes*:  
and now that *Art* lost, *Christianity* hath settled vs  
to lesse *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Romane Soothsayer* to  
reade those *darker spirits* of the night, and tell that  
still *Dictator*, his *dream* of *copulation* with his  
*mother*, signified his *subiecting* of the *world* to him-  
selfe. 'Tis now so out of vse, that I thinke it not to  
bee *recovered*. And were it not for the *power* of the  
*Gospell*, in *crying* downe the *vaines* of men, it would  
appeare a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *hu-*  
*manity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*.

## LIII.

## Of Bounty.

There is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrayes a man to *basenesse*, and to *pouerty*. Excesses, for the most part, haue but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghill mischiefe*, that awaites euen the *man of the bounteous soule*: and they that had store of a *native goodnesse*, grow at last to the *practice* of the foulest *villanies*. They are free as the *descending raine*, and powre a plenty on the *generall World*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries* of an *emptied Minde*. Yet in this fall of their *melted demeanes*, they grow *ashamed* to bee publicly seene come short of their wonted *renelling*. So, rather then the *world* shall see an *alteration*, they leaue no *lewdnesse* priuately *vnpractized*. 'Tis a noted truth of *Tacitus*, *Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickednesse*. *Erarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit*. 'Tis pittie, that which beares the name of *Noble*, should be parent of such hated *vilenesse*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practize*, rather then let her *port* decline? *Vaine glory* ends in *lewdnesse*, and *contempt*. The *lauish minde* loues any *indirection* better then to *flag in state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soule*, to *strow* about the *wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feede* that *dispersiue humour*, all waies shall bee trodden, though they neuer so much *unworthy* the man.



Surely, wee nickname this same *floudding man*,  
 when wee call him by the name of *Brane*. His stri-  
 uing to bee like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the  
*lowest estate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has  
 all, to giue to all abundantly. Where the carrying  
*streame* is greater, then the bringing one, the *bottom*  
 will bee quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commen-*  
*dation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? He has  
 the best *Fame*, that keepes his *estate* vniniggardly:  
 The others *fluxe*, is meerey out of *weakenesse*. Hee  
 ouervalues the *drunken* and *reeling* loue of the *vul-*  
*gar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselſe*, and his  
*family*. Hee feares he is not *lou'd*, vnleſſe that hee  
 bee looſe and *ſcattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke  
 their *minde*s ill wouen, vnleſſe they haue *allowance*  
 from the *popular ſtampe*. The *wiſe man* is his owne  
 both *world* and *iudge*; hee giues what hee knowes  
 is fit for his *estate*, and him, without euer caring  
 how the *waning Tumult* takes it. To *weake minde*s,  
 the *People* are the greateſt *Parasites*: they *worſhip*  
 and *knee* them to the ſpending of a faire *inheri-*  
*tance*: and then they cruſh them with the *heavy*  
*loade of Pitty*. 'Tis the *inconfiderate Man*, that  
 rauels out a *ſpacious Fortune*. Hee neuer think-  
 eth how the *heape* will *leſſen*, becauſe hee loo-  
 ſes, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stew-*  
*ards*, that ſo *ſhowre* away a *large Eſtate*. Sayes  
*Democritus*, when hee ſaw one giuing to all, and  
 that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde*  
 did *crave*; Mayeſt thou *perish unpittied*, for ma-  
 king of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made  
 his *liberalitie*, like a *Whore*, to court the *Publique*;  
 when

when indeed shee ought to winne by *modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, doe but procure the *good-mans hate*: So when *bounty* proues a *Curtizan*, and offers too vndecently, it failes of gaining *loue*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wife*. Hee does *bounty* injury, that shewes her so much, as hee makes her but bee *laugh'd at*. Who giues or spends too much, must *fall*, or else desist, with *shame*. To liue well of a *little*, is a great deale more *honour*, then to spend a great deale *vainely*. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *object* of *bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motiue*, thy owne *goodnesse*: And the limit, is the safety of thy *state*. For this I will constantly thinke; The best *bounty* of man, is not to bee too *bountifull*. It is not good to make our *kindnesse* to others, to bee *cruelty* to our *selues* and *ours*.



## LIIII.

*Of Man's inconstancy.*

**N**O *Weathercocke* vnder *Heauen*, is so *variable* as *inconstant Man*. Every breath of *wind*, fannes him to a *various shape*: As if his *minde* were so neere a kinne to *Ayre*, as it must with every *motion*, bee in a *perpetuall change*. Like an *instrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. VVee are *Feathers* blowne in the *blaster* of our owne loose *passions*, and are meere the



Surely, wee nickname this same *floudding man*, when wee call him by the name of *Brane*. His striving to bee like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *lowest estate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has all, to giue to all abundantly. Where the carrying *streame* is greater, then the bringing one, the *bottom* will bee quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? He has the best *Fame*, that keepes his *estate* vnniggardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weaknesse*. Hee ouervalues the *drunken* and *reeling* loue of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselfe*, and his *family*. Hee feares he is not *lou'd*, vnlesse that hee bee loose and *scattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *minde*s ill wouen, vnlesse they haue *allowance* from the *popular stampe*. The *wise man* is his owne both *world* and *Iudge*; hee giues what hee knowes is fit for his *estate*, and him, without euer caring how the *waning Tumult* takes it. To *weake minde*s, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them to the spending of a faire *inheritance*: and then they crush them with the *heavy load* of *Pitty*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *rauels* out a *spacious Fortune*. Hee neuer thinketh how the *heape* will *lessen*, because hee looses, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *showre* away a *large Estate*. Sayes *Democritus*, when hee saw one giuing to all, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *crane*; Mayest thou *perish unpittied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberalitie*, like a *Whore*, to court the *Publique*; when

when indeed shee ought to winne by modestie. For, as the Harlots offers, doe but procure the goodmans hate: So when bounty proues a Curtezan, and offers too vndecently, it failes of gaining loue, and gets but the dislike of the wise. Hee does bounty injury, that shewes her so much, as hee makes her but bee laugh'd at. Who giues or spends too much, must fall, or else desist, with shame. To liue well of a little, is a great deale more honour, then to spend a great deale vainely. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a knowledge that befits a Prince. The best obiect of bounty, is either necessity, or desert. The best motiue, thy owne goodnesse: And the limit, is the safety of thy state. For this I will constantly thinke; The best bounty of man, is not to bee too bountifull. It is not good to make our kindnesse to others, to bee cruelty to our selues and ours.



## LIIII.

*Of Man's inconstancy.*

**N**O Weathercocke vnder Heauen, is so variable as inconstant Man. Euery breath of wind, fannes him to a various shape: As if his minde were so neere a kinne to Ayre, as it must with euery motion, bee in a perpetuall change. Like an instrument cunningly plaid on, it does rise, and fall, and alter, and all on a sudden. VVe are Feathers blowne in the bluster of our owne loose passions, and are meere the



the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant haue *murthered* the *men* they haue *lou'd*? as if *accident* were the *Fate* of things, and the *Epicure* had barked *truth*. How ardently can wee affect some, euen beyond the desire of *dying* for them, when immediately one sudden *Ebullition* of *Chol-ler*, shall tender them extremely *offensue*? nay, *steepe* them in our *bate*, and *curses*? Behold the hold which *Man* doth take of *Man*! 'tis lost in a *moment*, with but the *clacking* of the *tongue*, a *nod*, or *frowne*, or any such like *nothing*. Wee cancell *leagues* with *friends*, make new ones with our *enemies*, and breakethem ere *concluded*. Our *Favorites* with the places alter. And our *bate* hath wings to *alight*, and *depart*. In our *diet*, how infinitely does the *variation* of *humours* disrellish the *ill tasting* *pallate*? what to day we *rauen* on, is the *rise* of the next dayes *stomacke*. In our *recreations* how inconstantly *lo-uing*? sometimes affecting the *noisefull bound*; sometimes the stiller *sport* of the *wing*; though euer in- gaged to a *giddy variety*. In our apparell how *mu- table*? as if *fashion* were a *god*, that needes would bee ador'd in *changes*. Our whole *life* is but a *greater*, and longer *child-hood*. What *man* *living* would not dye with *anguish*, were he bound to fol- low another, in all his *vntsteadfast motions*, which though they bee euer *turning*, yet are neuer *pleasing*, but when they proccede from the *native freedome* of the *soule*? which argues her *change* not more out of *object*, then her *selfe*, and the *humors* wherewith shee is *compassed*. They first *flowing* to incite *Desire*, then *powred* out vpon an *object*, dye in their

their *births*, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmish*, come up, discharge, fall off, flye, and reinforce themselves. Onely order is in their proceedings, while confusion doth distract the man. Surely, there is nothing argues his imperfection more. For though the Nobler Elements be most *Motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they neuer mutable, but as the object that they fixe on makes them, nor doe they euer wander from that *qualitie*, wherewith *Nature* did at first inuest them. But *man*, had hee no object, hee would change alone; and euen to such things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee vse to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimble Elements had gotten the predominance. Certainly, the best is a noble constancy. For, perfection is immutable. But for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulnesse, when it will not admit of a lawfull change, to the better. Therefore Constancy without Knowledge, cannot bee alwaies good. In things ill, 'tis not *vertue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all changes, I will haue regard to these three things: Gods approbation, my owne benefit, & the not-harming of my Neighbour. Where the change is not a fault, I will neuer thinke it a disgrace; though the great Exchange, the *World*, should iudge it so. Where it is a fault, I would bee constant, though outward things should wish my turning. Hee hath but a weake warrant for what hee does, that hath onely the fortune to finde his bad actions plausible.

of



## L V.

*Of Logicke.*

Nothing hath spoyl'd *Truth* more then the *Invention of Logicke*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *mist of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawne into too fine a *thread*; tying vp *Truth* in a twist of words, which being hard to *unloose*, carry her away as a *prisoner*. 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an *art instructing* you, how to tell a *reasonable lye*. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno* with *subtile Arguments*, proving that there was no *Motion*: he suddenly *starts up*, and *walkes*. *Zeno* asks the *cause*: Saies he againe, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an *ouercurious workeman*, it hath sought to make *Truth* so *excellent*, that it hath marr'd it. *Vines* sayes, Hee doubts not but the *Deuill* did inuent it; it teaches to *oppose* the *Truth*, and to be *falsely obstinate*, so *cunningly delighting*, to put her to the *worse*, by *deceit*. As a *Conceite*, it hath laide on so many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* then the *patterne*. It giues vs so many *likes*, that we know not which is the *same*. *Truth* in *Logicall arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*, where are so many other *presented* in the same *attire*, that we know not which is *hee*. And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, so wee know there is but one *Truth*; yet by *reason* of the *Masque*, *Iudgement* is *distracted*, and *deceined*. There might be a double *reason*, why  
the

the *Areopagite* banish't *Stilpo*, for proving by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddesse*. One, to shew their dislike to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to wanton with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first invent it, for the helpe of truth, it hath prov'd but a helpe to wrangle: and a thing to set the minde at iarre in it selfe: and doing nothing but confound conceit, it growes a toy to laugh at. Let me giue you but one of our owne.

*Nascitur in tenebras animal, puer, inscius, infans,  
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.*

A thing borne blinde, a child, and foolish too,  
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* goe.

*Aristarchus* his *Quip*, may fall vpon our *Times*: Heretofore (saies he) there were but *seven wise men*; and now it is hard to find the number of *fooles*. For euery man will be a *Sophister*, and then hee thinkes hee's *wise*; though, I doubt, some will neuer bee so, but by the helpe of *Logicke*. Nature her selfe makes euery man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, haue presented vs with one that hath over-acted her: and something strain'd her beyond her genuine plainenesse. But I speake this of *Logicke* at large, for the pure *Art* is an excellency. Since all is in use, 'tis good to retaine it, that wee may make it defend vs, against it selfe. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to countermine. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I thinke it spoyles the *Naturall*. How can it bee otherwise, when the *Invention of Man*, shall striue



strive with the *investigation of Supreme Nature*: In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *ascertaine*, though not *comprehend* them: For other matters, I will thinke simple *Nature* the best *Reason*, and naked *reason* the best *Logicke*. It may helpe me to *strip off doubts*, but I would not haue it helpe to *make* them.



## LVI.

*Of thoughtfulnessse in misery.*

THE unfortunate mans *wisedome*, is one of his greatest *miseries*. Vnlesse it be as well able to *coquer*, as *discerne*, it onely shewes him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to haue an *insight deepe in Calamity*. It can shew him *mischiefe* which a *Foole* sees not; so helpe him to *vexation*, which he cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happinesse* to bee free from *miseries*: A next to that, is not to bee *sensible* of them. There is a *comfort*, in seeing but the *shell of sorrow*. And in my *opinion*, hee does *wisely*, that when *griefe* presents her *selfe*, lets her weare a *vizor*, fairer, then her *naked skinne*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity* to be an *honest foole*, when the *piercing eye* of his *spirit*, shall not see into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeue, our *eyes* would bee euer *winterly*, if wee gaue them the *flome* but for euery iust *occasion*. I like of *Solon's course*, in *comforting* his constant *friend*: when taking him vp to the top of a *Turret*, over-looking  
all

all the *piled buildings*, he bids him thinke, how many *Discontents* there had beene in those *houses* since their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leaue the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none else, *vvere hardnesse*, and *iniustice*. To *mourne* for all, *vvere endlesse*. The best *vway* is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds mad spleene* fret, for that *vvee smile in woes*. *Sorowes* are like *putrid graues*, the deeper you digge, the *fuller* both of *stench*, and *horror*. Though *consideration* and a *foole* bee *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *mifery* like it. Who euer knew a *Foole* dye of a discontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *Man false to*, that euen his *glory* is become his *punishment*; and the *rayes* of his *wisedome*, light him but to feed those *anguisbes*, vvhich the darknesse of his *mind* vvould couer. *Sorowes* are not to bee entertain'd vvith *hugges*, and lengthned *complements*; but the cast of the *eye*, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a wound too deep, lest you make a *new one*. It vvas not spoken vvithout some *reason*, That *fortunate*, is better then *wise*; since vvho soeuer is *that*, shall bee thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* iudge rather, by the *event*, then the *intentiō*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wise*, shall find many, that vvill deuy him, vvith at least supposed *folly*. This only is the *wise mans benefit*, as he sees more *mischiefes*: So he can curbe more *passions*: and by this *meanes* hath *wit* enough, to endure his *paines* in *secrecy*. I vvould looke so farre into *crosses*, as to cure the *present*, and preuent the *future*: But vvill neuer care for *searching* further,



ther, or in dearing cares by thoughtfulness. They are like *Charons Cane* in *Italy*, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stiffes you. No ship but may be cast away, by putting too farre into *tempestuous Seas*.



## LVII.

## Of ill Company.

WE haue no *emie* like *base Company*: it kills both our *fame*, and our *soules*. It giues vs *wounds*, which neuer will admit of *healing*: and is not onely *disgracefull*, but *mischieuous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royall Maiesty*, who would reuerence thy *sway*, when like *Nero*, thou should'st *Tauerne* out thy time with *Wantons*, triumph with *Minstrels* in thy *Chariot*, and present thy selfe vpon a *Common Stage*, with the buskin'd *Tragician*, and the *Pantomime*? 'Tis like a ship new trimmed, wheresoeuer you but touch, it soyles you: and though you be cleane, when you enter, euen a little motion will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the whiter the *Swan* is, the more is the *blacke* apparent. How many haue died *ignominiously*, and haue vsed their last *breath*, onely to *complaine* of this; as the *Witch* that had *enchanted* them, to the *euils* that they now must *smart* for: 'tis an *Engine* vwhere-  
vith the *Deuill* is euer *practizing*, to lift *Man* out of *Verines* *seare*. 'tis the *spirituall Whore*, vvhich toys  
the

the good man to his *soules undoing*. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah vnder Heauen*, it is in bad Society. This will *binde vs, betray vs, blinde vs, vndoe vs*. Many a man had beene good that is not, if hee had but kept good company. When the *Achates* of thy life shall bee ill, who will not *imagine thy life* to bee so too? euen waters change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veine*. No man but hath both good and bad in his *nature*, either of which, *fortifie*, as they meete with their like; or *decline*, as they finde a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a single *streame*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*: but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper *channell* to bee *drown'd* in. Good and wise *associates*, are like *Princes* in *defensiu*e *Leagues*; one defends the other against *denices* of the common *Foe*. Lewd ones are like the *mistaken Lanthorne* in 88. which vnder *pretence* of guiding, will draw vs vnto *hazzard*, and losse among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, then pleasant wits, *vitiared* in *accustom'd lewdnesse*, who for that, were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *Nature*, and with sweete tunes, *inrice* men to *destruction*. Could my name be *safe*, yet my *soule* were in *danger*; could my *soule* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* secure, yet those other two (which are the purest *excellencies* of *Man*) are euer laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physioians* may conuerse with *sicke ones*, *uninfected*: but then, they must haue *stronger Antidotes*, then their *nature* giues them: else they themselves shall soone stand in need, of what themselves once were, *Physicians*.



One rotted Apple, will infect the floore. The putrid Grape, corrupts the whole sound Cluster. Though I be no Hermite, to sit away my dayes in a dull Cell; yet will I chuse rather to haue no Companion, then a bad one. If I haue found any good, I will cherrish them, as the choyse of men: or as Angels, that are sent for Guardians. If I haue any bad ones, I will study to lose them: lest by keeping them, I lose my selfe in the end.



## LVIII.

*That no man alwaies sinnes unpunisht.*

**W**HEN David saw the delights of the wicked, he is forced to flie to the stop, with a, *Fret not thy selfe, O my soule!* The Iollities of the villanous man, stagger the religious minde. They liue, as if they were passing thorow the world in state: and the streame of prosperitie turning it selfe, to rowle with their applauded waies: When if we doe but looke to despised vertue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seemes to be in the disgrace of Heauen; He smarts and pines, and sadneth his incombred soule, and lines as it were, in the frowne, and the nod of the traducing world. When the Epicure considered this, it made him to exclude the Providence. And surely to view the vertuous, with but Natures eyes, a man would thinke, they were things that Nature envied, or that the whole world were deluded, with a poysonous lye,  
in

in making onely the *vertuous happy*. 'Tis onely the *daring soule*, that *digesting vice* in grosse, climbs to the seat of *Honour*. *Innocence* is become a *staire* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise our *selues* to greatnesse. How rare is it to finde one raised for his *sober worth* and *vertue*? What vvas it but *Iosephs* goodnesse, that brought him to the *stockes*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like hee might haue *swamme* in *Gold*, and liu'd a *lapling* to the *silke*, and *dainties*. The world is so much *Knaue*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to be *honest*. Men haue remoued the *Temple of honour*, and haue now set it, like an *arbour* in a *Wilderneffe*, where vnlesse we trace those *deuious waies*, there is no hope of finding it. Into what a *sad complaint*, did these thoughts driue the weighty *Tragedian*?

*Res humanas ordine nullo*

*Fortuna regit, spargitque manu*

*Munera ceca, peiora fouens.*

*Vincit sanctos dira libido;*

*Fraus sublimi regnat in aula;*

*Tradere turpi fasces populus*

*Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.*

*Tristis virtus peruersa tulit*

*Premia recti: Castos sequitur*

*Mala paupertas, vitioque potens,*

*Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all humane waies

Quite at randome, *Fortune* swaies,

Her loose *fauours* blindly throwing.



Cruell *lust* the good man kils;  
*Fraud* the Court triumphant filis;  
 People *honours* ill bestowing.  
 Then they hate, euen those they kisse.  
 Sad worth ill rewarded is;  
 And the *chaste* are poore, while *Vice*  
 Lords it by *Adulteries*.

VVerethese *Ages* chain'd to ours? Or why com-  
 plaine wee that the *World* is worse, when fifteene  
 hundred yeeres space cannot (for ought I see) al-  
 ter the *condition*? But, what is past, we forget; what  
 is to come, we know not: so we onely take a spleene  
 at the present. 'Tis true, *Vice* braues with a boldned  
 face, and would make one thinke, it were onely she  
 that the *doting World* had chose, to make a *Favourite*  
 on. But, if wee haue time for *observation*, we shall  
 see her halting with a *Crutch*, and shame. Haue we  
 not seene the *vices* of the aged *Father*, punisht in  
 the *Sonne* when hee hath been aged too? I am per-  
 swaded there be few *notorious vices*, but euen in this  
 world haue a certaine *punishment*, although wee can-  
 not know it. God (for the most part) doth neither  
 punish, nor blesse at once, but by *degrees*, & *warnings*.  
 The world is so full of *changings*, that 'tis rare for  
 one man, to see the compleated race of another. We  
 liue not long enough to obserue how the *Judge-*  
*ments* of the Iustest God, doe walke their rounds in  
 striking. Neither alwaies are wee able. Some of  
 Gods *corrections* are in the night, and closetted. Euery  
 offence meets not with a *Markes lash*. Priuate pu-  
 nishments sometimes gripe a man within, while  
 men

men looking on the *outer face of things*, see not how they smart in *secret*. And sometimes those are *deepe wounds* to one *man*, that would bee *balme* and *Physicke* to another. There are no *Temporall blessings*, but are sometimes had in the *nature of perverted curses*. And surely all those *creatures* that God hath put *subordinate* to Man, as they (like *inferiour seruants*) obey him while he is a *true steward*: so when hee growes to iniure his great *Master*, they send vp *complaints* against him, and forsake him; chusing rather to bee true to their *Maker, God*; then assisting to the *vilenesse* of his *falsest steward, Man*. So that though men by *lewd waies*, may start into a *short preferment*, yet sure there is a *secret chaine* in *Nature*, which drawes the *Vniuersall* to reuenge a *vice*. Examples might be infinite; euery *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*, and the whole *World* but the *practice*. How many *Families* doe we daily see, wherein a *whipping hand* scourgeth the streame of all their *lineall blood*? As if there were *curses hereditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confesse, they haue a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wildest of *vice*. Howsoeuer I might for a while, in my selfe, sleepe with a *dumbe conscience*; yet I cannot thinke, the *All of Creatures* would so much crosse the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me goe unpunished. And, which is more then this, I finde a *soule* within my *soule*, which tels me, that I doe *unnobly*, while I loue *Sinne* more for the *pleasure* of it, then I doe *Vertue*, for the *animall sweetnesse* that she yeelds in her selfe.



## LIX.

*Of Opinion.*

**N**Or any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially full in it selfe, but that euen *bare conceit* may returne it much *distastfull*. The *World* is wholly set vpon the *Gad* and *wauing*: meere *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporall happinesse*. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; euery one maintaining the *Faction* which hee liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Ayrie soule*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loues the *free* and *open-handed*; that, the *grasped fist*, and *frugall sparing*. I go to the *Market*, & see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things *different*, yet either pleas'd with his *owne*; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I doe not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receiue their *birth*. Nor is their *end* vnlike their *beginning*: for, as they are begot out of an *ayerie phantasme*; so they dye in a *sume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Euen those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and wherein (if *Truth* bee Iudge) wee may discern *solidity*, are made *placide* or *disgustfull*, as *fond Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or at least,

least, begets them. It makes vs *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *fear*, and *vary*: for, euery thing wee light vpon, is as wee apprehend it. And though wee know it bee nothing, but *An uncertaine preiudgement of the Minde*, mis-informed by the outward senses; yet wee see it can worke wonders. It hath *untongued* some on the sudden: and from some hath snatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightening*, it can strike the *childe* in the *wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded: when the *Mother* shall remaine vnhurt. It can cast a man into *speedy diseases*, and can as soone *recure* him. I haue knowne some, but *conceiting* they haue taken a *Potion*, haue found the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeede*. If wee belecue *Plinie*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himselfe to haue seene it; and the *running Montaigne* speakes of such another. Nor is it onely thus powerfull, when the *object* of the *minde* is at home in our *selues*; but also when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women faire*, and *Men louely*: *Opinion* makes *Men wise*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatsoeuer it can doe on one side to *please*, and *flatter* vs; it can doe the same on the other side, to *molest* and *griue* vs. As if euery man had a *seuerall seeming truth* in his *soule*, which if hee followes, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miserable*. Heere lies all the *difference*; If wee light on things but *seeming*, our *felicities* fades; if on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continues*. 'Tis sure, we should bring all *opinions* to *Reason*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receiue their *doome of admittance or ejection*: but euen that, by the



the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that wee follow, are *erronious*, and *false*. I will neuer therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *minde*, then *dispositions*. Many things I may *loue*, that I can yeeld no *reason* for: or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent vnto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*: Coniuring all men to the trace of their *steps*; when it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *error* to another as wise. I like not men that will bee *Gods*, and haue their *Iudgements* absolute. If I haue liberty to hold things as my *minde* informes mee, let me neuer desire to take away the like from another. If *saire arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what *grounds* doe leade mee. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it iustly approoues. Why should any man be *violent* for that, which is more diuerse, then the *wandering Iudgements* of the *hurring vulgar*, more changing then the *loue of inconstant women*: more *multiuarious* then the *sports and playes of Nature*, which are euery minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best guide that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right-informed Conscience*: and as for *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must bee iudged

ged by Religion, and Reason; so not to tie me, vn-  
lesse these and my conscience ioyne, in the Consens  
with them.

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## LX.

*That we are gouern'd by a power aboue vs.*

**T**Hat which wee either *desire* or *fear*, I obserue,  
doth *seldome* happen: but something that wee  
thinke not on, doth for the most part *interuene*, and  
*conclude*: or if it doe fall out as wee expect, it is  
not till wee haue giuen ouer the *search*, and are al-  
most out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall  
vs *vnawares*, and *mischiefs* when wee thinke them  
*scaped*. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had beene *King*  
of the *Boyes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his rule  
fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleepe* in his  
*Throne*; when suddenly hee was awaked to *ruine*.  
So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when shee could not *beleue*  
it: and *Zacharie* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped  
into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Dioclesian*  
thought himselfe *diuided* by the *Prophecy*, hauing  
kil'd many *wilde Bores*, at last hee lights on the right  
*Asper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*.  
As if *God*, in the generall would teach, that wee are  
not wise enough to chuse for our *selves*, and there-  
fore would leade vs to a *dependencie* on *him*.  
Wherein hee does like wise *Princes*, who feede not  
the *expectations* of *Favorites* that are apt to *presume*;  
but often *cross* them in their *hopes* and *fears*: there-  
by



by to tye them faster in their *duty* and *reuerence*, to the *hand* that giueth. And certainly, wee shall findethis *infallible*: Though *God* giues not our *desires*, yet hee alwayes imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely should vvee intangle our selues, if we could sit downe, and obtaine our *wishes*? Doe vvee not often wish that, vvhich vve after see would bee our *confusion*? and is not this, because vvee ignorantly follow the *flesh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, vvhich looke to nothing, but the *shell* and *out-side*? VVhereas *God* respecteth the *Soule*, and distributeth his *fauour*, for the good of *that*, and his *glory*. *God* sees and *knowes* our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainty*: Wee, but onely by our *weake collections*, vvhich doe often faile of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *Worlds occasions*. No man would be more *miserable*, then hee that should cull out his *owne wayes*. VVhat a *specious shew* carried *Mydas* his *wish* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at last! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* must not be of his *counsell*. Nothing puls *destruction* on him sooner, then when he presumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can bee *patient*, *God* will bee *profitable*: but the *time* and *meanes* we must leaue to him; not challenge to our selues. Neither must our *owne indenours* vvholly bee layd in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kinde of an *instru-ctiue Satyre*, when the *Carter* praied in vaine to *Iupiter*, because he did not put his *shoulder* to the *Wheele*. Doe thy part vwith thy *industry*, and let *G O D* point the *euent*. I haue scene *matters* fall out so *unexpectedly*, that they haue tutor'd mee in all  
*affaires,*

affaires, neither to despaire, nor presume: Not to despaire; for God can helpe mee: Not to presume: for God can crosse mee. It is said *Marins*, that one day made him *Emperour*; the next saw him rule; and the third he was slaine of the *Souldiers*. I will neuer despaire, 'cause I haue a God: I will neuer presume, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* ha's counsell, which I hold is worth the following.

*Nemo confidat nimium secundis,  
Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;  
Miscet hac illis, prohibetq; Clotko  
stare fortunam:*

Let none falne, despaire to rise,  
Nor trust too much prosperities.  
*Clotho* mingling both, commands  
that neither stands.

## LXI.

*Of Misery after Ioy.*

AS it is in *Spirituall* proceedings, better neuer to haue beene righteous, then after righteousness, to become *Apostate*: So in *temporall*, it is better neuer to haue beene happy, then after happiness, to bee drown'd in calamities. Of all objects of sorrow, a distressed King is the most pittifull; because it presents vs most the frailty of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the soule of him that is false.  
The



The sorrowes of a deposed King, are like the distortments of a darted Conscience; which none can know, but hee that hath lost a Crowne. VVho would not haue wept, with our Second Edward, when his Princely teares were all the warme water, his Butchers would allow to shauē him with: when the hedge was his cloth of State; and his Throne, the humble, though the honour'd ground. Misery after Ioy, is killing as a sudden Dampe; terrible, as fire in the night, that startles vs from a pleasing repose. Sudden Changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme: but when they plunge vs into worse, they are then the Strapadoes of a humane soule. A palpable darknesse in a Summers day, would bee a dismall thing. Diseases, when they doe happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. Hee that meets with plagues after a long prosperitie, hath beene but fatted, like a beast, for slaughter: he is more mollified, onely to make the paines and pangs of Death more sensible: as if we should first supple a limme with oyles and vngents; and then dab it with aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding Minerals. It is better neuer to haue beene faire, then after a rare beauty, to grow into uglinesse. The memory of thy blessednesse, makes thy miserie more deplorable; which like dead Beere, is neuer more distastefull, then after a Banquet of sweet-meates. Nor is their misery meerely opinionate, but truly argued from the measure of pittie, that it meetes with from others. For you may period upon this; That wherethere is the most pittie from others, there is the greatest miserie in the partie pittied. Toward those

those that haue beene alwaies poore, pittie is not so passionate: for they haue had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seeme the greater wonder. The tann'd Slave, that hath euer tugg'd at the Oare, by a long vse, hath mingled misery with Nature; that he can now endure it vncomplaining. But when a soft Wanton comes to the Galley, euery stroake is a wounding Speare in the side. I wonder not to heare deposed Dionysius say, They are happy, that haue beene vnblesst from their youth. It was the opinion of Diogenes, that the most lamentable spectacle that the World had, was an old man in misery: whereunto, not onely a present impotency, but also a remembrance of a passed youth, gaue addition. Euen the absence alone of foregone ioy, is troublesome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into smartfull extremities? Death and Darkenesse both are but Priuations; yet wee see how deepe they terrifie. Waxe, when it takes a second impression, receiues it not without a new passion, and more violence: so the minde, retaining the prints of Ioy, suffereth a new Creation, in admitting a contrary stampe. For Baiazet to change his Seraglio for a Cage; for Valerian to become a Foote-stoole to his proud foe; are Calamities that challenge the tributes of a bleeding eye. I shall pittie any man that meetes with miserie; but they that finde it after continuall blessednesse, are so much the more to bee bewailed, by how much they are vnacquainted with the gloominesse of downefalls. That which Sophonisba return'd, when her Husband sent her poyson, the day after her Wedding, as it shevv'd resolution in her, so  
it



it incites compassion in others: *Hoc vultis, melius me moriturum fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.*  
 Tell him, I had dyde more willingly, if I had not met my  
 Graue in Marriage.



## LXII.

*Of the temper of Affections.*

EVERY Man is a vast and spacious Sea: his passions are the Winds, that swell him in disturbant waues: How he tumbles, and roares, and fomes, when they in their furie trouble him! Sometimes the West of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales: sometimes the madded South, sorrowfull, and full of Teares: sometimes the sharpe East, piercing with a testy spleene: sometimes the violent and blustering North, swelling the cheek, with the Anger's boyling blood. Any of these, in extremes, make it become unnauigable, and full of danger to the Vessel that shall coast vpon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis perillous: but when againe they are all laid in the stilnesse of an immotue Calme, 'tis vselesse: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is farre from auailing, to the profit of a Voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, then coast it ouer for the aduantage of their Mart. Surely, the man that is alwaies still and reposed in his owne thoughts, though they bee good, is but a peece of deadned charitie. I care not for the planed Stoicke, there is a Sect betweene him and the Epicure. An unmoued man,  
 is

is but a *motiue statue*; harmelesse and vnprofitable. Indeed *furie* is farre the *worser extreme*; for, besides the trouble it puts on the *companie*, it alwaies deliuersthe *author* into *successiue mischieses*. He that is *raging* in one thing, seedes his businesse with many *inconueniencies*. *Furie* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Sayes *Claudian*,

— *Caret euenta nimius furor* : —

— *Rage knowes not when, nor how to end.*

I like neither a *denouring Storke*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conuersation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent and vnstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a *pretty pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are aliue, without *raging*. *G O D* implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as hee gaue his *Talents* in the *Gospell*, neither to be *lausht* out impetuoufly, nor to bee *buried* in *Napkins*. Wee may warme vs at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Men* without any, is no better then a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperour* was, *qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*: without which, the *Soule* findes nothing like it selfe to *loue*. A *Horse* too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*: one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not *endure* any *man*: so the last will be *indur'd* by no *man*.



*man.* One will suffer none to *backe him*; the other admits each child to *abuse him*. A good temper is a sure *expresion* of a *well-compos'd Soule*. Our *wilde passions* are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bawling at a *Barre*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-Keeper* of *Man*, that sits as *Iudge*, and moderates their *contestations*. Too great a *spirit* in a man borne to *poore meanes*, is like a *high-heeld shoo*, to one of *meane stature*: It aduanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls*. The *flat sole* walkes more sure, though it abates his *gracefulnesse*: yet, being too *low*, it is subiect to bemyre the *foote*. A little *elevation*, is the best *mediocrity*: 'tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his *tallnesse*, it disposeth it to an *equall competencie*. I will neither walke so *lifted*, as to occasion *falling*; nor so *deicōtōd*, as at euery step to take *soyle*. As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Companie*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fooles Foot-ball*.

LXIII.

*That Religion is the best Guide.*

NO man liues *conueniently*, vnlesse he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his *actions*. There must bee something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cauelling senses*, and *corrupted Reason*: otherwise, hee shall wauer in his waies, and euer bee in a *doubtfull vnsettlednesse*.

IF

If he takes *policie*, that is both *endlesse* and *uncertaine*: and many times depends more vpon the *circumstance*, then the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unfawing*: when *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an eye that is not *curious*, the matter may appeare the *same*. How like the *Asse* it show'd, what hee thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because hee had seene the *Dogge* doe the like, before him? Besides, *Policie* is not a *Flawre* growing in euery mans *Garden*. All the *World* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policie* is but a *fight of wit*, a *braine Warre*: and in all *Warres*, how doubtfull, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in resolving the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatall marriage of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlysses fained madnesse*; and *Vlysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *meanes* to haue him *stoned*, euen while hee made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Again, in *private men* it is infinitely *shorten'd*; both in respect of *meanes* and *lawfulnessse*. Euen those that haue allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, haue yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private persons*. And belecue it, *Policy* turnes smoothest, when it turnes vpon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to set it going: *Curious workmanship*, but it wants a *mouer*. If a man takes *Nature*, shee is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will with a *pleasing breath*, waft vs into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, she that before *Man* fell, was his *sufficient Genius*, is since become his *Parasite*, that

O

smoothing



smoothing his *senses*, serves them, as the *tyrannous* *Emperour* did his *servants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roses*; that being *smother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitternesse* of *Death*, in *sweetnesse*. Nor is *Nature* for the most part, without the over-bearing of *predominant humours*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether shee bee a *mother*, or a *step-dame*; shee is sometimes so weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if shee were able, could wee haue her *pure* alone. *Custom* hath so mingled her with *Art*, that wee can hardly seuer her: if wee doe, wee shall so differ from the *World*, as wee shall but by it, make our selves a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the subtilties of *time* and *practice*. Eyther of these are but *sinking floores*, that will faile vs, when our weight is on them. *Reason* is contradicting, and so is *Nature*, and so is *Religion*, if we measure it by either of these. But *Faith* being the *rule* of that, placeth it aboue the *cauills* of *Imagination*, and so subiecteth both the other to it. This being aboue all, is that onely, which giuing *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine vs to a *settled rest*. *Policy* gouernes the *World*; *Nature*, *Policy*: but *Religion*, *All*. And as we seldome see those *Kingdomes* gouern'd by *Vice-roy's*, flourish like those where the *Prince* is present in *person*: So, wee neuer finde *Policie* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two first I may vse as *Councellours*: heare what they say, and weigh it: but the *last* must bee my *Soueraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*: They are good things, may bee bound up, and read with

with it: but must bee rejected, when they crosse the Text *Canonicall*. *G O D* is the *Summit* of *Mans happinesse*: *Religion* is the *Way*. Till wee arrive at *him*, wee are but *vapours*, transported by *unconstant Winds*.

## LXIII.

## Of the Soule.

**H**OW infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himselfe*? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraktion*; his *Soule*? Some haue thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtil *body*, dispersing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fiery Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Stoickes*. Others haue thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would haue every *Element* a parent of a *Soule* separately: so every *Man* should haue many distinct *Soules*, according to the *Principles* of his composition. Some haue call'd it an *undermined vertue*; some, a *selfe-mouing number*; some, a *Quint-essence*. Others haue defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conflat by the most euen compofure of the *four Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *Body* is before the *soule*; and till the *Body* bee perfect, the *Soule* appeares not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his euen *contemperati on*, were the *generation* of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish



in *Infancie*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, forward and doting in the *declining age* of his life. For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is more correction by long observation, and experience of things without them, then the genuine vigour of *Judgement* in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* haue beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with age, for *Councell*. Next, we see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, euen the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humours*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excesse*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancie and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, doe they not beginne with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Iohannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancie to it selfe, the shape of whatsoeuer appeares. But for all these, I could neuer meete with any, that could giue it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceiue it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a *supernall Power*. *Cicero* is their *diuine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where hee sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vincere: cum exissent ex ijs, emori*: I could neuer thinke

soules

*Soules to live in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou thinke it, but a God, living in the flesh of Man? The Conscience, the Character of a God stampt in it, and the apprehension of Eternitie, doe all proue it a shoot of everlastingnesse. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who vtterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily beleue, these are things, that were neuer instincted in them. Man hath these things in grant onely: whereby the soule doth seeme immortall; and by this seeming, is proued to bee so indeed: Else seeming should bee better then certaintie; and falshood better then Truth, which cannot bee. Therefore they which say the Soule is not immortall; yet that 'tis, good men should thinke it so, thereby to bee awed from vice, and incited to vertue; euen by that Argument, argue against themselves. They that beleue it not, let them doe as Philosophers wish them to doe, that deny the fire to bee hot, because they see not the meanes that make it so: let them be cast into it, and then heare if they will deny: so let them that deny the immortality of the Soule, bee immersed in the horrors of a vnlvned conscience, then let them tell mee what they beleue. 'Tis certaine, Man hath a Soule; and as certaine, that it is immortall. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confesse, my humane reason could neuer so informe mee, as I could fully explaine it to my owne apprehension. O my GOD! what a cloud*



of *moving ignorance* is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby hee knowes that he does not know it. Let him studie, and thinke, and inuent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature*; he is yet to seeke, how to define this *inexplicable, immortal, incorporeall Wonder*: this *Ray of Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deitie*. Let it then bee sufficient, that *G O D* hath giuen me a *Soule*, and that my *eternall welfare* depends vpon it: though hee bee not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I thinke both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soule* is. Nor indeede neede any man wonder at it: Since hee may know, whatsoeuer is created by a *Superiour Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it selfe was. *Man*, though hee hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without *defect*, in respect of the *end* 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* thinke to know *himselfe*, when both his *Materials* and *Composure*, are both created and formed by a *supreme Power*, that did it without his *coöperation*? Why should I strue to know *that*, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can hee graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightnings*? I am sure I haue a *Soule*: and am commanded to keepe it from *sinne*. O Thou, the *G O D* of that *little God* within mee, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemie* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with

with his *admiration* of thy *Secrets*, then his *search* of them.

## LXV.

Of *Courtesies*.

**N**Othing inflaueth a *gratefull Nature*, like a *free benefit*. Hee that conferres it on mee, steales mee from my selfe: and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassaile*, and himselfe my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath worth in it, 'tis the most tyrannicall *Warre* in the *World*: for, it takes the *minde* a *prisoner*: and till the *Ransome* bee paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *loue*, to *serue*, and to be ready, as the *Conquerer* desires it. Hee that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himselfe out of *prison*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courtesies* to *Noble mindes*, are the most extreme *extortions* that can bee. *Fauours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their owne *liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not halfe so dangerous. These besiege vs openly, giue vs leaue to looke to our selues, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where wee are sensible of our owne *weakennesse*: nay, they sometimes befriend vs, and raise our *fortitude* higher, then their highest *braues*. But the other, vndermine vs, by a *fawning Stratagem*: and if wee be *Enemies*, they make vs lay downe our *Weapons*, and take vp *Loue*. Thus the *Macedonian* proued himselfe a better *Physician*



for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; then his *Philosophers*, by their *gray aduifements*. They make of an *Enemie*, a *Subiect*; of a *Subiect*, a *Sonne*. A *Crowne* is safer kept by *benefits*, then *Armes*. *Melius beneficijs Imperium custoditur quàm Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more then *steele* ones: and when *these* shall cause a *lowder cry*, that shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing addes so much to the *greatnesse* of a *King*, as that he hath wherewith to make *friends* at his *pleasure*. Yet euen in this, hee playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Burgaine*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty Benefit*, hee often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits* binding vp our *bodies*, take away our *soules* for the *giuer*. I know not that I am euer sadder, then when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If euer I should affect *injustice*, it should bee in this, that I might doe *courtesies*, and receiue none. What a braue height doe they flye in, that like *Gods*, can binde all to them, and they be tyed to none! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Seuerus*, who vsed to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking: demanding of them, if they thought it fit, hee should bee still in their *debt*: or that they should haue cause to *complaint* of him when hee was gone. Certainly, as it is a *transcending happinesse* to bee able to *shine* to all, so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* vpon *Earth*, wholly to depend vpon *others fauours*: and a next to this, is to *receiue* them. They are *graines* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it selfe sterile,

sterile, by yeelding such a large increase. Gifts are the greatest *Usurie*; because a two-fold retribution is an urged effect, that a Noble nature prompts vs to. And surely, if the generous man considers, hee shall finde hee payes not so much for anything, as hee does for what is giuen him. I would not if I could, receiue fauours of my friends, vnlesse I could re-render them. If I must, I will euer haue a ready minde, though my hand bee shortned. As I thinke there bee many, will not haue all they may: So I thinke there are few, can requite all they haue: and none, but sometimes must receiue some. God hath made none *Absolute*. The Rich depends vpon the Poore, as well as does the Poore on him. The World is but a more magnificent building: all the stones are graduately concimented, and there is none that subsisteth alone.

LXVI.

*Of a Mans selfe.*

**W**Ee euer carry our greatest enemy within vs. There was neuer a sounder truth, than *Nemo leditur nisi à seipso*. Had wee the true reynes of our owne passions and affections, outward occasions might exercise our vertues, but not iniure them. There is a way to bee wise and good, in spite of occasions. Wee goe abroad, and fondly complaine, that wee meete with wrongs; as if wee could crosse the *Proverbe*, and proue, that they may be offered to a  
willing



*willing preparednesse.* Others cannot draw vs into  
*inconueniences,* if wee helpe not our selues forward.  
 'Tis our *inside* that vndoes vs. Therefore sayes Ma-  
*chiavell.* A Prince ought to know the tempers of men,  
 that hee may fit them with baits, and winde them to his  
*owne ends.* A *Cortezan* cannot hurt thee, vlesse  
 there lyes a *Letcher* in thy heart. When men plot  
 vpon vs, to intrappe and snare vs, they doe but se-  
 cond our *owne inclinations*: and if they did not see  
 a kinde of *inuitement* from our selues, they would  
 neuer dare to beginne. When Cyrus besought the  
*Lacedemonians* to enter League with him, rather then  
*Artaxerxes*: hee onely tels them, he had a greater  
 heart then his Brother, and could beare his drinks  
 better: For hee knew, they loued men generous  
 and hardy: so by making himselfe like them, hee  
 thought to winne their liking. When men happen  
 vpon things that goe against the *Genius* of the  
*minde*, then they worke in vaine: but when others  
*flatteries* shall ioyne with the great Flatterer, a mans  
 selfe; hee is then in the way to bee wrought vpon.  
 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe-constancy*, that  
 is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Pho-*  
*cion*, to refuse the gold of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*.  
 But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying.  
*Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna de-*  
*spiciens.* Otherwise, it is wee onely, that ruine our  
 selues: if not totally, yet primarily. If we doe ill  
*compulsuely*, we are cleered by the violence. In the  
 iudgement of an *upright Soule*, a man is not guiltie of  
 that which he cannot auoid, (I meane, in *Ciuill mat-*  
*ters.*) There is no mischief that wee fall into, but  
 that

that wee our selues are at least a *coadiutor* cause, and doe helpe to further the thing. A mans owne heart is as arch a *Traitor*, as any hee shall meete withall: wee trust it too much, and know it too little: and while wee thinke it *sure-footed*, it *slides*, and does deceiue vs. That wee are the *Authors* of our owne ill, the *success* will tell vs: For, *Conscience* is alwaies *iust*, and will not chide vs wrongfully: and when wee haue done an ill, though by others procurement, yet shee rates vs euen to a *loathing* of our selues. Sayes the *Comicke*,

*Iam aderit tempus, cum se etiam ipse oderit.*

The day will come, when he shall hate himselfe.

The wise man should euer therefore keepe a double watch; one to keepe his heart from *extravagancies*; the other, to keepe the *Enemy* from approaches. *Occasion*, and our *Nature*, are like two *inordinate Lovers*: they seldome meet, but they *sinne* together. If we keepe them asunder, the *harme* is prevented: or if they doe meete, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be punishable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Theefe* haue his purse, when hee can doe no other. In the old *Law*, the *rauid* woman was to bee freed: for, sayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of Death.* *Qui volens iniuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* 'Tis not the necessitated, but the willing ill that staines.



*Staines.* Even *Actuall finnes* haue so farre dependan-  
cie on the *hearts approbation*, as that alone can *viti-  
ate* or *excuse the Act*. While we keepe that *steddy*,  
our *Enemies* can much lesse hurt vs. The reason  
is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The *minde* of  
*Man*, from *Man*, is not capable of a *violation*: and  
who then can I take for mine owne *yeelding*, but  
my *selfe*? No man hath power ouer my *minde*, vn-  
lesse I my *selfe* doe giue it him. So that this I shall  
thinke certaine; *No man fallēs by free action*, but is  
*faulty in something*: at least by some *circumstance*,  
though *inexcusable* in the most, and most *important*.  
I know, *calumny* and *coniecture* may iniure *Inno-  
cence* it selfe. In matter of *censure*, nothing but a  
certaine knowledge, should make vs giue a certaine  
*Iudgement*. *Fame* and *Ayre* are both too weake  
*foundations* for *unspotted Truth* to build on: one-  
ly *deedes* are lyable to the *downe-right Taxe*: Be-  
cause they carry the *heart* along: which in eue-  
ry action is a *mitnesse*, either for or against vs.  
Surely *Man* is his owne *Deuill*, and does of-  
ten times tempt himselfe. All the precepts of  
*moderation* wee meere with, are but giuen vs to be-  
ware our selues: and vndoubtedly, hee that can  
doe it, is rising toward *Deitie*. Harke but to the  
*Harpe of Horace*.

*Latius regnes, quidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus iungas, & utraq; Panus  
seruiat uni:*

By

By curbing thy insatiate minde,  
 Thou shalt sway more, then couldst thou bind  
 Farre Spaine to Libya: or to thee  
 cause either Carthage subiect bee.

One eye I will sure haue for without; the other I  
 will hold within mee: and lest I see not enough  
 with that, it shall euer be my prayer, that I may bee  
 deliuered from my selfe. *A me me salua Domine!*  
 shall be one petition I will adde to the Letany of my  
 beseechings.

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 LXVII.

*Of the worst kinde of perfidie.*

THE Dead, the Absent, the Innocent, and him that  
 trusts me, I will neuer deceiue willingly. To all  
 these wee owe a Nobler Iustice; in that they are  
 the most certaine trials of humane equity. As that  
 Griefe is the truest, which is without a witnesse; so  
 is that honesty best, which is for it selfe, without  
 hope of reward, or feare of punishment. Those vertues  
 that are sincere, doe value applause the least. 'Tis  
 when we are conscious of some internall defect, that  
 wee looke out for others approbations. Certainly,  
 the World cannot tempt the man that is truly honest.  
 And hee is certainly a true man, that will not steale,  
 when hee may, without being impeached. The  
 two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my  
 iniurie; and deceit to them is not without cowardice,  
 throwing



throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of *baseness*. To wrong the third, is *sausage*, and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosome, to *cherish*, and *dismiss* it. How black a *heart* is that, which can giue a *stabbe*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that *purity*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, then any other *qualitie*; it intimates a freedome from *generall Vice*. And this is it, which makes the *iniurie* to it so detestable: and sometimes giues the *owners* a diuine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkish Storie*, of a *Childe* that strooke an *intending Murtherer* into a *swoune*, with offering to imbrace him. The *last* I cannot defraud without *Ingratitude*; which is the very lees of *Vice*: and makes my offence so much the greater, by how much hee was kinder, in making mee *master of himselfe*. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *man* with a more earnest desire to do right to these; because a *true performance* doth in these things most magnifie him: so shee hath made the contrary appear the most *odious*: because they are breaches that most destroy *humanity*. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui latus non esset, nisi credidisset*. None but the most villanous *man*, will deceiue him that had beene safe, but for trusting.

Against

## LXVIII.

*Against Insultation.*

**I**T cannot bee safe to insult ouer any. As there is no Creature so little, but may doe vs a *Mischiefe*: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *impoysen*, the *Ant* can *sting*, euen the *Fly* can trouble our *patience*. Into all *sensitive Creatures*, *Nature* hath put a kinde of a *vindictiue iustice*; that in some measure they are able to returne an *Iniury*. If they doe not alwaies, 'tis onely because they are not able. *Man* hath both a more able, and more *impatient soule*: and though *Reason* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withall, it teaches him not bee *dull*. Extremities of *Iniury*, often awake extremities of *Reuenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from others, or finde *despaire* in our selues: for *Despaire* makes a *Commandbold* and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience* vrged beyond it selfe, should turne into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow* that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. Neglect an *Enemy*, but contemne him not. *Disdaine* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *Fury*: which is many times a greater *Lord*, then hee that rules a *Kingdome*. *Contempt* vnbridles *Feare*, and makes vs both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frangum, & efficit, vt non velis solum, sed audeas & temes*. It is not good too farre to pursue



sue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: wee may beate them to a *desperate resistance*, that may ruine vs. Hee is the wrong way high, that scornes a man below him, for his *lowlinesse*. They are but puffed mindes, that bubble thus about *Inferiours*. Wee see, 'tis the froth onely, that gets to the top of the *VVater*. *Man* cannot be so much about *Man*, as that his *difference* should legitimate his *scorne*. Thou knowest not what may shew it selfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lyon* of a *sleeping minde*. All *disdain* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatnesse* in any man, makes not his *Iniury* more lawfull, but more great. And as hee that suffers, thinkes his *disgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: so he thinkes his owne *honour* will be the more, when hee hath accomplisht his *Revenge*; whereby, in some kinde, hee hath raised himselfe to be his *Superiours* equall. *Man* is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subiect himselfe to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braves*. A *lash* giuen to the *Soule*, will prouoke more, then the *Bodies* cruell torture. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* braue the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himselfe, and ask'd him in a *scoffe*, if his *Mother* were neuer at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Iulian* in a *mocke*, ask'd the *reuerend* and aged, *blinde Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recouer his sight: Sayes he, *I am contemnedly blinde, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. We are all heere fellow-servants: and we know not how our *grand Master* will brooke *Insolencies*.

*lencies in his Family.* How darest thou, that art but a piece of Earth, that Heaven ha's blowne into, presume thy selfe, into the *impudent usurpation* of a Majesty *unshaken*? Thou canst not sit vpon so high a Cog, but may with *turning*, proue the lowest in the *Wheele*: and therefore thou maist thinke, the *measure* that thou would'st then haue giuen mee. If wee haue *Enemies*, 'tis better wee deserue to haue their *friendship*, then either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakenesse* shall occasion my greater *weakenesse*, in proudly *contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Soules* haue both the like originall *Composure*: If I haue any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodnesse*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *meanes*, may haue as much, or more. Take vs alone, and we are but *Twinnes* of *Nature*. Why should any despise another, because hee is better furnished with *that* which is none of his owne?

## LXIX.

## Of Assimilation.

THorow the whole World this holds in generall, and is the end of all; That euery thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like it selfe. Fire conuerts all to fire. Ayre exsiccate and drawes to it selfe. Water moistens, and resolueeth what it meets withall. Earth changeth all that wee commit to her, to her owne nature. The World is all vicissitude and conuersion. Nor is it onely true in Materials and

P

Substances;



*Substances*; but euen in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *aptnesse*; they mixe more *subtily*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* then *contaction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion* *valiant*. The *Scholler* endeauours to haue his *Friend* *learned*. The *bad Man* would haue his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* strives to frame others *vertuous*. Euery Man will be busie in depending that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caueat* may well become vs, to beware both whom and what wee chuse to liue withall. We can conuerse with nothing, but will worke vpon vs; and by the vnperceiued stealth of *Time*, assimilate vs to it selfe. The choyce therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighy *Actions* of our *liues*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, euery day declines vs to *worse*: wee haue a perpetuall *weight* hanging on vs, that is euer sinking vs downe to *Vice*. By liuing vnder *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Ioseph* learned the *Courtship* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine* *superbiates*: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice*, a *Lecher*. But if wee chuse well, wee haue a *hand of Vertue*, gently lifting vs to a continuall *rising Noblenesse*. *Antisthenes* vsed to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconueniences*, and yet would bee carelesse in the choyce of *Friends*; so take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,

niss, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A good Man is like to the *Day*, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is alwaies raising vpward, to a *Region* of more constant *purity*, then that wherein it finds the *Obiect*. The *bad* Man is like the *night*, *darke*, obtruding *feares*, and dimitting vnwholsome *vapours*, vpon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so farre from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that euen to *stones*, and *dullest Meddals*, shee hath giuen an *operation*: they grow, and spread, in our generall *Mothers* *veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it selfe: and when they meet a *Brother'd* Constitution, they then *vnite* and *fortifie*. Hence growes the *height of friendship*, when two *similiary Soules* shall blend in their *conmixions*. This causes, that we seldome see different *dispositions* be entirely *louing*.

*Oderunt billarem tristes, tristemque iocosi:*

*Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnaumque remissi:*

*Potiores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,*

*Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula.* —

*Sad* men hate *mirth*: the pleasant *sadnesse* shunne:

*Swift* men, the *slow*; the *slothfull* those that runne.

Who drinks at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,

Scornes him that will not take his *Cups*. —

It is *likenesse* that makes the *true-love-knot* of *Friendship*. VVhen we finde another of our owne *disposition*, what is it, but the *same Soule*, in a *deuided Body*? What finde we, but our selues intermutually *trans-*  
posed,



posed, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes vs love our selves, makes vs with the same reason, love those that are like vs. For this, is a *Friend* a more sacred name then a *Brother*. What availes it to haue the *Bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *Soules* within them differ? I belecue, that the applause which the *Ancients* gaue to *equall friendship*, was to bee vnderstood of the likenesse of *minde*s, rather then of *estate*, or *yeeres*: for wee finde no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath beene happy with this *Sunne* of the *World*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *iarring dispositions*, we neuer as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the *minde*s bee *consonant*, the best friendship is betweene *different fortunes*. He that is low, lookes upward with a greater *loving reuerence*: and he that is *high*, looks downward more affectionately, when he takes it to be for his *honour*, to fauour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would looke to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially chuse him full of *Worth*, that if I be not so my selfe, hee yet may worke me like him. So for *company*, *Books*, or whatsoeuer, I would, if I haue *freedome*, chuse the best: though at first I should not fancy them, *continuall use* will alter me, and then I shall gaine by their *graces*. If *iudgement* direct mee right in my *choyse*, *custome* winning vpon my *will*, will neuer faile in time to draw that after it.

## LXXI.

*Of Poets and Poetrie.*

SURELY hee was a little wanton with his leisure, that first inuented *Poetrie*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words* dance, in the euennesse of a *Cadencie*: yet without doubt, being a *Harmonie*, it is neerer to the minde then *Prose*: for that it selfe is a *Harmonie* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *drossy* part, *Conceits* I take to bee the *Principall*. And here though it disgresseth from *Truth*, it flies about her, making her more rare, by giuing *curious* rayment to her nakednesse. The Name the *Grecians* gaue the men that wrote thus, shew'd how much they honour'd it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they haue come to *Deitie*? And for the *vertues* of men; they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination*: so proposing things about vs, they kindle the *Reader* to wonder and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* neuer meant to banish. His owne *practice* shewes, hee excluded not all. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and hee himselfe wrote both *Tragadies*, and other *pieces*. Perhaps he found the a little too busie with his *gods*: and he being the first that made *Philosophie* *Diuine*, and *Rationall*, was modest in his owne beginnings. Another Name they



had of honour too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*: VVhat is *Ieremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Dauids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *snatches* and *raptures* of a *flaming spirit*. And this indeed I observe to the honour of *Poets*; I neuer found them *couctous*, or *scrapingly-base*. The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrowesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *Heauen*, and *God*? I cannot but coniecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are *poore*: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the studie of *growing rich*: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vice*, and *unmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty louers of their *Pallates*; and this is knowne an *impouerisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himselfe. And they all are friends to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, many, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their loue to *pleasant Company*, then their affection to the *iuce* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers Man*, which giues him, *Animal risibile*. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them *sensuall*: yet this does not touch them all. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what haue they to doe with *Poetrie*? VVhen *Salust* would tell

tell vs, that *Sempronia's* wit was not ill; sayes hee,  
 — *Potuit Versus facere, & iocum mouere*: Shee  
 could make a Verse, and breake a Jest. Something  
 there is in it, more then ordinary: in that it is all  
 in such measured Language, as may bee marr'd by  
 reading. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his Jest, who  
 passing by, and hearing some *Masons*, mis-sensing  
 his lines, (with their ignorant sawing of them)  
 falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske  
 the cause, and hee replies, They spoyle his worke,  
 and he theirs. Certainly, a worthy Poet is so farre  
 from beeing a foole, that there is some wit required  
 in him that shall bee able to reade him well: and  
 without the true accent, numbred Poetrie does lose  
 of the glosse. It was a speech becomming an able Poet  
 of our owne, when a Lord read his Verses crookedly,  
 and he beseecht his Lordship, not to murder him in  
 his owne lines. He that speakes false Latine, breakes  
*Priscians* head: but he that repeates a Verse ill, puts  
*Homer* out of ioynt. One thing commends it be-  
 yond Oratorie: it euer complieth to the sharpest  
*Judgements*. He is the best Orator that pleaseth all;  
 euen the Crowd and Clownes. But Poetrie would be  
 poore, that they should all approue of. If the Lear-  
 ned and Iudicious like it, let the Throng bray. These,  
 when 'tis best, will like it the least. So, they con-  
 temne what they vnderstand not: and the neglected  
 Poet falls by want. *Calphurnius* makes one com-  
 plaine the misfortune.

*Frangepuer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:  
 Et potius glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.*



*Duc ad multa greges, & lac venale per Urbem  
 Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,  
 Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo  
 Præter ab his Scôpulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.*

Boy, breake thy Pipes, leaue, leaue thy fruitlesse Muse:  
 Rather the Mast, and blood-red Carnill chuse.  
 Goe leade thy Flockes to milking; sell and cry  
 Milke through the Citie: VVhat can Learning buy,  
 To keepe backe hunger? None my Verses minde,  
 But Eccho babbling from these Rockes and Winde.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetrie:  
 nay, you take away That, if Them: and these are  
 Lyes, and Flatteries. But I haue told them in the  
 worst words: For, 'tis onely to the shallow insight that  
 they appeare thus. Truth may dwell more cleere-  
 ly in an Allegorie, or a moral'd Fable, than in a bare  
 Narration. And for Flatterie, no man will take Po-  
 etrie litterall: since in commendations, it rather  
 shewes what men should be, then what they are. If  
 this were not, it would appeare uncomely. But wee  
 all know, Hyperbole's in Poetrie, doe beare a decency,  
 nay, a grace along with them. The greatest dan-  
 ger that I finde in it, is, that it wantons the Blood,  
 and Imagination; as carrying a man in too high a  
 Delight. To preuent these, let the wise Poet strue  
 to bee modest in his Lines. First, that hee dash not  
 the Gods: next, that hee iniure not Chastity, nor  
 corrupt the Eare with Lasciuiousnesse. VVhen  
 these are declined, I thinke a graue Poem the deepest  
 kind of Writing. It wings the Soule vp higher,  
 then

then the *slack* pace of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *sprightly* to be *solid*: they run smartly vpon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foale*, they giue in, and tyre. I confesse, I loue the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will be misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withall: and indeede, it palles vpon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* haue beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subiect*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Iuuenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comædians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-loftie*; than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesie*, is of all *writing* the most *ridiculous*. VVhen a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is *sport* alike. Hee is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming one*. Hee is something the *lesse unwise*, that is *unwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subiect* bee *Historie*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blanks*: for *ordinarie discourse* neuer shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to bee spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, then *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *World* thinke not so, hee is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. Hee shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shall often raise himselfe a *joy* in his *Repetures*, which no man can perceiue, but hee. Sure, *Orid* found a *pleasure* in't, euen when hee writ his *Tristia*. It  
gently



gently deliueers the *mind* of *distempers*; and workes the thoughts to a *sweetnesse*, in their *searching conceits*. I would not loue it for a *Profession*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my selfe *harmlesse*, nay, *amending Mirth* with it; while I should perhaps bee trying of a *worser Pastime*. And this I beleeue in it further, Vnlesse *Conuersation* corrupts his *easinesse*, it lifts a man to *Noblenesse*; and is neuer in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soule*.



## LXXII.

*Of Feare and Cowardice.*

THEY that are made of *fearefull dispositions*, of all others, may seeme the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can bee more *unfortunate*. They enioy nothing without a *frighted minde*; no, not so much as their *sleepes*. They doubt what they *haue done*, lest it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the *present*; and *Miseries* that but *may come*, thy *anticipate*, and *send for*, and *inferre* in a more *horrid habit*, then any *Enemie* can deuise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but *feare more miseries*, then the *bolder people*: But it plainly appeares, that the *Coward* really *meetes more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Euery *base Nature* will bee ready to offer *iniuries*, where they thinke they will not be *repaid*. Hee will many times *beate a Coward*, that would not dare to strike him, if

if hee thought him *valiant*. When the *Passenger* gallops by, as if his *fear* made him speedy; the *Curre* followes him with an open mouth, and *swiftnesse*: let him walke by, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Doyge* will neuer stirre at him. Surely, 'tis a *weakenesse*, that euery *Creature* (by a native instinct) takes aduantage of: and *Cowards* haue *soules* of a *courser mixture*, then the common *spirits* of men. *Euils* that must bee, they meete with before their *time*: as if they strived to make themselues *miserable*, sooner, then *God* appoynted them. *Euils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertaine*. They that by an *even poize*, might sit safe, in a *Boate* on a rough *Sea*, by rising vpto auoyd *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It coozens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* belecue, shee may auoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfetting* whatsoeuer is ill. All *diseases* are belyed by *fear*, and *conceit*: and we know some, out of *fear* of *Death*, haue dy'd. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escapes oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *ranke*; when the *Coward*, shifting dangers, runnes by *auoiding* one. into the *seuerall* walkes of many, *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainly, I haue studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may bee good for. I neuer heard of any *Act* becomming *vertue*, that euer came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that haue beat their *Marches* through succeeding *Ages*, haue all proceeded from *men of courage*. And I belecue many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *unappalled* looke does daunt a base *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a



Man has nothing but a *courageous* eye, it protects him. The *brave* soule knowes no *trembling*. Caesar spake like Caesar, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carried him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *valour* casts a kinde of *honour* vpon God; in that wee shew that wee belecue his *goodnesse*, while we trust our selues in *danger*, vpon his care onely: VWhereas the Coward eclipses his *sufficiencie*, by *unworthily doubting*, that God will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himselfe his owne *Sauour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man mistrusts God, 'tis iust with God to leaue Man. *Marcus Antonius* would not beleue, that *Anidius Crassus* could euer haue *deposed* him: and his reason was, The Gods had greater care of him, then to let *Crassus* wrong him vnderstandedly. And this winning him loue, establisht him: whereas, *Feare* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. • *Themistocles* compar'd a Coward to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what vse can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardize* hinders him from playing the Coward: He would runne away, and *feare* arrests him with a sencelesse *amazement*, that betrays him, to the pursuit of his *foes*. No *armour* can defend a *fearfull heart*. It will kill it selfe, within. *Cleomenes* was so farre out of *charity* with this pale *passion*, as the *Spoyle* he wanne from Cowards, he would neither *sacrifice* to the Gods, nor let the *Lacedemonian Youth* behold them. There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other

ther passions. Love, Anger, Sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then ouer: But this is perpetuall: A disease of a life long, which euery day flames a man to whatsoeuer ill hee meetes with. It vassallizes him to the world, to beasts, and men. And like a furly Tyrant, inforceth whatso ere it proposeth. For this, does Martrall Epigram vpon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor cum stricta nouacula supra est,  
Tunc libertatem, Dinitasque roget:*

*Promittam, nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,  
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.*

Suppose my Barber, when his Rascor's nigh

My throat, should then aske wealth, and liberty;

I'd promise sure. The Barber asks not this;

No, 'tis a Thiefe, and feare imperious is.

Next, whereas other passions are groundd vpon things that are, as Enuie vpon Happinesse, Rage vpon Iniury, Love vpon Beauty, and so the rest. This is as well vpon things that are not: It coynes misthiefes that neither be, nor can be. Thus hauing no object to bound it, it runnes in infinitum, and cannot be secured by any condition of life. Let the Coward haue a guard, and he feares that: Let him haue none, and he will fowe for want of it. I haue knowne some as happy as the world could make them, and their owne needlesse feares, haue made their liues more foure, then his that hath beene streighted in all. I haue pittied them, to thinke that a weake, vexati-



ous, and unprofitable passion should quite ruine the blessings of a faire estate. Some things I may doubt, and endeaour to shunne: but I would neuer feare them to a seruility. If I can keepe but reason Lord, feare will serue, and benefit mee: but when that gets the Throne, it will domineere insultingly. Let me rather haue a minde confident, and undaunted with some troubles; then a Pulse still beating feare, in the flush of Prosperity.



## LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy, nor miserable,  
but by comparison.*

There is not in this world, either perfect misery, or perfect happinesse. Comparison more then Reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched. VVhat should we account miserable, if we did not lay it in the ballance with some thing, that hath more felicity? If we saw not some men vaulting, in the gay trimme of Honour, and Greatnesse, wee should neuer thinke a poore estate so lamentable. Were all the world ugly, Deformity would bee no Monster. In those countries where all goe naked, they neither shame at their being vncovered, nor complaine that they are expos'd to the violence of the Sunne, and windes. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes gazing at others aboue, cast vs into a shade, which before that time, wee met not with. VVhatsoever is not paine, or sufferance, might well bee borne without

without grumbling: did not other objects fuller of contentednesse, draw away our Soules from that wee haue, to those things which wee see, wee haue not. 'Tis Envy, and Ambition that makes vs farre more miserable, then the constitution which our liberall Nature hath allotted vs. Many neuer finde themselves in want, till they haue discovered the abundance of some others. And many againe, doe beare their want with ease, when they finde others below themselves in happinesse. It was an answer bewraying a Philosopher, which Thales gaue to one, that asked him how Adversity might best bee borne? By seeing our Enemies in worse estate then our selves. Wee picke our owne sorrowes, out of the ioyes of other men: and out of their sorrowes, likewise, wee assume our ioyes. When I see the toyling Labourer sweat thorow both his skinner, yet can scarce get so much, as his importunate belly consumes him; I then looke vpon my selfe with gladnesse. But when I eye the Distributors of the Earth, in their royalty: when I thinke of Nero in his Journey, with his thousand chariots, and his Mules all shod with siluer; then what a poore Atome doe I count my selfe, compar'd with these huge piles of State?

*Tolle felices, remoueto multa*

*Diuites auro, remoueto centum*

*Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus;*

*Pauperi sargent animi iacentes.*

*Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.*

*Void*

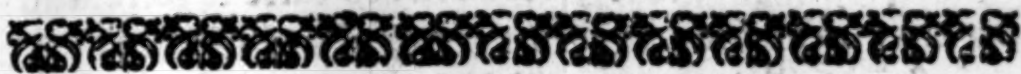


Vaid the blest, and him that *flames*  
 With weighty gold, and fifty *Ploughes*  
 Furrowing wealthy *pastures* goes.

Poore *minde*s then will *spring*. For none  
 Is poore but by *comparison*.

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the fire to burne  
 Troy withall. *Giue it to the fairest*, was it, which  
 iarr'd the *Goddeesses*. Paris might haue giuen the Ball  
 with lesse offence, had it nor beene so *inscribed*.  
 Surely, *Iuno* was content with her *beauty*, till the  
 Trojan Youth cast her, by aduancing *Venus*. The  
 Roman Dame complained not of her husbands  
*breath*, while shee knew no *kisse*, but his. While  
 wee spy no *ioyes* aboue our owne, we in quiet count  
 them  *blessings*. Wee see, euen a few *companions*  
 can lighten our *miseries*: by which we may guesse  
 the effect of a *generalitie*. *Blackenesse*, a *flat Nose*,  
*thicke Lips*, and *goggle Eyes*, are *beauties*, where nor  
*shapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that  
 refuseth the *generall Lot*. For my selfe, I will rec-  
 kon that *misery*, which I finde hurts mee in my  
 selfe, not that which comming from another,  
 I may auoyd, if I will. Let mee examine whether  
 that I enioy, bee not enough to *felicitate* mee, if I  
 stay at home. If it be, I would not haue anothers  
 better *fortune* put me out of *conceit* with my owne.  
 In *outward things*, I will looke to those that are  
 beneath me; that if I must build my selfe out of o-  
 thers, I may rather raise *content* then *murmur*. But  
 for *accomplishment of the minde*, I will euer fixe on  
 those aboue me: that I may, out of an honest *emu-*  
*lation*,

lation, mend my selfe, by continuall striving to imitate their Noblenesse.



## LXXIII.

*Of Pride and Choler.*

THE *Proud man* and the *Cholericke*, seldome arriue at any height of *vertue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the *minde*; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *Body*. They are sometimes borne to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to adde by *industry*. 'Tis the milde and suffering *disposition*, that oftenest doth attaine to *Eminencie*. *Temper* and *Humility* are aduantagious *Vertues*, for businesse, and to rise by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft tread, steales by vndiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too bigge to passe the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humility*, are like the *Foxe* when hee went into the *Garner*; he could creepe in at a little hole, and arriue at *Plenty*. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Foxe* offering to goe out, when his *belly* was full; which inlarging him bigger then the *passage*, made him stay and bee taken with *shame*. They that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a paire of *Staires* on *horsebacke*; tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them, ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The *minde*s of *proud men*, haue not that cleerenesse of discerning, which should make them iudge aright of them-



themselves, and others 'Tis an vncharitable vice,  
 which teaches men how to neglect and contemne.  
 So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it selfe: and  
 by this depression angers them, that they bandy a-  
 gainst it, till it meetes with the losse. One thing it  
 hath more then any Vice that I know: It is an Ene-  
 mie to it selfe. The proud man cannot indure to see  
 pride in another. Diogenes trampled Plato: though  
 indeed 'tis rare to finde it in men so qualified. The  
 maine thing that should mend these two, they  
 want; and that is, the Reprehension of a Friend. Pride  
 scornes a Corrector, and thinkes it a disparagement to  
 learne: and Choler admits no counsell that crosses  
 him; crossing angers him, and anger blindes him. So  
 if euer they heare any fault, it must either bee from  
 an Enemy in disdain, or from a Friend, that must  
 resolute to lose them by't. M. Drusus, the Tribune  
 of the People, cast the Consull, L. Philippus, into pri-  
 son, because he did but interrupt him in his speech.  
 Other Dispositions may haue the benefits of a friendly  
 monitor; but these by their vices doe seeme to giue  
 a defiance to Counsell. Since, when men once knew  
 them, they will rather bee silent, and let them rest  
 in their folly, then by admonishing them, runne in-  
 to a certaine Brawle. There is another thing shewes  
 them to bee both base: They are both most awed by  
 the most abiect passion of the minde, Feare. We dare  
 neither be proud to one that can punish vs; nor chol-  
 lericke to one much above vs. But when wee haue  
 to deale with such, we clad our selues in their con-  
 traries; as knowing they are habits of more safety,  
 and better liking. Euery man flyes from the burning  
 house:

*house*: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discouers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there bee no *vices* that incroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turne him into a *stone*: and then *Vertue* her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not liue like a *beast*, pusht at by all the world for *loftinesse*: nor yet like a *Waspe*, stinging vpon euery *touch*. And this moreouer shall adde to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.



## LXXIIII.

*That great benefits cause ingratitude.*

AS the deepest *hate*, is that which springs from the most violent *Loue*; So, the greatest *Discourtesies* oft arise from the largest *fauours*. *Benefits* to good *Natures*, can neuer bee so great, as to make *thanks* blush in their tendering: but when they bee *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their returne in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinarie fauours* make the giuer hated by the *Receiuer*, that should *loue* him. Experience hath proued, that *Tacitus* wrote *Truth*: *Beneficia vsque adeo lata sunt, dum videntur posse exolui, ubi multum anteuenerunt, pro gratia, odium redditur.* *Benefits* are so long *gratefull*, as we thinke wee can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thanks* conuert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe vs more then they are able to pay: ex-



cept it bee for *vertuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that haue found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that haue not beene found; as in their first *actions* they haue beene *strained*, so in their *progresse* they will proue *ungratefull*: For when they haue serued their turne of his *benefits*, they seldome see their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happinesse) they grieue to see, and strue to bee quit of. And if they bee *defensive fauours*, for matter of fact, they then with their *thraldome*, shew them their *shame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themselves, though it bee with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor* which thou sauest, will, if hee can, *condemne* thee. Some haue written, that *Cicero* was slaine by one, whom his *Oratorie* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murder*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his House; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd so long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giuing him thanks, hee quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His friend blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giuing him *liquour* so strong. It pass'd for a *jest*: but certaine, there was something in it more. Men that haue beene thus beholding to vs, thinke wee know too much of their *vilenesse*: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their *Benefactors ruine*; then suffer themselves to be had in so low an *esteeme*. When *kindnesses* are such as hinder *Iustice*, they seldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:

dable: as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an iniurie to *equity*, or for not suffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *Life*, to giue it to an *ill-deseruing man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater then the benefit that thou dost conferre vpon him. Such *pitty* wounds the *Pablike*, which is often reuenged by him thou didst bestow it vpon. *Benefits* that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being *misplaced*. Whatsoever fauours thou impartest, let them be to those of *desert*. It will be much for thy *Honour*, when by thy *kindnesse*, men shall see that thou affectest *Vertue*: and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, beleue it, he is much more *Noble* that *desernes* a *benefit*, then he that *bestowes* one. *Riches*, though they may *reward Vertues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time doe a *courtesie*, and meete with a *neglect*, I shall yet thinke I did well, because I did well *intend* it. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author* worse, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I shal receiue any *Kindnesse*s from others, I will think, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *returne* them, small ones, out of *Courtesie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanitie*; to requite them with *ill*, *Satanicall*. 'Tis onely in *rancke grounds*, that much *raime* makes *weeds* spring: where the *soyle* is cleane, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *showres* that did fall vpon it.



## LXXV.

*Of Vertue and Wisedome.*

**T**HERE are no such *Guards of Safety*; as *Vertue* and *Wisedome*. The one secures the *Soule*; the other, the *Estate* and *Body*. The one defends vs against the *stroke of the Law*; the other, against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *vertuous*: nor can *Fortune* subuert the *Wise*. Surely, there is more *Diuinitie* in them, then wee are aware of: for, if wee consider rightly, wee may obserue, *Vertue* or *goodnesse* to bee *habitual*, and *Wisedome* the *distributive* or *actuell* part of the *Deitie*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to bee *valde bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for hee sayes, *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These onely perfect and defend a man. VVhen vniust *Kings* desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay *traines* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at least, giue out, that their *Actions* are already *criminall*: so rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* seize them. Otherwise, *Vertues garment* is a *Sanctuarie* so sacred, that euen *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus roabed. 'Tis the *Liuey* of the *King of Heauen*: and who dares arrest one that weares his *Cloth*? This protects vs when wee are vnarmed: and

and is an *Armour* that wee cannot, valesse wee be false to our selues, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himselfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Diuine Law*, which should be the square of all our *Actions*. *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heauen*: without this wee are but *Out-lawes*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendresse*, and valiants the heart of man. *Horace* reports a wonder, which hee imputes to his *integritie*.

Innocent and spotlesse hearts,  
Need nor *Moorian Bow* nor *Darts*:  
Quiuers cram'd with *poison'd shot*,  
O *Fuscus*! they need not.

Boyling Sands, vnnauigable,  
*Scythia's Mount* inhospitable,  
*Media, Inde, and Parthea*, they  
Dare passe, without dismay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,  
And carelesse walk'd beyond my way,  
A fierce *Wolfe* from a *Sabine VVood*,  
Fled mee, when nak'd I stood.

*Integer vita, scelerisq; purus,*  
*Non eget Mauri Iaculis nec Arcu,*



## RESOLVES.

*Nec venenatis grvida Sagittis,  
Fusce pharetra.*

*Sive per Syrtis iter astuosas,  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulas  
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namq; me sylua Lupus in Sabina,  
Dum meam cæcto Lalagem, & ultra  
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,  
Eugit incertum.*

If sometimes *Vertue* giues not *freedom*, shee yet giues such *Cordials*, as friolicke the heart, in the presse of *aduersitie*. She beames forth her selfe to the gladding of a linuised soule: and by her light the *dungion'd* prison dances. Especially she is braue, when her *Sister Wisedome's* with her. I see not but it may be true, that *The wiseman cannot fall*. *Fortune*, that the *Ancients* made to rule all; the wisest of the *Ancients* haue subiected to *Wisedom*. 'Tis shee that giues vs a *Safe conduct* thorow all the *various* casualties of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* meanes to ruine vs, shee flatters vs first from this *Altar*: shee cannot hurt vs, till wee be stript of these *Habiliments*: then shee doth both wound and laugh. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wisedom* before. It is for the most part true, that,

*Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere:*

*Fortune*

*Fortune first fooles the Man she meanes to foile.*

She dares not, she cannot hurt vs while wee continue wise. Discretion swayes the Starres, and Fate: for Wealth, the Philosophers foresight of the scarcitie of oyle, shewes it can helpe in that defect. For Honour, how many did it aduance in Athens, to a renown'd Authority? VVhen all is done, The wise man onely is the cunningst Foe. No man can either giue a blow so soone, or ward himselfe so safely. In two lines has the witty Horace summ'd him.

Take all; There's but one Ioue about him. Hee  
Is Rich, Faire, Noble, King of kings, and free.

*Ad summum. Sapiens vni minor est Ioue. Dives,  
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher; Rex denique, Regum.*

Surely, GOD intended we should value these two above our liues; to liue, is common; to bee wise and good, particular, and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure: I desire but these two, Vertue, VVisedome. I finde not a man that the world euer had, so plentifull in all things, as was Solomon. Yet wee know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it included the other. For without Vertue, Wisedome is not, or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way, of undoing our selues at the last.

of



## LXXVI.

*Of Moderation.*

Nothing makes *Greatnesse* last, like the *Moderate* use of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent mindes*, neuer blesse their owners with a *settled peace*. Men come downe by *domineering*. Hee that is lifted to *sudden preferment*, had neede be much more carefull of his *actions*, then hee that hath *enjoy'd* it long. If it be not a *wonder*, it is yet *strange*; and all strangers wee obserue more *strictly*, then wee doethose that haue dwelt among vs. Men obserue *fresh Authority*, to informe themselves, how to trust. It is good that the *aduanced Man* remember to retaine the same *Humility*, that hee had before his *Rise*: and let him looke backe, to the good *intentions* that *soiourn'd* with him in his low estate. Commonly, wee thinke then of *worthy deedes*; which wee promise our selues to doe, if wee had but *meanes*. But when that *meanes* comes, wee forget what weethought, and *practise* the contrary. VVho soeuer comes to *place* from a *meane being*, had neede haue so much more *vertue*, as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will *checke* at the leape of a *Low man*. *Salust* has obserued of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul*: That, *Pleraq; Nobilitas, inuidia astuabat, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebatur, si eum, quamuis egregius, homo nouus, adeptus foret*. To auoyd this, it is good to be *iust* and *plausible*.  
A round

A round heart will fasten friends; and linke men to thee, in the chaines of Love. And beleue it, thou wilt finde those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy vertues purchase thee. These will love thee when thou art but man againe: VWhereas those that are wonne without desert, will also bee lost without a cause. Smoothnesse declineth Ennie. It is better to descend a little from State, then assume any thing, that may seeme aboue it. It is not safe to tenter Authority. Pride increaseth enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a iust Quip, that a proud Cardinall had from a friend, that vpon his Election went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to Pride, and State, departs, and makes him a Mourning Sute; wherein next day he comes againe to visit him: who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him, when hee was Elected Cardinall. Authority displayes the Man. Whatsoeuer opinion in the world, thy former vertues haue gained thee, is now vnder a Iury, that will condemne it, if they slacke heere. The way to make Honour last, is to doe by it, as men doe by rich Jewels; not incommon them to the euery day eye: but case them vp, and weare them but on Festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they faile of, will turne to neglect. Thou hadst better shew thy selfe by a little at once; then in a windy ostentation, powre out thy selfe together. So, that respect thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste.

Some



Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou comest. He that beares that still in his minde, will bee more wary, how hee trench vpon those, that that were once aboue him.

With Earthen Plate, Agathocles (they say)  
 Did vse to meale: so seru'd with Samos Clay.  
 When Jewell'd Plate, and rugged Earth was by,  
 He seem'd to mingle wealth, and poverty.  
 One ask'd the cause; he answers: I that am  
 Sicilia's King, from a poore Potter came.  
 Hence learne, thou that art rais'd from meane  
 To sudden riches, to be Temperate. (estate,

*Fama est, fictilibus canasse Agathoclea Regem;  
 Atque abacum Samio saepe onerasse luto:  
 Fercula gemmatis cum poneret Horrida vasis,  
 Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul:  
 Querenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum  
 Sicania, figulo sum genitore satius.  
 Fortunam reuerenter habe; quicumque repente  
 Diues ab exili progrediare loco.*

It was the Admonition of the dying Otho, to Cocceius: neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Caesar was his Vncle. When wee looke on our selues in the shine of prosperitie, wee are apt for the puffed and scorne. VVhen we thinke not on't at all, we are likely to bee much imbas'd. An estate euened with these thoughts, indureth: Our advancement is many times from Fortune, our moderation in it, is that, which she can neither giue, nor deprive

*pride* vs of. In what *condition* soeuer I *live*, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawne*: Hee does well that subscribes to him that writ,

*Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatur maior.*



## LXXVII.

*Of Modestie.*

There is *Modestie*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeede, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulnessse*. For then it *betrayes* vs to all *inconueniencies*. It brings a *foole* in *Bonds*, to his *utter undoing*: when out of a *weake flexibility* of *Nature*, hee has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would thinke it strange at first, yet it is *provedly true*: That, *Modestie vndoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *Lure* to make *euē lewd men loue*: which they oft expresse with *large gifts*, that so worke vpon her *yeelding nature*, as she knowes not how to *deny*: so rather then bee *ungratefull*, she oft becomes *unchaste*: *Euen blushing* brings them to their *Deuirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an *odious vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for feare of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *foole onely*, that puts *Vertue* out of *courtenance*. *Wise men* euer take a *freedome* of *reproouing*, when *vice* is *bold*, and *daring*. How plaine was *Xeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the sauage *Nero*?



*Nero?* A Spirit modestly bold, is like the *Winde*, to purgethe *Worlds* bad ayre. It disperſes *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, vnſtirr'd, infect it. Wee often let *Vice* ſpring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, wee many times forbear good *Actions*, for feare the world ſhould laugh at vs. How many men, when others haue their *ſtore*, will want themſelues, for ſhaming to demand their *owne*? And ſometimes in extremes wee vnwiſely ſtand vpon poynts of inſipid *Modesty*. But, *Rebus ſemper pudor abſit in actis*. In all extremes flye *Baſhfulneſſe*. In any good *Action*, that muſt needs bee bad, that hinders it: of which ſtraine, many times, is the fondneſſe of a *bluſhing ſhamefaſtneſſe*. But to *bluſh* at *Vice*, is to let the world know that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modestie* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keepe vs from the *ſtray* and *offence*. I am perſwaded, many had beene bad that are not; if they had not beene *bridled* by a *baſhfull nature*. There are diuers that haue *hearts* for *vice*, which haue not *face* accordingly. It chides vs from *baſe company*, reſtraines vs from *baſe enterprizes*; from *beginning* all, or *continuing* where wee ſee it. It teaches to loue *vertue* onely: and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaſte ſoule*, then to care for preſſing of the *ripened boſome*. It awes the *unciuill tongue*: chaines vp the *licentious band*; and with a ſilent kinde of *Maiestie*, (like a watch at the *dore* of a *Thiefes Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peepe out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It with-holds a man from *vaine boaiſting*: and makes a *wiſe man* not to ſcorne a *foole*.

Surely

Surely the *Graces* sojourne with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes haue *Vertue* bee a *Blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotles* daughter shew'd her selfe a better *Moralist*, then *Naturalist*: when, being asked which was the best colour, she answered: That which *Modesty* produced in *Men ingenuous*. Certainly, the heart of the *blushing man*, is neerer *Heauen* then the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humilitie*, & when that dyes, *vertue* is vpon the vanish. *Modesty* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming sword*, to keep *vile men* out of the *Paradise* of their *chastity*. It was *Linia's modesty*, that tooke *Augustus*: and she that wanne *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it bee but *exterior*, and *face-deepe* onely, yet it inuites *affection* strongly. *Plantus* had skill in such *commodities*;

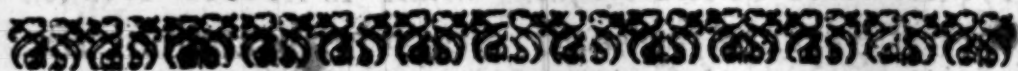
*Meretricem pudorē gerere magis decet, quā purpuram,  
Magis quidē meretricē pudorē quā aurū gerere cōdecet.*

Euen in a *Whore*, a *Modest* looke, and fashion;  
Preuailes beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that bee good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *reall*? Those things that carry a iust *infamy* with them, I will iustly bee *asham'd* to bee seene in. But in *actions* either good, or not ill, it may as well be a *Crime*. 'Tis feare and *Cowardize*, that puls vs backe from *goodnesse*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *vertuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *morall* of *Agésilas* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lowse bit*, and hee  
puls



puls it out, and *kills* it before the People, saying : *Trespases* were euen at the *Altar* to be set vpon. I know, things *unseemely*, though not *dishonest*, carry a kinde of *shame* along. But sure, in *resisting villanie*, where *Courage* is asked, *Bashfulness* is at best, but a *weake*, and a *treacherous vertue*.



## LXXVIII.

*Of Suspicion.*

*Suspitions* are sometimes out of *Iudgement*. Hee that knowes the *World* bad, cannot but *suspect*, it will be so still: but where men *suspect* by *iudgement*, they will likewise by *iudgement*, keepe that *suspect* from hurting them. *Suspicion*, for the most part, proceeds from a *selfe-defect*: and then it gnawes the *minde*. They that in *private* listen others, are commonly such as are *ill themselves*. The *wise*, and *honest*, are neuer *fooled* with this *quality*. Hee that knowes he deserues not *ill*, why should hee *imagine* that others should *speake* him so? We may obserue how a *man* is disposed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. Saint *Chrysostome* has giuen the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* *Nero* would not beleeue, but all men were most *foule Libidinists*. And we all *know*, there was neuer such a *Roman Beast* as he. *Suspecting* that we see not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *acts* haue beene, or what our *Dispositions* are. I will be warie  
in

in suspecting another of ill, lest by so doing, I proclaime my selfe to be guilty: but whether I bee, or not, why should I strive to heare my selfe ill spoken of? Jealousie is the worst of madnesse. Wee seeke for that, which wee would not finde: or if wee doe, what is it wee haue got, but matter of vexation: which wee came so basely by, as we are asham'd to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe it boyling in our brests: like new wine, to the hazard of the Hoghead, for want of venting. Jealousie is a ginne that wee set to catch Serpents, which as soone as wee haue caught them, sting vs. Like the foole, that finding a boxe of poyson, tastes, and is poyson'd indeede. Are wee not mad, that being quiet, as wee are, must needes goe search for discontentments? So farre should wee be from seeking them, as to bee often carelesse of those wee finde. Neglect will kill an iniury, sooner then Reuenge. Sayd Socrates, when he was told that one rail'd on him; Let him beate me too, so I bee absent, I care not. He that will question euery disgracefull word, which hee heares is spoken of him, shall haue few friends, little wit, and much trouble. One told Chrysippus, that his friend reproached him privately. Saies hee, Aye, but chide him not, for then he will doe as much in publike. Wee shall all meete with vexation enough, which wee cannot auoyd. I cannot thinke any man loues sorrow so well, as out of his discretion, to inuite it to lodge in his heart. Pompey did well to commit those Letters to the fire, before he read them, wherein hee expected to finde the cause of his griefe. I will neuer undertake an vnwar-



*thy Watch* for that which will but trouble. Why should wee not bee ashamed to doe that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set *Spies* vpon others; or by *listening*, put the base office of *Intelligencer* vpon themselves, would blush to bee discovered in their *Projects*: and the best way to auoyd the *discovery*, is at first to auoyd the *Act*. If I heare any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take onely the *good*: but I will neuer lye in waite for mine *owne abuse*; or for others that concerne me not. Nor will I *flame* at euery *vaine tongues puffle*. Hee has a *poore Spirit*, that is not planted aboue *petty wrongs*. *Small iniuries* I would either not *heare*, or not *minde*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may *mend my selfe*, and neuer *malice* the person.

## LXXIX.

## Of Fate.

Certainly, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his end beyond his *owne intention*. There is *uncertainty* in *Wisedome*, as well as in *folly*. When *Man* *plotte* to saue himselfe, that *plotting* deliuer him into his *ruine*. *Degrees* are past vpon vs: and our *owne wit* often hunts vs into the *snare*, that aboue all things we would shunne. What we *suspect*, and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *suspect not*, we fall into. That which sau'd vs now, by and by kills vs.

Wee

Weevse meanes of *Preservation*, and they proue *destroying ones*. Wee take courses to ruine vs, and they proue meanes of *safety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her woman thought to save her selfe, by assuming of her *Mistris name*: and that onely was the cause of her killing. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam praelio error dedit*: an error in the fight, gaue victorie. How many haue, flying from *Danger*, met with *Death*? and on the other side, found *protection*, euen in the very *lawes of mischief*?

*Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena iunant.*

And when *Fate* lists, a doubled *pyson* saues.

Some men in their *sleep* are cast into *Fortunes lap*: while others with all their *industrie*, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a *Rescue* from the *sackage* of an *Enemie* had that *Citie*, that by the *Leaders* crying *Backe, backe*, when hee wanted roome for the fetching of his *blow*, to breake a *Chaine* that hinder'd him, was by *misapprehending* the *Word*, put backe in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *Wisedome* is better then *Folly*, as *light* is better then *darkenesse*. Yet, I see, saith *Salomon*, it happens to the wise and foole alike. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates misery*, that hee had made himselfe *unpoysenable*. All *humane wisedome* is defectiue: otherwise it might helpe vs, against the *flash* and *storme*. As it is, it is but lesser *folly*; which preserving sometimes, failes vs often. *Grave directions*



doe not alwaies prosper: nor does the Fools believe  
 ever misse. Domitian's reflecting Galleries, could not  
 guard him from the sharpe sword. Nor did Titus  
 his freeness to the two Patrician aspirers, hurt him.  
 For, his confidence was, That Fate gave Princes  
 Sovereignty. Man is merely the Ball of Time; and  
 is sometimes taken from the Plow to the Throne;  
 and sometimes againe from the Throne to a Halter:  
 as if wee could neither avoyd being wretched, or  
 happy, or both.

*Non sollicita possunt curæ*

*Mutare rati stamina fasti*

*Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,*

*Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.*

*Servatq; sua decreta Cælis*

*Lachesis: dædala regula manu*

*Omnia corpora transeat*

*Præmissq; dies, dedit exordia mensis*

*Our most thoughtfull care cannot*

*Change establish'd Fates firme plot.*

*All we suffer, all we proue,*

*All we ad, comes from above.*

*Fates Decrees still keepe their course:*

*All things strictly by their force,*

*Wheele in undisturbed waies*

*Ends are set in our first dayes.*

*Whatsoever Man thinkes to doe in contrariety, is by*

*GOD turned to be a helpe of hastening the end he*

*hath appoynted him: It was not in the Emperours*

*power*

power to keepe *Asclepius* from the Dogges, no though it was foretold him: and he bent himselfe to crosse it. Wee are govern'd by a Power, that we cannot but obey: our *minides* are wrought against our *minides*, to alter vs. *Man* is his owne Traitor, and maddeth to vndoe himselfe. Whether this be Nature order'd and relinquish; or whether it bee accidentall; or the operating power of the Starres; or the eternall connexion of causes; or the execution of the will of God; whether it takes away all freedom of will from *Man*; or by what meanes we are thus wrought vpon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the Maiesty of God. I know, there is a Providence ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a reason. Wee may beleue S. Ierome, *Providentia Deum omnia gubernantur; & quae putatur parva, Medicina est.* But the secret progressions, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both Arguments and objections on euery side. I hold it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such Characters, as it is not in the wit of *man* to reade them. In vaine wee murmur at the things that must bee: in vaine wee mourne for what wee cannot remedy. Why should wee raue, when wee meete with what wee looke not for? It is our ignorance that makes vs wonder our selues to a dull stupefaction. VVhen we consider but how little wee know, wee neede not bee disturbed at a new event.

Regia Fata, mortale periculis, prole, vita  
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest  
R 3 Firmum,



*Firmum, & stabile: perq; casus  
Voluitur varios, semper nobis  
Memenda Dies.*

All Mankinde is rul'd by Fate,  
No man can propose a state  
Firme and stable: various Chance,  
Alwaies rowling, doth aduance  
That Something which wee feare.

Surely out of this, we may raise a Contentment Roy-  
all, as knowing wee are alwaies in the hands of a  
Noble Protector, who neuer giues ill, but to him  
that has deseru'd ill. VVhatsoever befalls mee, I  
would subscribe to with a squared Soule. It were a  
superinfaniated follie, to struggle with a power, which  
I know is all in vaine contended with. If a faire en-  
deanour may free me, I will practise it. If that can-  
not, let me waite it with a calmed minde. VVhatso-  
euer happens as a wonder, I will admire and magnifie,  
as the Act of a Power aboue my apprehension. But  
as it is an alteration to Man, I will neuer thinke it  
maruellous. I euery day see him suffer more changes,  
thenis of himselfe to imagine.

LXXX.

Of Ostentation.

V Aine-glory, at best, is but like a Window Cushion,  
specious without, and garnished with the ta-  
sted

*sled pendant*: but within, nothing but *key*, or *raue*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. VVhere I haue found a *Flood* in the *tongue*, I haue often found the *heart* *emptie*. 'Tis the *kollow Instrument* that sounds loud: and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is *seldome liberall*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*, and knowes not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, hee would rather stay till the *World* had found it, then so *vndecently* bee his owne *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou maist be sure the *World* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *Tongue* will make thee *worse*; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine owne *worth*, in drawing of it vp by so vnseemely a *Bucket*, as thine owne *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himselfe *honest*, then in knowing that all the *World* approves him so. *Virtue* is built vpon her selfe. *Flourishes* are for *Networkes*: better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd bragging *Laosthenes*, The *Cypresse Tree*: which makes a faire *show*, but *seldome* beares any *fruit*. VVhy may he not be emblem'd by the *coo-zening Fig-tree*, that our *Sauour* curst? 'Tis he that is *conscious* to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *World* belecue, that hee had a *Church* within. Yet *foole* that he is! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrarie*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after ouerthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before. Or at least



it argues that he did not do well. Hee that does  
 good for *Praise* only, failes of the right end. A  
 good worke ought to propound, Hee is vertuous,  
 that is so for vertues sake. To doe well, is as much  
 applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good  
 worke thy hand builds, is againe pull'd downe by  
 the folly of a boasting tongue. The blessings of the  
 proud will goe out in a *steech* and *smoke*: Their brag-  
 ging will conuert to shame. Saint *Gregorie* has it  
 wittily: *Sed hostis quem prostermit, uariis, quo de  
 culpa quare superat elevatur.* Hee both loseth the  
 good he hath done, and hazzardeth for shame with  
 men: For Clouds of *Disdain* are commonly raised  
 by the wind of *Osentation*. Hee that remembers  
 too much his owne *Virtues*, teacheth others to ob-  
 iect his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *assuming* Man.  
 When hee would haue more then his due, hee sel-  
 dome findeth so much. Whether it bee out of *Rea-  
 lousie*, that by promulgating his *Virtues*, wee vainely  
 thinke he should rob vs of the *Worlds love*; or whe-  
 ther wee take his exalting himselfe, to bee our depres-  
 sion; or whether it bee our *enue*; or that wee are  
 angry, that he should so undervalue *gauchesse*, as de-  
 spising her inward approbation, hee should seeke the  
 uncertaine warrant of Men: or whether it bee an in-  
 stinct instampt in Man, to dislike them. 'Tis cer-  
 taine, no man can endure the puffed of a swelling  
 minde. Nay though the *Vaunts* bee true, they doe  
 but awaken scoffes: and instead of a clapping hand,  
 they finde a checke with scorne. When a *Souldier*  
 brag'd too much of a great skarve in his forehead, he  
 was asked by *Augustus*, if hee did not get it, when  
 hee

he looked backe, as hee *saide*. Certainly, when I  
 heare a *youngling*, I should thinke him like a *Pave*  
 that is charged but with powder, which neere hand  
 gives a greater report, then that which hath a *Bullet*  
 in't. If I haue done any thing *well*, I will neuer  
 thinke the *World* is worth the telling of it. There  
 is nothing added to *essentials* *verue*, by the hoarse  
 clamour of the *blundering* *Rabble*. If I haue done *ill*,  
 to boast the contrarie, I will thinke, is like *painting*  
 an *old* face, to make it so much more ugly. If it bee  
 of any thing *past*, the *World* will *walk* of it, though  
 I be *silent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*,  
 then seeme to beg it. If it bee of ought to come, I  
 am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not  
 sure to performe. We disgrace the works of *virtue*,  
 when wee goe about any way to seduce *them*,  
 for her approbation.

## LXXXI.

## Of Hope.

**H**uman life hath not a surer friend, nor many  
 times a greater enemy, then Hope. 'Tis the mi-  
 serable mans god, which in the hardest gripe of cala-  
 mitie, neuer failes to yeeld him beames of comfort.  
 'Tis the presumptuous mans Death, which leades  
 him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him  
 breake his necke on the sudden. Hope is to Man, as  
 a Bladder to a learning Swimmer; it keepes him  
 from sinking, in the bosome of the waues; and by  
 that



that helpe he may attaine the exercise: but yet it many times makes him venter beyond his height, and then, if that breakes, or a storme rises, hee drownes without recoverie. How many would dye, did not Hope sustaine them: How many haue dy'de, by hoping too much: This wonder wee may finde in Hope; that she is both a Flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captaine, in a losing Battell, it is ever encouraging Man, and neuer leaues him, till they both expire together. VVhile breath pants in the dying Body, there is Hope fleeting in the waning soule. 'Tis almost as the Aire, by which the minde does liue. There is onething which may adde to our value of it: that it is appropriate vnto Man alone. For surely, Beasts haue not hope at all; they are onely capable of the present; whereas Man, apprehending future things, hath this giuen him, for the sustentation of his drooping Soule. VVho would liue rounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheere him, with expectation of deliuerance? The common one is in Tibullus:

*Tam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam*

*Spes fouet, & melius cras fore semper ait,*

*Spes alit agricolas: spes sulcis credit aratri*

*Semina, quæ magno fenore reddat Ager.*

*Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,*

*Cam tennes hamos abdidit ante cibus.*

*Spes etiam valida solatur compede victam,*

*Crura sonat ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

*Hope*

Hope flatters Life, and sayes shee 'I still bequeath  
Better; else I had cur'd all ill by Death.

She blythes the Farmer, does his graine commit  
To Earth, which with large vse replentieth it:  
She snares the Birds: and Fishes as they glide,  
Strikes with small hooks, that croaking bass do hide:  
She cheeres the shackled Prisoner, and while's thigh  
Rings with his Chains, he workes, & sings on high.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her  
comfort. Imprison, vexce, fright, torture, shew Death  
with his horriest brow: yet Hope will dart in her re-  
uiving rayes, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the  
tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does shee more  
friend vs with her gentle shine, then shee often soales  
vs with her sleeke delusions. Shee dandles vs into  
killing Flames: sings vs into Lethargies: and like an  
ouerhasty Chyrurgion, skinneeth dangers, that are  
full, and foule within. Shee coozens the Thiefe of  
the Coine hee steales: and cheates the Gamester  
more then euen the falsest Dye. It abuseth vniuersall  
Man, from him that stoppes to the lowe wall, vpon  
the naked Common, to the Monarch in his purpled  
Throne. It vndoes the melting Prodigall: it deliuers  
the Ambitious to the edged Axe, and the rash Soldier,  
to the shatterings of the fiered Romaine. VVhatsoeuer  
good we see, it tels vs wee may obtaine it: and in  
a little time, humble our selues in the Downe of our  
wishes: but it often performes like Domitian, pro-  
mising all with nothing. 'Tis (indeed) the Rattle  
which Nature did prouide, to still the froward cry-  
ing of the fond childe, Man. Our Life is but a Rume,  
after



after the Dreg of something that doth itch our senses: which when wee haue hunted home, we finde a *meane delusion*. VVe thinke we serue for *Riches*, but are deceiued with *blasse-ey'd Lech*. *Jacob* is as *Man*; *Leban* is the *thurlish, enuious, ungratefull World*. *Lech* is the pleasure it payes vs with; but might in that which is the *life of beauty*, perishe euen in the Eye; emblem'd too by the *Sex of Freileine Woman*. VVe see a *Box*, wherein we belecue a *Pardon*; so we are merry in the brink of *Death*. VVhile wee are *dancing*, the *Trapdoore* falls vnder vs, and *hope* makes vs *iocund*, till the *ladder* turnes, and then it is too late to *cure*. Certainly, it requires a great deale of Iudgement, to *balance* our *hopes* euen. He that hopes for *nothing*, will neuer attaine to *any thing*. This good comes of *ouer-hoping*, that it sweetens our *passage* thorow the *World*, and sometimes so sets vs to *worke*, as it produces *great actions*, though not alwaies pat to our ends. But then againe, hee that hopes *too much*, shall chozen himselfe at last; especially, if his *industrie* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *action* is a *barren vnder*. The best is to *hope* for *things possible*, and *probable*. If we can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, we shall surely finde her a *sweet companion*. I will bee content, my *hopes* should *stroule* beyond *Reason*; but I would not haue her *build* there. So by this, I shall reape the benefit of her *present Service*, yet prevent the *Treason* shee might beguile me with.

## LXXXII.

*That sufferance causeth Love.*

IN Noble Natures, I neuer found it faile, but that those who suffered for them, they euer lou'd intirely. 'Tis a Justice liuing in the Soule, to indeare those that haue smarted for our sakes. Nothing further ty'es a friend, then freely to subumerate the burthen which was his. Hee is vnworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both affection and thanks, to him that hath vndergone a mischiefe due to himselfe. Hee hath in a sort made a purchase of thy Life, by sauing it: and though hee doth forbear to call for it, yet I beleue, vpon the like, thou owest him. Sure, Nature being an enemy to all iniustice, since shee cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way, to recompence the passed miserie. It was *Darius* his confession, that he had rather haue one whole *Zopirus* then tenne such *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Volumnius* would needs haue dy'd vpon *Lucullus* corps, because hee was the cause of his vndertaking the Warre. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of restraining the *Grecian Campe*, to reuenge *Patroclus* his Death, when he heard that hee was slaine in his borrowed Armour. Sure, there is a Sympathie of soules; and they are subtilly mixed by the Spirits of the Ayre; which makes them sensible of one anothers sufferances. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that

loue



*Loue* increaseth by *aduersitie*. *Ouid* confesses it :

—— *Aduerso tempore creuit Amor.*

—— *Loue* heightens by depression.

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they loue their *Fauorites*, for being *Skreenes*, that take away the *enuie* of the *People*, which else would light on them : and we shall see this *loue* appeare most, when the *People* beginne to lift at them : as if they were then ty'de to that, out of *Iustice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *Fauour*, and in the way of *Courtesie*. To make two *friends* intire, wee neede but plot, to make one *suffer* for the others sake. For this is alwaies in a *worthy mind*, it grieues more at the trouble of a *friend*, then it can doe for it selfe. Men often know in themselves how to manage it, how to entertaine it : in another they are vncertaine how it may worke. This *fear* troubles *loue*, and sends it to a neerer search, and *pitty*. All creatures shew a *thankfulnessse* to those that haue befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in *kindnesses* are all *returners*: whole *Nature* leanes to *mutuall requitals* : and to pay with numerous *use*, the fauours of a *free affection*. And if wee owe a *Re-tribution* for *vpainefull Courtesies*, how much should wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *sufferings*? Though it be not to our selues a benefit of the *largest profit*; yet it is to them a service of the *greatest paines* : and it is a great deale more *Honour* to recompence after their *Act*, then our *Re-ceipt*.

ceipt. In *Courtesies*, 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to prize them after the *Authors intention*, if they be *meane*; but after their effect, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to value them lesse good, but as the *sequell* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the *World* hath nothing worth *loving*, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one love the *man* that is *vile*. In this case I cannot exempt the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wish hee may still be *free*, then I in *bonds* to *lewdnesse*, nor will I, if my *industrious* care may void it, ever let any indure a *torment* for me: because it is a *courtesie*, which I know not how to *requite*. So till I meet with the like *opportunity*, I must rest in his debt, for his *passion*. It is not good to receive *favours*, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those Bonds are *cruell* ties, which make man ever *subject* to *debt*, without a power to cancell them.

## LXXXIII.

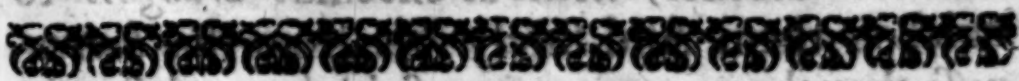
*That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.*

AS *Policy* is taken in the *generall*, wee hold it but a kinde of crafty *wisedome*, which boweth every thing to a *selfe-profit*. And therefore a *Polititian* is one of the worst *sorts* of *men*, to make a *friend* on. Give me one, that is *vertuously wise*, not *cunningly hid*, and twined to himselfe. *Policy* in *friendship*,



ship, is like *Logicke* in truth: something too *subtill* for the plainnesse of disclosing hearts. And where- as this works euer for appropriate ends; *Loue* euer takes a partner into the *Benefit*. Doubtlesse, though there be that are sure, & strait, to their friend: yet in the generall, he is reckon'd, but a kinde of *postposi- tum*: or an *Heire* that must not claime till after. Wee haue found out an *adage*, which doubles our loue to our selues; but withall, it robs our neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is vrged to the ruine of friendship. They that loue themselves ouer-much, haue seldome any expressiue goodnesse. And indeede, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friend- ship. For what *loue* ioynes, this diuides, and dis- tanceth. *Scipio* would not beleue it was euer the speech of a *wiseman*, which wils vs so to loue, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affecti- on proiecteth perpetuity. And that *loue* which can presently leaue, was neuer well begunne. Hee that will not in a time of need, halue it with a streighted friend, does but *vsurpe* the name, and iniure it. Nor is hee more to be regarded, that will kicke at eue- ry faile of his friend: A friend inuited *Alcibyades* to supper: Hee refused; but in the middle of their meale, he rushes in with his seruants, and commands them to catch vp the *Wine*, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet halfe they left behind. The *Guests* complained of this *unciuill* violence: but his friend with this milde speech, excused him, saying: He did courteously, to take but halfe, when all was at his seruice. Yet in these lenities I confesse *Pelitions* are most plausible. There are that will doe

doe as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in *small matters*, that they may be trusted, and de-  
*ceiue* in greater, and of *grauer* consequence. But  
 these are to bee *banisht* the *League*. The politicke  
*heart* is too full of *crankes* and *angles*, for the disco-  
*uery* of a plaine *familiar*. It is vncertaine finding of  
 him, that vseth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it  
 is a *heart*, that hath *denices*, and inuersions for it  
*selfe* alone. Things that differ in their end, will  
 surely part in their way. And such are these two:  
 The end of *Policy*, is to make a mans *selfe* great.  
 The end of *loue*, is to aduance another. For a *friend*  
 to *conuerse* withall, let mee rather meet with a  
 sound *affection*, then a craftie *braine*. One may faile  
 me by *accident*, but the other will doe it out of *fore-*  
*intent*: And then there is nothing more *dangerous*,  
 then studied *adulation*; especially, where it knowes  
 'tis trusted. The soundest *affection*, is like to be be-  
 tweene those, where there cannot bee expectation  
 of *sinister* ends. Therefore haue your *Poets* feig-  
 ned, the *intirest* loue, among humble *Shepheards*:  
 where *wealth* and *honour* haue had no *sway* in their  
*unions*.



## LXXXIV.

## Of Drunkennesse.

Said *Musaeus*, The reward of *Virtue*, is perpetuall  
*Drunkennesse*. But he meant it, of celestiall exil-  
*laration*: and surely so, the good man is full of glad-



ding *viuifications*, which the *World* does neuer reach vnto. The other *drunkennesse*, arising from the *Grape*, is the *floating* of the *sternelesse Sences* in a *Sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as euer was the *Multitude*. That *dispositions* differ, as much as *faces*, *Drinke* is the clearest prouer. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *minde*, and does *disapparell* the *soule*. There is but one thing which *distinguisheth* *Beast*, and *Man*; *Reason*. And this it *robs* him of. Nay, it goes further, euen to the *subuerring* of *Natures Institution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which *God* hath secluded from the very *Deuill*, and *Spirits*, by this doe suffer a *search*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde sobrij, in lingua ebrij*. Hee that would *Anatomize* the *soule*, may doe it best, when *Wine* has num'd the *sences*. Certainly, for *confession*, there is no such racke as *Wine*; nor could the *Deuill* euer finde a cunninger bait to angle both for *actes*, and *meaning*: Euen the most benighted *cogitations* of the *soule*, in this *floud*, doe tumble from the *swelled tongue*; yet madly we pursue this *Vice*, as the kindler both of *wit*, and *mirth*. Alas! it is the *blemish* of our *times*, that men are of such *slow conceit*, as they are not company one for another, without excessiue draughts to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this *barrennesse*, that the *impertinencies* of *drinke*, and *smoake*, were first tane in at *meetings*. It were an excellent way, for men of *quality*, to *conuert* this *madnesse*, to the *discussion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military*, or *Ciull*. Their *places* of *resort* might be so fitted with *instruments*, as they might bee like *Academies* of *instruction*, and *proficiencie*. And these they might

might sweeten, with the adding of *illafine Games*. What feuerall *Playes* and *exercise*, had their continuall vse with the *flourishing Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scenicos*, *Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as *Schooles* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Actiuenesse*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickly, and how eagerly, were their *Bacchanalia* banished, as the teachers onely of detested vice? Indeed, *Drunkennesse* besots a *Nation*, and beaстиates euen the brauest *spirits*. There is nothing which a man that is foked in *drinke* is fit for, no nor for *sleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rages, 'tis but man warring against man: when *Drunkennesse* reignes, the *Diuell* is at war with man, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquor* damne him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre against the *Persians*, when hee heard they were such *Drinkers*: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doubtlesse, though the *Soule* of a *Drunkard* should bee so drowned, as to bee *insensate*; yet his *Body*, me thinkes, should irke him to a *penitence* and *discesion*. VVhen like an impoysoned *bulke*, all his *powers* mutiny in his distended *skinne*, no question but he must be pained, till they come agayne to *settling*. What a *Monster Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *swimming Eye*; a *Face* both *roast* and *fod*: a *temulentine Tongue*, clammed to the *roose* and *gummes*; a *drumming Eare*; a *feauered Body*; a *boyling Stomack*; a *Mouth* nasty with *offensine fumes*, till it sicken the *Braine* with *giddy verminations*; a *palsied hand*: and *legs* tottering vp and downe their *moystened burthen*. And whereas we eat our *dishes* feuerall, because their *mixture* would loath the *taste*, the *eye*,



and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made *excrement*, reverts them, mished in an odious vomit. And very probable tis, that this was the *poison*, which kil'd the valiant *Alexander*. *Proteus* gaue him a *quaffe* of two gallons, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. 'Tis an ancient *Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* vs'd to say of *Cesar*, that *He alone came sober, to the ouerthrow of the State*. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drinke*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snare* of his *Enemies*, or ouerbeares his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there bee, whose delights are onely to *tunne in*: and perhaps as *Bonofus*, they neuer straine their *bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countries* fat. That 'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proues it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady*, in this *Kingdome*, who would often complaine, that the greatest inconuenience hee found in *Seruice*, was, his being vrged to *drinke*. And the better hee is, the more hee shall find it. The eyes of many are vpon the *Eminent*: and *Servants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of so meane *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. Wee may obserue, it euer takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such louers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and vnlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in *braine*. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most *civilized*,

civilized, I finde not tainted with this spot. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) Templed and adored this drunken God; yet one would take their ascriptions to him, to bee matter of dishonour, and mockes: As his troupe of furied Women: his Chariot drawne with the *Linx* and *Tyger*: and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were onely the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all proue, that frequently honour him with excessive draughts. I like a *Cup*, to briske the spirits; but continuance dulls them. It is lesse labour to plow, then to pot it: and urged *Healts* doe infinitely adde to the trouble. I will neuer drinke but *Liberties*, nor euer those so long, as that I lose mine owne.

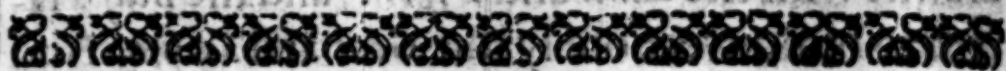
———Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heave  
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my stomacke: nor yet reave  
Ope' arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,  
And *Phrygian Horne* be mute: blind selfe-lones curse,  
Braues without braine; Faith's closetings, alas!  
Doe follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glasse*.

*Horace* reads it thus: — *Non ego te candida Passarelli*  
*Inuitum quatiam: nec varijs obfusa stondibus*  
*Sub Diuum rapiam. Sana tene Berecynthio*  
*Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,*  
*Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,*  
*Arcanig; fides Prodigæ, perlucidior vitro.*

Let mee rather bee disliked for not being a *Beast*,  
then bee good-fellowed with a *hag*, for being one.  
Some laugh at mee, for being *sober*: and I laugh at



them for being *drunke*. Let their *pleasures* crowne them, and their *mirth* abound: the next day they will sticke in *mud*. *Bibite, & pergracimini o Cimmerij! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*



## LXXXV.

*Of Marriage, and single life.*

**B**Oth Sexes made but *Man*. So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *World* is contracted in a *Bed*: and without this, like the *Head* and *body* parted, eyther would consume, without a possibility of *reuiuing*. And though wee finde many *enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to finde an *Enemy* to the *use* on't. Surely hee was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature* in her true worke, neuer made any thing in vaine. Hee that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contempt* against *Nature*; as disdainig to make vse of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turkes* hold, without some colour of *Reason*: They say, Hee that *marries* not at fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of fve and twenty yeeres) is not *just*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I beleue it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastitie* is many times accompanied with such *inconueniencies* as wee see ensue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*,  
and

and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to roote out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, then they are aware of. The best *chastitie* of all, I hold to bee *Matrimoniall chastitie*: when *Paires* keepe themselves in a moderate *intermutu- alnesse*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *World* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit euen in *Nature* and *Policy*, that this *propriety* should be inuiolable: First, in respect of the impurenesse of *mixt Posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* should bee interess'd in one *Woman*, it could not bee, but there would infinite *Iarres* arise. Some haue complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it tyes men so strictly in this poynt, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedy*. But surely if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a gap to many *mischiefes*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are *digested*, and made straight againe. Those I obserue to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subiect to the fits of *choller*. Their *freedome* shuts out *Jealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlocke*; and withall, it diuideth both *ioy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they euer linke in loue. Nay, whereas small and *domesticke Iarres*, more fret *marriages*, then *great ones* and *publike*; these two will take them away. *Freedome* reueales them, that they ranckle not the *Heart* to a *secret loathing*: and *Mildnesse* heares them, without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: so they cloze againe after *discussion*, many times in a *straiter*



*Tye. Poverty in Wedlocke, is a great decayer of love and contentation; and Riches can finde many waies, to diuert an inconuenience; but the minde of a man is all. Some can bee seruile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoope to. About all, let the generous minde beware of marrying poore: for though he cares the least for wealth, yet hee will bee most galled with the want of it. Selfe-conceited people neuer agree well together: they are wilfull in their brawles, and Reason cannot reconcile them. VWhere either are onely opinionately wise, Hell is there: vnlesse the other bee a Patient meerely. But the worst is, when it lights on the VWoman: shee will thinke to rule, because shee hath the subtiller braine: and the Man will looke for't, as the priuiledge of his Sex. Then certainly, there will bee madworke, when Wit is at warre with Prerogatiue. Yet againe, where Marriages prooue vnfortunate, a Woman with a bad Husband, is much worse, then a Man with a bad VVife. Men haue much more freedome, to court their Consent abroad. There are, that account Women onely as Seed-plots for posteritie: others worse, as onely quench for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they be discrete and good. They are Women but in body alone. Questionlesse, a Woman with a wise Soule is the fittest Companion for Man: otherwise God would haue giuen him a Friend rather then a Wife. A wise Wife comprehends both Sexes: she is Woman for her body, and shee is Man within: for her soule is like her Husbands. It is the Crowne of Blessings, when in one*

one *Woman* a *Man* findeth both a *Wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot haue this *happinesse*; though in some mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *Marriage* may bee commendable; so I thinke *Desire* in *Single life*, is not an euill of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *Man* cannot auoid it. Some things there are, that *conscience* in generall *Man* condemnes, without a *Litterall Law*: as *Iniustice*, *Blasphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the *desires of the flesh*, is a worke of *Religion*, rather then of *Nature*. And therefore sayes *Saint Paul*, *I had not knowne Lust to haue beene a sinne, if the Law had not sayd, Thou shalt not lust. Votue Abstinence*, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deale of *vexatious penitence*. To liue chaste without *vowing*, I like a great deale better: nor shall wee finde the *Diuell* so busie to tempt vs to a single sinne of *unchastity*; as he will, when it is a sinne of *unchastity* and *periuurie* too. I finde it commended, but not imposed. And when *Iephtha's Daughter* dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'de a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *marriage*) priuiledge the *wedded*. And though the *Romans* had their *Vestals*, yet after their thirty yeeres continuance, the cruelty of *inforced Chastitie* was not in force against them. *Single life* I will like in some, whose mindes can suffer continency: but should all liue thus,



thus, a hundred yeeres would make the world a Desert. And this alone may excuse mee, though I like of Marriage better. One tends to ruine, the other to increasing of the glory of the world, in multitudes.

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LXXXVI.

Of Charitie.

Charitie is communicated goodnesse, and without this, Man is no other then a Beast, preying for himselfe alone. Certainly, there are more men liue vpon Charity, then there are, that do subsist of themselves. The World, which is chained together by intermingled loue, would all shatter, and fall to pieces, if Charity should chance to dye. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to giue it the chaire from all the rest of vertues. With Knowledge, with Valour, with Modesty, and so with other particular Vertues, a man may bee ill with some contrarying vice: But with Charity we cannot be ill at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in Timothie; The end, or consummation of the Law, is loue out of a pure heart. *Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said Saint Augustine of old. Next, whereas other vertues are restrictive, and looking to a mans selfe: This takes all the world for it's object: and nothing that hath sense, but is better for this Displayer. There bee among the Mahometans, that are so taken with this beauty,

*beauty*, that they will with a *price* redeeme *ingaged*  
*Birds*, to restore them to the *liberty* of their plu-  
*med wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *cost*  
*feed fishes* in the *streaming water*. But their opinion  
 of deseruing by it, makes it as a *Superstitious* *jol-*  
*ly*: and in *Materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*.  
 Indeed, nothing makes vs more like to *God*, then  
*Charitie*. As all things are filled with his *goodnesse*, so  
 the *Vniuersall* is partaker of the *good mans* *sprea-*  
*ding Loue*. Nay, it is that which giues life to all  
 the *Race* of other *vertues*. It is that which makes  
 them to appeare in *Act*. *Wisdom*e and *Science* are  
 worth nothing, vnlesse they be *distributive*, and de-  
 clare themselues to the *VWorld*. *Wealth* in a *Misers*  
 hand is *uselesse*, as a *lockt-up Treasure*. 'Tis *charity* on-  
 ly, that maketh *riches* worth the owning. Wee may  
 obserue, when *charitable men* haue ruled, the *VWorld*  
 hath *flourished*, and enioyed the blessings of *Peace*,  
 and *prosperitie*: the *times* haue been more *pleasant* &  
*smooth*: nor haue any *Princes* fate more secure or  
 firme in their *Thrones*, then those that haue bin *cle-*  
*ment* & *benigne*: as *Titus*, *Traian*, *Antonine*, & others.  
 And we may obserue againe, how *rugged*, and how  
 full of *brackes* those *times* haue been, wherein *cruell*  
*ones* haue had a power. *Cicero* sayes of *Sylla's time*,  
 — *Nemo illo inuito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam,*  
*retinere potuerit*. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*,  
 was frighted at the cry of *seuen thousand Romans*,  
 which hee had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids  
 them minde their *businesse*, for it was onely a few  
*Seditaries*, that hee had commanded to bee slaine.  
 No question but there are, which delight to see a  
 Rome



Rome in flames and like a *transit* Troy, mocking the  
 absent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger Men  
 to *Martyrdome*, and make them dye by *piecemeale*.  
*Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be *quickly kill'd*,  
 that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would  
 needs see the *Scriviner* dye in his *presence*, for hee  
 said hee would feed his *eyes*. But I wonder, whence  
 these men haue their *minds*. God, nor *Man*, nor  
*Nature* euer made them thus. Sure, they borrow  
 it from the *Wilderneffe*, from the imboasted *Sauage*,  
 and from *tormenting spirits*. When the *Legge* will  
 neither beare the *Body*, nor the *Stomach* disperse  
 his receit, nor the *Hand* bee seruiceable to the di-  
 recting *Head*, the whole must certainly *languish*,  
 and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when *Members*  
 are sullen'd, and *snarle* one at another, downe falls  
 the *frame* of all.

*Quod mundus, stabili fide,  
 Concordes variat vices:*

*Quod pugnantia semina  
 Fœdus perpetuum tenent:*

*Quod Phœbus roseum diem,  
 Curru prouehit aureo:*

*Vt quas duxerit Hesperus,  
 Phœbe noctibus imperet:*

*Vt fluctus auidum mare  
 Certo sine coerceat,*

*Ne terris liceat vagis  
 Latas tendere terminos:*

*Hanc rerum seriem ligat,  
 (Terras, ac Pelagas regens,*

*Et Cælo imperitans) Amor.*

That

That the *world* in constant force,  
Varies his concordant course:

That feeds iarring, *hot* and *cold*,  
Doe the *Breed* perpetuall hold:

That the *Sunne* in's golden *Car*.  
Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.

That the *Moone* swayes all those *lights*,  
*Hesper* vsuers to *darke nights*.

That *alternate Tydes* be found,  
*Seas* high-*prided* *waves* to bound,

Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,  
*Creeke* broad *Earths* inuallied face.

All the *Frame* of things that be,  
*Lone* (which rules *Heauen*, *Land*, and *Sea*)

Chaines, keepes, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boëtius*. The *world* containes nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. The *Ayre* yeelds *Fowles*: the *Water* *Fish*, the *Earth* *Fruit*. And all these yeeld something from themselves, for the *vse* and *behalf*, not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, hee that is *right*, must not thinke his *charity* to one in need a *courtesie*: but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground, to leaue mine owne in *drought*: yet I thinke to euery thing that hath *sense*, there is a kinde of *pitty* owing. *Salomons* good *Man*, is mercifull to his *Beast*: nor take I this to bee onely *intentionall*: but *expressiue*. *God* may respect the *minde*, and *will*; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be *charitable*, that *God* may accept me. Let my *actions* expresse it, that *man* may be *benefited*.

of



## LXXXVII.

## Of Trauaile.

A Speech which often came from *Alexander*, was; that hee had *discovered* more with his eye, then other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this hee spake of his *Trauaile*. For indeed, Men can but guesse at *places* by *relation* onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*. *Experience* is the best *Informer*. And one *Journey* will shew a man more, then any *descriptions* can. Some would not allow a man to moue from the *shell* of his owne *Countrey*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happinesse*, for *birth*, *life*, and *buriall*; to bee all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Trauaile* filleth the Man, he hath *liu'd* but lockt vp in a large *Chest*, which hath neuer seene but one *Land*. A *Kingdome* to the *World*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: a man may liue in't like an vnbred man. He that searcheth *farraine Nations*, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *travail'd*, is the best *compound* of man; and so corrects the *Vice* of one *Countrey*, with the *Vertues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he growes a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spayne*, are as the *Court* of the *World*. *Germany*, *Denmarke*, and *China*, are as the *Citie*. The rest are most of them *Countrey*, and *Barbarisme*: who hath not seene the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I thinke it not fit that  
euery

euery man should *trauaile*. It makes a *wise man* better, and a *foole* worse. This gaine nothing but the *gay sights, vices, exoticke gestures*, and the *apery* of a *Countrey*. A *Trauailing foole* is the *shame* of all *Nations*. Hee *shames* his *owne*, by his *weakenesse* abroad: He *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *domesticke vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himselfe by *Trauaile*, hee ought to obserue, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to auoyd it, as taking the *good*, into vse. And without *Registring* these things by the *Pen*, they will slide away *unprofitably*. A man would not thinke, how much the *Charactering* of a *thought* in *Paper*, fastens it. *Littera scripta manet*, has a large *sence*. He that does this, may, when hee pleaseth, *reiourne* ouer all his *voyage*, in his *Clozet*. *Graue Natures* are the best *proficients* by *Trauaile*: they are not so apt to take a *Soyle*; and they obserue more; but then they must put on an *outward freedom*, with an *ingenui- sition* seemingly *carelesse*. It were an *excellent thing* in a *State*, to haue alwaies a *select number* of *Youth*, of the *Nobility*, and *Gentry*; and at yeeres of some *Maturity*, send them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better dispose of them, then in *dedicating* them to the *Republike*. They themselves could not bee in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no question but they might *prooue mightily ser- uiceable* to the *State*, at home; when they shall re- turne well versed in the *World*, *languaged* and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation*, is much better then any booke-learning, though ne-



uer so deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the *best* is to conuerse with the *best*, and not to chuse by the eye, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, instruction is to be had at the *Court*. For *Traffique*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergie*; for *Gouernment*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Countrey*, and *rurall knowledge*, the *Boores* and *Peasantry*, can best helpe you. All *rarities* are to bee seene, especially *Antiquities*; for these shew vs the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one, both *example*, and *precept*. By these, comparing them with *Moderne Inuention*, vvee may see how the *World* thrives in *ability*, and *brayne*. But aboue all, see *rare men*. There is no *Monument*, like a worthy *man* aliue. VVee shall bee sure to finde something in him, to kindle our *spirits*, and inlarge our *minde*s with a worthy *emulation* of his *vertues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note*, cannot so lye hid, but that they will *shine forth*, through the *tongue* and *behaviour*, to the inlightning of the *rauisht beholder*. And because there is lesse in this, to take the *sense* of the *eye*, and things are more readily taken from a *liuing patterne*; the *Soule* shall more easily draw in his *excellencies*, and improoue it selfe with greater *profit*. But vnlesse a man has *iudgement* to order these *aright*, in *himselfe*, at his *returne*, all is in *vaine*, and lost labour. Some men, by *Tranell* will be changed in nothing: and some againe, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *morall* outside, wheresoeuer we be, may seeme best, when something fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but wheresoeuer I should goe, or stay, I would euer keepe my *God*, and *Friends* vnchangeably.

ably. Howsoere hee returnes, he wakes an ill *Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue*, and *Garments*.

## LXXXVIII.

## Of Musicke.

**D**iogenes spake right of *Musicke*, when hee told one that bragg'd of his skill; that *Wisedome* govern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Measures*, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleasure*, then any profit of *Man*. Being but a *sound*, it onely workes on the *minde* for the *present*; and leaves it not reclaimed, but rap't for a while: & then it returnes, forgetting the onely care-deepe *warbles*. It is but wanton'd *Ayre*, and the *Titillation* of that *spirited Element*. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Instruments*, which gather in the stirred *Ayre*, and so cause a *sound* in the *Motion*. The advantage it gaines vpon the *Minde*, is in respect of the neereneffe it hath to the *spirits composure*, which being *Aethereall*, and *harmonious*, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the *ayre* is thus moued, it comes by degrees to the *care*, by whose winding entrance, it is made more pleasant, and by that *insessent Ayre*, carried to the *Auditorie nerve*, which presents it to the *common sense*, and so to the *intellectuall*. Of all *Musicke*, that is best which comes from an *articulate voyce*. Whether it bee that *man* cannot make an *Instrument* so melodi-



ous, as that which God made, liuing Man: or, because there is something in this, for the *rationall* part, as well as for the *eare* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a carelesse *freenesse*, and a kinde of a neglectiue *easinesse*; Nature being alwaies most *louely*, in an *unaffected*, and *spontaneous* flowing. A *dexterious* Art, shewes *cunning*, and *industry*; rather then *iudgement*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kinde of *disparagement*, to bee a *cunning Fiddler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *employment*, and that hee hath spent much *time* vpon a thing *vnnesse*ssarie. Hence it hath beene counted ill, for great Ones to sing, or play, like an *Arted Musician*. Philip ask'd Alexander, if hee were not *ashamed*, that hee sang so *artfully*. And indeed, it softens the *minde*; The *curiosity* of it, is fitter for *Women* then *Men*, and for *Curtezans* then *Women*. Among other descriptions of a *Romane Dame*, *Salust* puts it downe for one, that shee did — *Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quam necesse est proba*. But yet againe 'tis pittie, that these should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such power to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helps of *wooing*. Many a *minde* hath beene angled vnto ill, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that tooke *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are framed, it can draw, and *incline* the *minde*. *Liuely Tunes* doe lighten the *minds*: *Graue* ones giue it *Melancholy*. *Lofty* ones raise it, and *aduance* it to *aboue*. *VVhose dull blood* will not caper in his *veines*, when the very *ayre* hee breathes in, *frisketh* in a tickled motion: *VVho* can but fixe his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when hee heares the *figh*, and *Dying groanes*,

groanes, gestur'd from the *mournefull Instrument*. And I thinke hee hath not a *minde* well temper'd, whose zeale is not inflamed by a *heauenly Anthem*. So that indeed, *Musicke* is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it *excellent*, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wisdom*, to bee *God of Musicke* also. But it may be the *Egyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingnesse*, madethem so to *honour* him. As the *Spartans* vsed it, it serued still for an *excitation to Valour*, and *Honourable Actions*: but then they were so carefull of the *manner* of it, as they finde *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the post, for beeing too *inuentione*, in adding a *string* more then vsuall. Yet had hee done the *State* good seruice, for hee appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetrie*. Sometimes *light Notes* are vsfull, as in times of generall *Joy*, and when the *minde* is pressed with *sadnesse*. But certainly, those are best, which inflame *zeale*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*, so the *Jewes*. The other for *Warre*, so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace*, and *Moralitie*: Thus *Orpheus* ciuiliized the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of some *excellency*, that tis vsed onely of the most *aeriuall creatures*, loued, and vnderstood by *Man* alone; the *Birds* next, haue *variety* of *Notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of *grosser composition*, haue onely *silence*, or vtuned *sounds*. They that *despise* it wholly, may well bee *suspected*, to bee something of a *Sauage Nature*. The *Italians* haue somewhat a *smart censure*, of those that affect



it not: They say, *God* loues no him, whom hee hath not made to loue *Musicke*. *Aristotles* conceit, that *Ioue* doth neuer *Harpe*, nor *sing*, I doe not hold a dispraise. Wee finde in *Heauen* there bee *Hallelwih*s sung. I belecue it, as a helper both to good, and ill; and will therefore honour it, when it mooues to *Vertue*, and beware it, when it would flatter into *Vice*.

## LXXXIX.

## Of Repentance.

**H**Er that will not repent, shall raine, nor is hee to bee pittied in his sufferings, that may escape a torment, by the compunction of a heart, and teares. Surely, that *God* is mercifull, that will admit offences to be expiated, by the sight, and fluxed eyes. But it is to be wondred at, how *Repentance* can againe intreat our vs with an offended *God*; since when a *sinne* is past, griefe may lessen it, but not vnsinne it. That which is done, is vncallable, because a *sinne* does intend in infinitum. *Adultery* once committed, mangle all the reures in man, for the *Act*, remains *Adultery* still: yea, though the guilt, and punishment be remitted: nor can a *Man* vnact it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin* honour, there may be some satisfaction, but no restitution. Certainely, there are secret walkes of goodnesse, and Puritie; whereby all things are reuolued in a constant way, which by the supreme power of *God*, they were at first inuested

invested in. And when *Man* strays from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till hee bee reduced into his first ranke, and order. And this, I thinke, may excuse *God* of changeablenesse, when we say hee turnes to *Man*, vpon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *Man* that changes, *God* is still the *un-altered* same. And the first *Immutability* of things, neuer leaues a man, till he bee either settled againe in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as hee is not rightly reinserted, till he does *Coöperate* with the *Noble* revolution of all: so hee is not truly penitent, that is not progressiue, in the *Motion* of aspiring goodnesse. When hee is once thus againe, though hee were a straggler from the *Round*, and like a wry Cog in the wheele, yet now, hee is streighted, and set againe in his way, as if hee had neuer beene out. Sayes the *Tragedian*:

*Rememus illuc, unde non decuit prius  
abire*

Returne we, whence it was a shame to stray:  
and presently after,

*Quem poenitet peccasse, paue est innocens.*

He that repents, is well-neere innocent.

Nay, sometimes a *failing* and *returne*, is a prompter to a *surer bold*. *Saint Ambrose* obserues, that *Peters* Faith was stronger after his *fall*, then before: so as



he doubts not to say, that, by *his fall*, he found more grace, then he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *Diuell* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging* man into a *deepe* offence. A sudden ill *Aet*, growes abhorred in the *minde* that did it. He is mightily *carelesse*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that *smarts*, will put vs to a *safer* ward. But the danger is, when wee *glide* in a *smoothed* way: for then, wee shall neuer returne of our *selues* alone. Questionlesse, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot bee but the gift of *Deitie*. Said the *Roman Theodosius*: That *liuing* men *dye*, is *usuall*, and *naturall*: but that dead men *liue* againe by *Repentance*, is a *worke* of *Godhead* onely. How farre, how secure, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodnesse*, checke vs in our full-blowne *saile*? Without doubt, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the salt of *Crosses*. The other would bee quickly *rancke* and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *washt* with *Butter*, and the *Rose-bud* crownes them: but doubtlesse, 'tis a *misery* to liue in *oyled* vice, when her *wayes* are made *slippery* with her owne *slime*: and the *bared* tracke inuiteth to a *ruinous* race. *Heauen* is not had without *repentance*; and *repentance* seldome meetes a man in *iollity*, in the *careere* of *Lust*; and the *bloods* loose *ryot*. A *Father* said of *Dauid*; Hee *sinned* as *Kings* vse to doe; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* haue vsed not to doe. I would not bee so *happy*, as to want the *meanes* whereby I might bee *penitent*. I am sure no man can *liue* without *sinne*: and I am sure no *sinner* can

can bee *saue*d without it. Nor is this in a mans *owne* *choyce*, to take it vp when hee please. Surely, *Man* that would neuer *lean*e to *sinne*, would neuer of himselfe begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *live* so, as wee might not *need*e it: But since I can neither not *need* it, nor giue it my *selfe*, I will pray him to giue it mee, who after hee hath giuen mee this, will giue me both *release* and *glory*.



## X C.

*Of Warre and Souldiers.*

**A**FTER a long *Scene of Peace*, *Warre* euer enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *Worlds* *Physicke*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *Warre*, as the foure *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *whee*le, that the *Times* turne on. As we see in *Bees*, when the *Hyne* multiplies, and fils, *Nature* hath alwaies taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow ouer *populous*, they *discharge* themselves by *Troupes*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politicke*, which (like the *Naturall*) *Rest*, and a full *diet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sicknesse*, or *Euacuations*. When 'tis eased of these, it subsides againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *Warre* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Betweene *Peace*, and *Warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: betweene *Warre* and



Peace, none at all. The causes of all Warres, may be reduced to five heads: *Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Providence, and Defence.* The two first, were the most usuall causes of Warre among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride*, and *Covetousnesse*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high bloods, to call, *Honour* and increase of *Empire*. The originall of all, *Tibullus* will needs haue gold.

*Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?*

*Quam ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?*

*Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc praelia nata,  
Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via est.*

*At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,*

*Vertimus, in saevas quod dedit ille feras.*

*Dicitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,*

*Fagus adstabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.*

Of killing Swords who might first Author be?

Sure, a Steele minde, and bloody thought had he.

Mankinds destruction, Wars, were then made knowne,  
And shorter waies to death, with terrour showne.

Yet (cur'd) hee's not i'th fault; wee madly bend  
That on our selves, hee did for beasts intend.

Full gold's i'th fault: no Wars, no iarres were then,  
When Beech bowles onely were in vse with men.

That which hath growne from the propagation of  
*Religion*, was neuer of such force, as since the *Mahumetan* Law, and *Catholike* cause, have ruffled a-  
mong the *Nations*. Yet questionlesse to lay the  
foundation

*foundation of Religion in blood, is to condemne it, before we teach it; The Sword may force Nature, and destroy the Body, but cannot make the minde believe that Lawfull, which is begun in unlawfulness: Yet without doubt in the enterprizers, the opinion has animated much: wee see how it formerly fired the Turke, and is yet a strong motive to the Spanish attempts. Vnlesse hee throwes abroad this to the world, to blanch his Rapine and his cruelty. For that of Reuenge; I see not but it may bee lawfull for a Prince, euen by Warre, to vindicate the honour of himselfe, and People. And the reason is, because in such cases of iniury, the whole Nation is interested: and many times the recompence, is more due to the Subjects, then the Soueraigne. That of Providence may well haue a passe: as when Princes make Warre to auoyd Warre: or when they see a storme ineuitably falling, 'tis good to meet it, and breake the force: should they euer sit still while the blow were giuen them, they might very well vndo themselves by Patience; wee see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent sickness. For that of Defence, both Religion, and all the Rules of Nature plead for't. The Commanders in Warre ought to be built vpon these three Vertues; they should be Wise, Valiant, Experienc'd. Wisedome in a Generall, many times ends the Warre without VVarre. Of all Victories, the Roman thought that best, which least was stain'd with blood. And they were content to let Camillus triumph, when hee had not fought. In these times, it is especially requisite, since Stratagems and Aduantages are more in vse, then the open*



open and the daring valour. Yet valiant hee must be; else he growes contemptible, loses his command, and by his owne feare, infects his Troupes with cowardice. To the eternall honour of Caesar, Cicero reports, that in all his commands of the Field, there was not found an *Itē*, but a *Veni*: as if hee scorn'd in all his Onsets, to be any thing, but still a Leader. Alwaies teaching by the strongest Authority, his owne forwardnesse, his owne examples. And though these bee Excellencies, they bee all, without Experience, lame. Let him bee neuer so learned, his Bookes cannot limit his designs in severall: and though he be perfect in a Paper-plot, where his eye has all in view; he will faile in a Leaguer, where he sees but a limme at once: Besides, Experience puts a credit on his Actions, and makes him farre more prompt in undertakings. And indeed, there is a great deale of reason, why wee should respect him, that with an untainted valour, has growne old in Armes, and hearing the Drumme beat. When euery minute, Death seemes to passe by, and shunne him, hee is as one that the supreme God has car'd for, and, by a particular Guard defended in the Haile of Death. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to exorbitancy; yet this is more in the common sort, that are pressed as the reffuse, and burthen of the Land, then in those that by a Nobler breeding, are abler to command. Want, Idlenessse, and the desperate face of blood, hath hardened them to Out-rages. Nor may we wonder, since euen their life is but an order'd Quarrell, raised to the fend of killing. Certainly, it was with such that Lucan was so out of charity.

*Nulla fides, Pietasq; viris, qui castra sequuntur,  
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor Faith, nor Conscience, common Souldiers carry.  
Best pay, is right: their hands are Mercenary.

For the weapons of Warre, they differ much from those of ancient times: and I beleue, the inuention of Ordnance hath mightily saued the liues of men. They command at such distance, and are so vnresistable, that men come not to the shooke of the Battell, as in former Ages. We may obserue, that the greatest numbers, haue fallen by those weapons, that haue brought the Enemies neere together. Then the pitched field was the triall, and men were so ingaged that they could not come off, till blood had decided victory. The same Aduantages are still, and rather greater now, then of old: The Winde, the Sunne, the better Ground. In former Warres, for all their Armes, the Ayre was euer cleere: but now their Peeces mist, and thicken it, which beaten vpon them by disaduantages, may soone indanger an Armie. Surely Warres are in the same nature with offences, *Neceesse est ut veniant*. They must be, yet *Va inducenti*, They are mightily in fault that cause them. Euen reason teaches vs to cast the blood of the slaine, vpon the vniust Authors of it. That which giues the minde security, is a iust cause, & a iust deputation. Let me haue these, and of all other, I shall thinke this, one of the noblest, and most manly waies, of dying.



## XCI.

## Of Scandall.

**T**Is unhappinesse enough to himsele, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a *staine* on a whole *Society*, his *guilt* will *gnaw* him with a sharper tooth. Euen the effect is contrary to the sway of *Nature*, and the wishes of the whole extended *Earth*. All men desire, that vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: onely he that scandals a *Church*, or *Nation*, makes his friends mourne, and his Enemies reioyce. They sigh for his iust shame, vniustly flung on them: these smile, to see an *aduersary* false, and the blow giuen to those that would uphold him. And though the *Author* liues where hee did, yet his soule has beene *Traytor*, and helped the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance euen the warranted, and maintained cause of a *Nation*; especially if he has beene good. Blots appeare fouler in a strict life, then a loose one; no man wonders at the *Swines* wallowing: butto see an *Ermine* myr'd, is *Prodigie*. Where doe *Vices* shew so foule, as in a *Minister*, when hee shall bee heavenly in his *Pulpit* alone? Certainly, they wound the *Gospell*, that preach it to the *World*, and liue, as if they thought to goe to *Heaven* some other way then that they teach the people. How vnseemely is it, when a grane *Cassocke*, shall bee lin'd with a wanton *Reneller*, and with

with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, God will bee severest against those, that will weare his *Badge*, and seeme his *servants*, yet inwardly side with the *Devill*, and *Lusts*. They spot his *Honour*, and cause *prophane ones* iest at his *Holinesse*. We see, the *Prince* suffers in the *failes* of his *Ambassadour*: and a *servants ill action* is some touch to his *Masters reputation*: nor can hee free himselfe, but by deliue- ring him vp to *Iustice*, or discarding him: other- wise, he would be iudg'd to *patronize* it. Other offen- ces God may punish, this, he must, least the *enemies of his Truth* triumph against him. *David* had his *whip* for this: Because by this hee had caused the *Ene- mies of God* to *blaspheme*, the *Child* must dye. When hee that had *Anthem'd* the *purenesse of the God of Israel*, and proclaimed the *Noble Acts* hee did of old; and seem'd as one indear'd to the *Almighties Love*: how would the *Philistines* reioyce, when hee should thus become *Apostate*, and with a *mild licentiousnesse*, mix his *lust* with *murther* and *ingra- titude*? Surely, the *Vices of Alexander the sixth*, did mightily discolour *Papacie*: til then, *Princes* were afraid of *Bulls* and *excommunications*: but it was so vsuall with him, to *curse* vpon his owne *displeasure*, and for aduancing of his *spurious Race*: that it hath made them slighted, euer since his *passi- ons* so impublik'd them. VVhat a *staine* it was to *Christendome*, that the *Turke* should pull a *Christian Kings* violated *Covenant* from his *bosome*, in the *War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an *Act* of those, that profess'd themselves his *Servants*? Beware how thy *Actions* fight against thy *Tongue* or *Penne*.

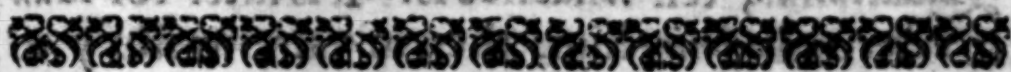
One



One ill life will pull downe more, then many good Tongues can build. And doubtlesse, G O D, that is *iealous* of his Honour, will vindicate these *soiles*, with his most *destructiue arme*. Take heed, not of *strictnesse*, but of *falling foulely* after it. As hee that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himselfe, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So hee that liues *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does the worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sinnes* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selues alone, but by a kinde of *argumentative way*, dishonour G O D in the *consequent*. And euen all the *Church* of sincerest good men, suffer in a *seeming good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest vnfound within, soyle not the glorious *Roabe of Truth*, by patting it vpon thy *beastlinesse*. VVhen *Diogenes* saw a wanton vaunting in a *Lions skinne*, hee calls vnto him, that hee should forbear to make *Vertues garment* blush. And indeed, *Vertue* is ashamed, when shee hath a *Seruant vile*. VVhen those that should bee *Sunnes*, shall bee eclipsed, the *lesser Starres* will lose their light and splendour. Euen in the *Spaniards Conquest* of the *Indians*, I dare thinke, their *crueltie* and *bloodinesse*, haue kept more from their *faith*, then all their force haue wonne them. Some would not beleue, *Heauen* had any *blessednesse*, because they heard there were some *Spaniards* there. So hatefull can *detected Vice* make that which is euen *goodnesse* it selfe: and so excellent is a *soule of integritie*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxurie* to *reuerence*. The beastly *Floralians* were abash'd and ceas'd at the vpright

Cato's

*Cato's* presence. A second to *externall goodnesse*, is, a wise *man*, vncorrupt in *life*: his *soule* shines, and the beames of that *shine*, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same *spirit* guide both the *hand* and *tongue*. I will neuer profess, what I will not strue to *practise*: and will thinke it better to bee but *crooked timber*, then a *straite blocke*, and after lye to *stumble men*.



## XCII

*That Diuinity does not crosse Nature,  
so much as exceed it.*

THEY that are *Diuines* without *Philosophie*, can hardly maintaine the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may haue an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they haue not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainly, *Diuinity* and *Morality* are not so auerse, but that they well may liue together: for, if *Nature* bee *rectified* by *Religion*, *Religion* againe is *strengthened* by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ aboue in the *Stars*, onely wee haue not skill to finde it: so, I beleecue, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrarie to *Reason*, if we knew it rightly. For conuersation among men, and the *true happinesse* of *Man*: *Philosophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*. Nay, I thinke I may also adde, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neere as *Man* can conceiue



ceine him. How exact hath it made *Iustice*? How  
 busie to finde out *Truth*? How rightly directed  
*loue*? exalting with much earnestnesse, all those  
*Graces*, that are any way amiable. Hee that seekes  
 in *Plato*, shall finde him making God the *Solum sum-*  
*um Bonum*; to which a pure and vertuous life is  
 the way. For defining God, my opinion is, that Man,  
 neither by *Diuinity* nor *Philosophy*, can, as they say,  
*Quidditatiue*, tell what hee is. It is fitter for Man  
 to adore and admire him, then in vaine to study to  
 comprehend him. God is for Man to stand amazed  
 and wonder at. The clogg'd and drossie Soule, can  
 neuer sound him, who is the *unimaginable Foun-*  
*taine of Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a  
*graduate Derivation*, haue their *light, life, and being*.  
 In these things they agree; but I finde three other  
 things, wherein *Diuinity* ouer-soareth *Nature*. In  
 the *Creation of the World*, in the *Redemption of Man*,  
 and in the way and *Rites*, wherein God will be wor-  
 shipped. In the *Creation of the World*: No *Philoso-*  
*phie* could euer reach at that which *Moses* taught  
 vs. Heere the *Humanists* were all at a stand and  
*Iarre*: all their *coniectures* being rather witty, and  
*conceit*, then true and reall. Some would haue all  
 things from *Fire*; some, from *Ayre*; some, from  
*Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*;  
 some, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, some, and some,  
 from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the neereſt, in  
 finding out the trueſt *Materia Prima*: but because  
 hee could not beleue this made of nothing, hee is  
 content to erre, and thinke it was eternall. Surely,  
 this *Conceit* was as farre from *Reason*, as the other:  
 his

his Reason might haue fled vnto Omnipotencie, as well as to Eternity. And so indeed, when Philosophie hath gone as farre as shee is able, shee arriueeth at Almightyesse, and in that Abisse is lost: where not knowing the way, shee goeth but by guesse, and cannot tell when she is or right or wrong. Yet is she rather subordinate, then contrarie. Nature is not crosse, but runnes into Omnipotencie: and like a petty Riuer, is swallowed in that boundlesse Main. For the Redemption of Man, even the Scripture calls it a Mystery: and all that Humanity could euer reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of Mercy, by the vrgings of the Conscience. They all knew they had failed, and false. Their owne bosomes would tell them thus: but the way how they might bee restored, neuer fell into their Heathen thoughts. This was a worke that GOD declared onely to his owne Peculiar, by the immediate Reuelation of his Word and Will. For the Manner how God would bee worshipped, no Naturalist could euer finde it out, till hee himselfe gaue directions from his sacred Scripture. In the first Chapter to the Romans, Saint Paul grants, that they may know God, through the visibilities in his Workes: but for their ignorance in this he sayes, The wrath of GOD is reuealed against them: Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but turned the Glory of the incomparable God, to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible Man, and of Birds, and of foure-footed Beasts, and of creeping things. And these three things the Scripture teacheth vs: which else wee could neuer haue learned,

V

from



from all the *Bookes* in the *World*. Thus wee see for *moralitie*, *Nature* still is something *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confirmed, that shee is *thicke-sighted*, and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man*, vpon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God*, in the height of *Omnipotencie*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith*, as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide mee, when I haue to deale with *Man*; but in *Diuine* affaires, *Reason* shall waite on *Faith*, and submit to her *Preogatiue*. The *Conscience* is great; but *God* is farre greater then it.

## XCIII.

## Of tediousnesse in Discourse.

**A** Prating Barber came to trimme King *Arche-laus*, and asked him, *Sir*, how will you please to haue mee cut your haire? Sayes the King, *Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* ha's nothing to do, but to heare and answer; yet a *limcillesse* tongue is a strange *unbitted Beast*, to worry one with. And the miserie is, they that speake much, feldome speake well: for they that know how to speake a-right, know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot bee but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long speeches*, though they may please the speaker, yet they are the torture of the hearing care. I haue pittied *Horace*, when hee was put into his sweat, and almost slaine in the *via sacra*, by the accidentall

accidentall detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing tyres one, like the *sawing* of ones eares, when words shall clatter, like a *window loose*, in wind. A talkative Fellow is the *vntrac'd Drumme*, which beates a wise man out of his wits. Surely, Nature did not guard the tongue with the double fence of teeth and lips, but that shee meant it should not moue too nimbly. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholler* full of words, hee asked a double Fee: one, to learne him to *speake well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talke too much to others, I feare me, feldome speake with theselues enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their owne *bosomes*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Foole* to the *People*, while they thinke themselves are wise. But there are, and that seuerally, that bee much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Laquacity* is the *Fistula* of the minde, euer running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traytours* to *Societie*: they are *Vessels* vnfit for vse; for they bee boarded in their *bottomes*. Some will boast the *faours* they haue found: and by this meanes, they often bring *goodnesse* into suspect, lose *loue*, and iniure *Fame*.

*Sed tacitus pasci si posset Coruus, haberet  
Plus dapis, & rixa multo minus, inuidiaq;*

But could the *Crow*, be silent fed, his *diet*  
Might daintyer be, lesse enuied, and more quiet.  
You shall finde too, that will cloy you with their



owne *Inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*, which vnlesse they meete with those that loue the *Muses*, is as a dainty *Oration*, deliuer'd to one in a *Language* that hee vnderstands not. His *Iudgement* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inuiting his *Friend* to supper, promise, that he

— no *Verses* would repeate.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be deliuered of a *Leſſe*, till they haue trauailed an houre in *Trivials*; as if they had taken the whole *Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at large: thus they often spoyle a good *Dish*, with improper *Sauces*, and vnſauorie *ſauces*. Some haue a veine in *counſelling*; euen till they ſtop the eare, they powre it in. *Tedious Admonitions* dull the *Adviſed*, and make the giuer contemptible. It is the ſhort *reproaſe*, that ſtayes like a ſtab in the *Memorie*: and many times, three words doe more good, then an idle *Diſcourſe* of three houres. Some haue *varieties* of *Stories*, euen to the tiring of an *Auditor*; and theſe are often, euen the graue follies of *Age*, whoſe vnwatcht *tongues* ſtray into the waſte of words, and giue vs cauſe to blame their *memories*, for retaining ſo much of their *Youth*. There are too, that haue a leaping *Tongue*, to ligger into the tumult of *diſcourſe*; and vnlesse you haue an *Ariſtius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither ſo ill nor noiſefull, as is one of theſe. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtleſſe, the

the best way for *speech*, is to be *short, plaine, materiall*.  
 Let me heare one *wise man* sentence it, rather then  
 twenty *Fooler*, garrulous in their lengthened *taule*.  
*Est tempus quando tribil, est tempus quando aliquid:*  
*nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.*  
*Hugo Victorinus.*

## XCIII.

## Of Liberty, and Restraints.

IT was but a *Flourish* of *Cicero's Oratory*, when hee  
 said, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus*. The  
 greatest *Prince* that euer was produc'd by *Woman*,  
 comes *insanguin'd* into the *World*, and is a poore re-  
 sistlesse *Slave*, to the first *arme* that hee falls into.  
 But if he meant it of the *Noble spirit* of *Man*, then  
 I thinke 'tis true: for it still aduanceth to that  
*Sunne*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigour*.  
 And thus, wee see all things doe aspire to *libertie*,  
 and the affecting of an vncontrolled *Freedom*.  
 Euery *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like  
 that, from whence it is deriued. Looke ouer all  
 the *World*, and you shall finde, that euery thing, as  
 farre as the *Ability* will giue it *Line*, does *Snaille* it  
 after *Deitie*, and with a kinde of rising *Emulation*,  
 slowly *Apes Almightinesse*. But this *Liberty* of *Hu-*  
*mane spirit*, is that which cannot be restrained, and  
 therefore the restraint of the *Body*, is that which  
 we will speake of. This is commonly by *Imprisonment*,  
 or by *Service*. That of *Imprisonment*, is no-  
 thing



thing such a *mischief*, as the most doe thinke it. The greatest is, in that, the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeede is this *totall*, but in part, and *locall* onely. In this, a *blinde man* is the most *miserable Prisoner* of all: VVhatsoeuer place does hold him, he is still in the *VVorlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable shade*. And indeede, the most burthensome imprisonment, is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as the *Gout*, the *Palsey*, and the like: becaule, for the most part, these hold vs, not without *paine*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about vs. For the other, I see not, but a *locall restraint*, without *want*, and *inforced employment*, may very easily bee conuerted to a *happinesse*: vnlesse *Men* will let their *minds* long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *sequestration* from the *World*, which many of the wisest haue voluntarily put vpon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shau his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himselfe within, by a willing *necessity*. *Dioclesians* two and twenty *Yeeres* *Empery*, could not put him out of loue with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles* the Fifth, his many *Kingdomes*. There are *Examples* of extraordinary gaine, that *Men* haue made of such *Confinements*. Assuredly, while a *Man* is tossed among *Men*, and *businessse*, hee cannot so enioy himselfe, as when hee is something seclused from both of these. And it is a *Misery*, when a *man* must so apply himselfe to others, as he cannot haue leasure to account with himselfe. Besides, be he neuer so at large, hee does but runne over the same things; hee sees but the like

like *World* in another place. If hee ha's but *light*, and any *prospect*, hee may see by that, what the rest is, and enioy it, by his boundlesse *Minde*. For the *Restraint* by *Service*, if it bee with imposed *Toyle*, then is it farre worse, then the being *circum-mured* onely: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his life from a *Beast*: Hee must ply his *Taske*, and haue his *Food*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taske* againe: hee is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *god* sell all for *labour*, and hee has entred *Covenant*, to worke for one that *plays*: so is become a *Principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This surely is the greatest *Captivity*, the greatest *Slavery*. The attendant *Services* of *Nobility*, are farre easier to the *Man* and *Minde*: though the perpetuall sight of full *Estates* aboue them, may well endanger thole mindes that haue not *Ballast* in them. To see *Heauen*, and come no neerer, then to waite at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A naked *Beauty* scene, would tempt one chaste, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis something like *Loue*, a kinde of bitter-sweet, it both *pleaseth* and *displeaseth* the *Minde* at once: it is pleased to see it: but 'tis displeased, that it cannot enioy it. Besides, if there be *toyle*, a wise man may take lesse of it: and an honest man, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his minde content in *dispatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *businessse* much the easier. One asked the *Cynicke*, how he could liue a *seruant* to *Zeniades*: but he returnes; That a *Lyon* does not serue his *keeper*, but his *keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleades for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often easie,



ease, yet they sometimes grate, and gall. So that if wee appeale to the *minde* of *Man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*; then to bee a *Servant* in thee *roofed Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconueniencies*: but *Libertie* will ouer-sway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replies, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased, and *Diogenes* when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this bee not rather *opinion* at *time* then *reall*, it is questionlesse an unhappinesse to *serue*. If I haue my *liberty*, I would reioice in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would ioy in the *benefits* that accrue the want: so in either estate, I may finde *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

perpetuall light of full Eternitie about them may  
 be as the sunne, which is the source of all light, and  
 as the sunne, which is the source of all light, and  
 as the sunne, which is the source of all light, and

in them. To see how and come no need, then  
 towards the world, is a terrible torment to the  
 Of the causes that make men different.

**H**omo homini quid prestat? was the former times lust *Wonder*: and indeed, it would almost pole the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits* of *Men*. I hath beene a *Question*, whether all *Soules* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* purely; which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from *God*, but is *pure*, *perfect*, and *uncorrupt*. But because the *sensitiue* part in *Man*, beares a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency

cie of the *Organicall parts*, the *Soule* is eclipsed and imprisoned so, as it cannot appeare in the vigour it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A perfect *Soule*, in an imperfect *Body*, is like a bright *Taper*, in a darke *Lanthorne*: the *faule* is not in the *Light*, but in the *Case*, which contains it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the shine be transparent. And wee may see this, even in those that we haue knowne both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a hurt receiued in some *vitall part*, haue growne *mopish*, and almost *insensible*. When the *vitall passages* of the *sensitive* and *vegetative* are imperfect, though they extinguish not the *intellectuall*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortall*, should destroy a thing *immortall*: yet their defect keepes it so vnder, as it appeareth not to the outward apprehension. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Soules*: for the *intellectuall* in *Man*, containeth the other two: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and co-yned together. Otherwise, hee were a *Plant*, and seuerally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the solid *christalline Heauen*, and first *Mouer*, contains the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *World*: So the *Intellectuall* contains the *Sensitive*, and the *Sensitive* the *Vegetative*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two causes; either *Inward*, or *Outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*; either when the *Active part*, the *Seed*, is not perfect, or when the *nutrimetall* and *Passive*



*Passive powers* faile of their *sufficiencie*, are two *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *Man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the *spirits internall*. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the *Noblenesse* of *Minde*, in *Honorable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest works*, especially in their *inward Faculties*. *Externall defects*, may be, and yet not alwaies hinder the *internall powers*: as, when they happen removed from the noblest parts, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are commonly, from the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Dyet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Aire*, we see the *Southerne* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious*, and *subtill*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northerne*, are *flower*, and more *dull*, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

*Temperie, Caeli, Corpusque, Animasque iunatur.*

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

*Education* hath his *force* seene in euery place; if you *trauaile* but from *Court*, to the *Country*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academie*: or see but a horse well *manag'd*, and another *Resty*, in his owne *fiercenesse*. *Dyet*, no question alters much; euen the *giddy* *Ayriness* of the *French*, I shall rather impure to their *Dyet* of *Vine*, and wild *Powle*, then to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so neere an adioyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleue our much use of *strong Beere*, and *grosse Flesh*, is a great occasi-

on of dregging our spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man hath his Zenith, as well in wit, as in ability of body; he growes from sense to reason: and then againe declines to Dotage, and to Imbecillity. Youth is too young in braine; and Age againe, does draine away the spirits. Passion blunts the edge of conceit, and where there is much sorrow, the minde is dull, and vnperceiuing. The Soule is oppressed, and lies languishing in an vnfaciable lonelinessse, till it proues stupid, and inhumane. Nor doe these more alter the Minde, then the Body. The lamenting Poet puts them both together.

*Iam mihi deterior canis aspergitur etas:*

*Iamque, meos vultus ruga senilis arat.*

*Iam vigor, & quaso languent in corpore vires:*

*Nec Iuueni Lusus, qui placuere, inuuant.*

*Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis,*

*Etatis facta est tanta ruina mea.*

*Confitear, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est,*

*Anxietas animi, continuusq; Labor.*

Now, cold eryceres, with snow my haire enchase:

And now the Aged wrinkle plowes my Face.

Now through my trembling ioynts, my vigour failes,

Mirth too, that cheer'd my Youth, now nought a-

So ruin'd, and so alterd am I growne, (uailes.

That at first sight, I am not to be knowne.

Age one cause is: but that which more I finde,

Is paine perpetuall, and a troubled minde.

Certainely,



Certainely, the best is, to weigh every man, as his means haue beene: a man may looke in vaine for Courtship, in a Plowman; or Learning in a Mechanicke. Who will expect a lame man should be swift in running: or, that a sick man should deliuer an Oration, with a grace, and cheerefulnesse? If I finde any man failing in his Manners, I will first consider his meanes, before I reprove the man. And one that is short of what he might bee, by his sloth and negligence, I will thinke as iustly blameable, as hee that out of industry has adorn'd his behaviour, above his meanes, is commendable.

XCVI.

Of Dismination.

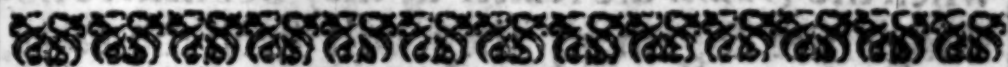
What is it Man so much conets, as to pry into Natures Closet, and know not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall finde it a profitable Providence, which hath set our estate in future, something in darke and shade. If Man doubted not of what Death would deliuer him to, he would (I thinke) either liue more lewdly, or more unhappily. If wee knew Death were onely an end of Life, and no more; every man for his owne ends, would bee a disturber of the Worlds peace. If wee were certaine of Torment; Thought and Feare, would make our present Life a Death continuall, in the Agitations of a troubled Soule. If wee were sure of Joy and Glory, wee should bee carelesse of our li-  
uing

ning well. Certainly, God hath made Man to dwell in doubt, that hee might bee awed to Good, by Feare and Expectation. We are led along by Hope, to the Ends that are appointed vs: and by an uncertaine way, wee come at last to a certaine End; which yet wee could neither know, nor avoyd. The great Creator wisely put things to come, in the Mist and Twilight, that we might neither bee overioyed with the certainty of good; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an unavoydable ill. Though Præscience, and Divination be a God-like Quality, yet, because it can onely tell of danger, and not prevent it, the wiser sort haue euer had the Art in neglect, in dislike. If Fate be certaine, it can be no good to know it, because wee cannot prevent it. If it be uncertaine, wee search in vaine to finde out that which may bee. So, either way wee hazzard for unhappinesse. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, qua vitari non possunt, amat præscire.* I remember, Cicero reports it of Cato, that hee wondered how South-sayers could forbear Laughter, when they met one another; they knew they vsed so to gull the People. One thing there is, that (if it were certaine) doth mightily disparage it; and this is, That it sets a Man ouer to second Causes, and puts him off from Providence. But it cannot be certaine and determinate. Man is not wise enough, to scent out the abstruse steps of Deitie. It is obserued by one, that what Nigidius vsed for defence of his Art, by turning of a Wheele, and marking itt twice with Inke, hath cast it all into a vast incertainetie. And indeed, the minute of Generation, Conception, and Production, are so hard to know iustly; the  
Point



Point of place so hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Coniunctions* of the *Heauens* so impossible to bee cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Spheares*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly searched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacie* and *delusion* of the wits of *Men*. If their *Calculations* bee from the *seuen Motiue Spheares* onely, how is there such difference in the liues of *Children* borne together, when their oblique *motion* is so slow, as the *Moone*, (though farre more speedy then any of the rest) is yet aboue seuen and twenty daies in her *course*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnall Motion*, it is impossible to collect the *various influences*, which euery tittle of a *minute* giues. Besides, in close *Roomes*, where the *Windowes* are clozed, the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourse of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Child*. But suppose there were a *Fate* transfer'd from the *Starres* to *Man*; who can reade their *significations*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meere the *uncertaine coniectures* of *Men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *faile*? So in *Beasts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreames*, and all *viary Omens*, they are onely the *gessive interpretations* of dim-ey'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuscane Southsayers*, and the *Philosophers* that were with *Iulian*, differ about the *wounded Lyon*, presented him, when hee went to inuade the *Persians*? How, about the *Lightning* that slew *Iouinianus*, and his two *horses*? Yet of the rest, I beleeue there is more from the *Stars*, then these other *observations*:  
but

but this is then for *generall inclinations*, not for *particular Euent*s: Those are sure in the hands and Cabinet of the *Almighty*: and none but *Prophets* that he inspires, are able to reueale them. The securest way is to *liue well*: then we may bee sure of a *faire end*, and a *passable way*. Hee that liues *vertuously*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my life please *God*, and I am sure, the *successe* shall please mee. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both *Prophets*; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Paine*, or *Penitence*.



## XC VII.

*That 'tis best increasing by a little  
at once.*

**T**Here is no such *preualent workman*, as *sedulity & diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which haue beene done by *degrees*, and *gentle augmentations*. And yet there are, that are ouer-ready in the wayes of *pleasing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour*, and *flattery*, it growes *poore*, and *vnnoble*: and when to *Pride*, and *Curiosity*, it then looses his *praise*. So the *Priest* of *Ammon* would needs salute *Alexander* as a *god*: and *Protopenes* spent *seven yeeres*, in drawing *Talyssus*, and his *Dogge*: And a *King* of *Persia*, would needs for a *Present*, adulterate *Roses* with an *artfull smell*. When these two are *auoyded*, *Diligence*, and *Moderation* are the best *steps*, whereby to *climbe* to any *excellency*.



cellency. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The *Heavens* send not downe their raine in floods, but by drops, and dewy distillations. A man is neither good, nor wise, nor rich at once: yet softly creeping vp these hills, he shall euery day better his prospect; till at last, hee gaine the top. Now he learns a *Vertue*, and then he damnes a *Vice*. An *houre* in a day may much profit a man in his *Study*; when hee makes it *stint* and *custome*. Euery yeere something laid vp, may in time make a *Stocke* great. Nay, if a man does but *saue*, hee shall *increase*; and though when the *graines* are scatter'd, they bee next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tagge* of a *Poynt*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, what hee could doe with it? He answered, What I finde all the *yeere*, (though it be neuer so little) I lay it vp at home, till the *yeere* ends; and with all together, I euery *New-yeeres day*, adde a *Dish* to my *Cupboord*. Hee that ha's the patience to attend *small profits*, may quickly grow to *thriue* and *purchase*: they be easi to accomplish, and come thicker. So, hee that from euery thing collects *somewhat*, shall in time get a *Treasurie* of *Wisedome*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the best way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotence*, to doe *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreely* to grow to *greatnesse*, is the course that he hath left for *Man*. And indeede, to gaine any thing, is a double worke. For, first, it must remoue the *hinderances*; next, it must assume the *aduantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in such a *declining Estate*, that without perpetuall

perpetuall *vigilancie*, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which euer followes *Industrie*: it euer brings an *Income*, that sweetens the *toyle*. I haue often found hurt of *Idlenesse*; but neuer of a *lawfull businesse*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it selfe, is yet made so, by being *employment*: and when a *Man* has once accustomed himselfe to *businesse*, he will thinke it *pleasure*, and be ashamed of *Ease*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs bee laid in his *Grave alive*: and seeing the *Sunne* shine, hee calls his *friends* in haste to hide him; lest (as he said) it should see him *lying*. Besides, when we gainethis way, *Practice* growes into *Habit*: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for euer. It also constitutes a *longer lastingnesse*. We may obserue, those *Creatures* that are longest in attaining their *height*, are longest in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty yeeres* increasing, and his life is *four score*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledged in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeere*. Hee that gets an *Estate*, will keepe it better, then he that *findes* it. I will neuer thinke to be perfect at once. If I finde my selfe a *gainer* at the *yeeres end*, it shall something comfort mee, that I am proceeding. I will euery day labour to doe something that may mend mee, though it be not much, it will be the surer done. If I can keepe *Vice* vnder, and winne vpon that which is *good*, (though it bee but a little at once) I may come to be better in time.



## XCVIII.

*Of God, and the Ayre.*

**F**OR *Man* to pray aright, is *needfull*: but how to pray so, is *difficult*. We must neither mis-conceiue of *God*, nor are wee able rightly to conceiue him. Wee are told, hee is a *Spirit*: and who can tell what a *Spirit* is? Can any man tell *that*, which no man euer saw? *Man* is able onely to comprehend *visible Substances*; what is *inuisible*, and *spirituall*, hee can but *guesse* and *roue* at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his *Ignorance* in: and what hee does not know, he calles it by that name. When we speake of *God*, we are to beleecue an *ubiquity*: but then, how are we able to conceiue that this *ubiquity* is? I speake to *Reason*, not *Faith*: for I know, *this* beleeueth what it sees not: yet something to helpe *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish a man to consider the *Ayre*. It is euery where: not a *vacuum* in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot euade it: Digge the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the poynt of your *Spade*: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Ayre*; and yet this *Ayre*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *inuiolable*: cast a *Stone*, and you make no *hole* in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth againe, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there bee *Philosophers* that will tell you, the *progressive Motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand*  
ha's

ha's left it, is from the *Ayre* it selfe: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speake falsely, when wee say, the *Ayre infecteth*. They are vnwholsome *Vapours*, and *Exhalations*, that *putri'd things* breathe out; and these, beeing carryed by the *motiue Winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinnesse*. The *Ayre* it selfe euer *clarifies*: and is alwaies working out that *taint*, which would mix with it. Next, weecan doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is priuy to't: euen the acts of *lightlesse Clozets*, and the *thick-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as shee left her *backe-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *gods* behinde her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Deuill* (though hee be the subtillest of all *malevolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Euery *breath* wee take, it goes vnto our *heart*, to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerues*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all viiufied by their participation of *Ayre*: and so indeed is euery thing that the *World* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gaue it *liuelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet wee see, the want of *Ayre* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts vp a *Pond* in *Ice*. Euen *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatiues*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the *motiue* and *stirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often obserue,



moreover, that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the onely cause of all *Generation*: and these are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God* the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature*: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminencie*, let him in his *Soule* set *God* aboue, and see if by this way, hee climbe not neerer *Deitie*, then he shall by any other. If this bee so vniuersall, why may hee not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffusue and v-biquiarie? That which *Ouid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the wise, and come something neere this purpose.

*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cæli,  
Sedibus Æthereis, Spiritus ille, venit.*

In vs *God* dwels, *Heauen* our acquaintance is,  
His *Spirit* flowes through *Airy* influences.

Certainely by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence*: and if wee haue this, wee may by it peere at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. *Saint Augustine*, when he has told vs, that *God* is not an *Object* perceivable by any of the *Outward senses*, sayes; *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile*. So the waies of *God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when wee are to speake to him, the best is, humbly to intreat

his

his *Spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. Hee is best able, by his secret *immision*, to direct vs the way hee does best approue of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reynes* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my selfe in *sufferings*, and to refraine from *ill*, euen in *private*. How can man thinke to act his *ill* vnseene, when GOD shall, like the *Ayre*, be *circumspectious* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Majesty* should either not defend the *Immocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.

## XCIX.

## Of Contentment.

THEY that preach *Contentment* to *All*, doe but teach *some* how to dwell in *miserie*: vnlesse you will grant *Content* *Desire*, and chide her but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault to strue to better our *Estates*: which yet wee should neuer doe, if wee rested fully content with what wee enjoyed for the present. God hath allotted *Man* a *motiue minde*, which is euer climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kinde of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortall bodied man*, should euer reach the *Crowne*: Yet hee ought still to be aiming at it, and



with an *industrious prosecution*, perseuere in the rising way. Wee cannot be too couetous of *Grace*; wee may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawfull wayes, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *increase*, euen in *temperall wealth*. Certainly, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still and take the present: without either *Ioy* or *Complaint*: without either *feare*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to thinke of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Prouidence*: who is one of the *Principall Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certaine*, but that it may sometimes faile: yet, wee see, it seldom does: and euen *Probability* is almost certaine. Let not *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that he neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe *more happy* and *blessed*: nor yet when the contrary of what hee look't for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *prouidence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the man, that is neuer *content* with what hee does enioy: but by a *Calme* and faire *Course*, has a *Mind* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not him, that is much *discontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently*, *ioyfully*, *thankefully*. But let him still be soberly in *Quest* for better: and indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so happy heere, as that wee shall not find something, we would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *world* it selfe, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Ioy* are growing: nor  
can

can one man inioy them, if it were, that all were heere: we may, questionlesse conclude; that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can wee in *reason* thinke there should be: since whatsoeuer is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end*; and till it ariues at that, it cannot bee fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to bee the end, to which the *soule* tends: and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *puritie*, such *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is vnited to him, who is the *Spring*, and *Source* of all true *happinesse*; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *Happinesse*, and *Content*, in the *Soule*: Nay, the most absolute *Content* man can enioy, in his *corruptible ragges* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment*: That which wee finde here most perfect, is rather meere *Vtopian*, and *Imaginative*, then *reall*, and *substantiall*: and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, then any way truly enioyed by him, that swimmes in the deepest streame of *pleasure*; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*:

Things that can blesse a *Life*, and please,  
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these:

A *store* well left, not gain'd with *royle*:

A *house* thine owne, and pleasant *soyle*:

No *strife*, small *state*, a *minde* at *peace*:

Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from *disease*,

Wise *Innocence*, *friends*, like and good,

*Vnarted-meat*, kind *neighbourhood*,



No drunken rest, from cares yet free:  
 No sadning sponse, yet chaste to thee:  
 Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate,  
 Because 'tis, liking, thy wish't State:  
 Nor fear'd, nor ioy'd, at death or fate.

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorē,  
 Iucundissimè Martialis, hæc sũt:  
 Res non parã labore, sed reliãtã:  
 Non Ingratũ Ager, Focus perennĩs,  
 Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,  
 Vires ingenua, Salubre Corpus,  
 Prudens Simplicitas, pares amici,  
 Conuictus facilis sine arte mensa,  
 Nex non ebria, sed soluta Curis:  
 Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:  
 Somnus, qui faciat breues tenebras.  
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilq; malis:  
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

But where shall you finde a man thus seasoned?  
 if he be for a while, it lasts not: but by one, or o-  
 ther accident, hee is tossed in the wauiing World.  
 And this made Diogenes resolue; vnto Fortune, to  
 oppose his confidence, and resolution; to the Law,  
 Nature; and to his affections, Reason. This was good,  
 but not well: wee haue Grace, and Scripture for a  
 better guide then Nature. I would bee so content  
 with what I haue, as I would euer thinke the pre-  
 sent best: but then I would thinke it best, but for  
 the present: because, whensoever I looke forward,  
 I still see better; to arriue at which my Soule will  
 long,

long, and *conet*. The *Soule* that by but halfe an eye sees *G O D*, will neuer bee but winging, till shee alights on *him*.



## C.

*How he must live, that lives well.*

**W**Hofocuer neglects his *duety* to *himselfe*, his *neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in something, that should make life *commendable*. For our *selues*, we need order: for our *neighbour*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reuerence*, and *Humility*: and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that liues orderly, cannot but bee acceptable, both to *G O D*, and the *world*. Nothing iarres the *Worlds Harmony*, like men that breake their rankes. One *turbulent Spirit* will diffentiate euen the *calmest Kingdome*. Wee may see the beauty of order, in nothing more, then in some *princely Procession*, and though indeed, the *circumstances*, and *complements* belonging to *State*, bee nothing to better *gouernements*; yet by a *secret working* in the *mindes* of men, they adde a *Reuerence* to *State*: and awe, the (else loose) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* set about him: and see how *maad* hee shoves that wildly *dances* out of his *roomie*. Such is *Man*, when hee *spurnes* at the *Law*, he liues vnder: Nay, when hee giues himselfe leaue to *transgresse*, hee must needs put others out of their way, and hee that disorders *himselfe* first, shall trouble all the *Company*.



*Company*. Did euery *Man* keepe his owne *life*; what a *Concord* in *Musicke* would a *World*, a *Kingdome*, a *City*, a *Family* bee? But being so infinitely disioyned, it is necessary some should helpe it, and bee charitable. If no man should repaire the *breaches*, how soone would all lye flatted in *Demolishments*? *Loue* is so excellent, that though it be but to ones selfe alone, yet others shall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Posterity* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Couetous* hoorded vp for himselfe. But when a man shall be euer striuing to doe the *World* a *courtesie*, his *Loue* is so much the more thanke-worthy, by how much, the good is larger. Without *Charity*, a man cannot be *sociable*: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to doe in the *World*. How pleasant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainly, if there bee any thing *sweet* in meere *Humanity*, it is in the *inter-courses* of *beloued Society*, when euery one shall bee each others *Councillour*, each others *friend*, and *Mine*, and *solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, vnlesse a *Man* bee carefull to giue to *GOD* the *honour* that hee owes him. When a *Man* shall doe these, and performe his duety to his *Maker*; he shall finde a *Peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoeuer falls. He shall not feare himselfe: for hee knowes his course is *Order*. He shall not feare the *World*: for he knowes he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of *Heauen*; for he knowes, hee there shall finde the fauour of a *Servant*, of a *Senne*: and  
bee

bee protected against the *Malice* and the *Spleene* of  
*Hell*. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the  
*World* should flout my *Innocence*; I wish but to obey  
Saint *Bernard*, then I know I cannot but bee happy,  
both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatio-*  
*ne es, benè vive, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter, &*  
*humiliter: ordinabiliter tibi, sociabi-*  
*liter proximo, humiliter Deo.*

( \* \* )

**Omnia Deo.**

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**FINIS.**

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proposed against the...  
the...  
...  
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Omnia Deo.

FINIS.

# RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

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BY  
Ovv. FELLTHAM.

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The second *Centurie*.

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AT LONDON,

Imprinted by Tho: Purfoot, for Henry Seile, at the Tygers  
Head, in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1631.



RESOLVES:

DIVINE MORAL  
POLITICAL.

BY  
JOHN O'NEILL, F.R.S.E.

The Second Edition.



Printed by J. G. & Co. for Henry John, 1831.  
New York, N.Y.



TO THE MOST  
VERTVOVS, DISCREET,  
AND NOBLE; THE LADY  
DOROTHY CRANE, *Daughter to*  
*the Right Honourable, and Religious*  
the Lord HOBART.

*Madame,*

**I**F euer *Resolutions* were needfull,  
I thinke they bee in this Age of  
loosenesse; wherein 'twere some  
vnhappinesse to bee good; did  
not the conscioufnesse of her owne worth,  
set *Vertue* firme, against all dis-hartnings.  
This makes her of so specious a glory, that  
though she need not the applause of any, to  
adde to her happinesse; yet she attracts the  
hearts of all that know her, to *Loue, Service,*  
*Admiration.* That I haue sacred this offer-  
tory of my thoughts to your *Ladyship*, this  
is reason inough; if not, your *Loue* to my  
*dearest*



dearest Friend may second it. To apparell any more in these Paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents; and perhaps displease. For I haue euer found face-comendatio<sup>n</sup> to die *Wisedoms* cheek of a blush-colour. Discreet Nature is alway modest; and deserv<sup>ing</sup> best, loues least to heare on't. This onely I will truly adde: that I know not a thing of that value, that should make me shrine vp a *Worke* of this nature, to any, in whom I could obserue the possibilitie of a faile in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Stepdame, that would not nurse, but stifle her. With *Your goodnesse*, I am sure, shee shall finde the tenderesse of a *maternall Loue*. And if in these weake extractions, your Iudicious Eye light you to ought, increas<sup>ing</sup> that affection, (all by-respects put away,) my next Petition will be, that it may please you to command

*Your immutable Seruant,*

**OVV. FELLTHAM.**



## TO THE PERVSEER.

**D**O begin with Apologies, and intreate a kind Censure, were to disparage the Worke, and begge partialitie: equall with Ostentation I ranke them both. If thou bee'st wise, pleasing words cannot blinde thy iudgement from discerning errors, wheresoever they appeare. If thou bee'st foolish, they can neither blanch thy folly, nor make thee thinke better, then thy indiscretion leades thee to. Request from others, may sway our words, or actions; but our minds will haue their owne free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internall iudgement is not easily peruerterd. In what thou shalt heere meete with, vse the freedome of thy natine opinion: Et Lectorem, et Correctorem liberum volui. I shall euer professe my selfe his debtor, that greets me with reprehensions of Lowe. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldnesse in the notifying of errors. Hee that tells me of a fault, ayming at my good; I must thinke him wise and faithfull: wise, in spying that which I see not: faithfull, in a plaine admonishment, not tainted with flattery. That I haue made it publique, I pleade not the importunity of friends: that were to play a Hazzard for folly, if it prooue not. I writ it without incouragement from another; and as I writ it, I send it abroade. Rare,




## RESOLVES.

*I know it is not : Honest, I am sure it is : Though thou findest not to admire, thou maist to like. What I aime at in it, I confesse hath most respect to my selfe; That I might out of my owne Schoole take a lesson, and should serue mee for my whole Pilgrimage: and if I should wander from these rests, that my owne Items might set mee in heauens direct way againe. We doe not so readily run into crimes, that from our owne mouth haue had sentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Physician can be so abstemious, as to follow strictly all his owne prescriptions : So I thinke there is no Christian so much his mindes Master, as to keepe precisely all his resolutions. They may better shew what he would be, then what he is. Nature hath too slow a foot, to follow Religion close at the heele. Who can expect, our dull flesh should wing it with the flights of the soule? Hee is not a good man that liues perfect: but he that liues as well as he can, and as humane fraileties will let him. He that thus far strives not, neuer began to be vertuous; nor knowes hee those transcending ioyes, that continually feast in the noble-minded man. All the externall pleasures that mortality is capable of, can neuer enkindle a flame, that shall so brauely warme the soule, as the loue of vertue, and the certaine knowledge of the rule wee haue ouer our owne wilde passions. That I might curbe those, I haue writ these: and if in them, thou find'st a line may mend thee: I shall thinke I haue diuulg'd it to purpose. Reade all, and vse thy mindes liberty; how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not: For it was not so much to please others, as to profit my selfe.*

*Farewell.*

R E.



# RESOLVES:

## DIVINE, MORALL,

## POLITICALL.



## I.

*Of Idle Bookes.*

Idle Bookes are nothing else, but corrupted tales in Inke and Paper: or indeed, Vice sent abroad with a Licence: which makes him that reads them, conscious of a double iniurie: they being in effect, like that sinne of brutish Adulterie. For if one reades, two are catched: he that angles in these waters, is sure to strike the *Torpedo*, that in stead of being his food, confounds him. Besides the time ill spent in them, a twofold reason shall make me refraine: both in regard of my *loue* to my owne soule, and *pitty* vnto his that made them. For if I be corrupted by them, the Comprisor of them is mediately a cause of my ill: and at the



the day of Reckoning (though now dead) must giue an account for't, because I am corrupted by his bad *example*. which he leaues behind him; So I become guilty by receiuing, and he by thus conueying this lewdnesse vnto me: He is the thiefe, I the receiuer; and what difference makes our Law betwixt them? If one be but off, the other dyes; both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will reade none*, lest I augment his mulct that is gone before mee: neither write, nor reade, lest I proue a foe to my selfe. *A lame hand is better then a lewde pen*: while I liue, I sinne too much; Let me not continue longer in wickednesse, then life. If I write ought, it shall bee both on a good subiect, and from a deliberate pen: for a foolish sentence drop't vpon paper, sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make infamie eternall.



## II.

## Of Humilitie.

**T**He humble man is the surest Peace-maker: of all morall vertues, *Humility* is the most beautifull; shee both shunnes Honour, and is the way to it: shee rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keepes *Peace* waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a story of two Goates, that met at once, on a very narrow Bridge, vnder which there glided a deepe, and violent streame: being both met, the straightnesse gaue deniall to their Journey;

Journey; get backe they could not, the planke was so narrow, for their returning turne: stand still they might, but that could neither bee continuall, nor to purpose: and to fight for the way in so perillous a place, was either to put a wilfull period to their liues, or extremely hazzard them. That they may therefore both passe in safety, the one lyes downe, and the other goes ouer him: so while their passage is quiet, their liues are secure, from death, from danger. I haue euer thought it idle to continue in strife; if I get the victory, it satisfies my minde, but then, shall I haue his malice too, which may endamage me more: so my gaine will bee lesse then my hinderance: If I bee overcome vnwillingly, then is the disgrace mine, and the losse: and though I haue not his malice, yet shall I not want his scorne. I will (in things not weighry) submit freely: *The purest gold is most ductible: 'tis commonly a good blade that bends well.* If I expect disaduantage, or misdoubt the Conquest, I thinke it good wisdom, to giue in soonest; so shall it bee more honour to doe that willingly, which with stiffenesse I cannot but hazard vpon compulsion. *I had rather be accounted too much humble, then esteemed a little proud:* the Reede is better that bends, and is whole: then the strong Oake, that not bending, breakes: If I must haue one, giue me an vnconuenience, not a mischief: the lightest burthen, is the easiest borne.



## III.

*To Perfection, what is most necessarie.*

**T**O make a perfect man, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone wee know too loose: *Religion* alone will seeme too hard; some for *Religion* haue I knowne formall, strict; yet haue so wanted the pleasing parts of a good nature, as they haue bin feared, but not loued: for being of a fiery spirit, euen slender occasions haue made way to the diuulging of their owne imperfections: either by too seuerer a reprehension, or else by too soone sudden Contempt: both which make much for the harbouring of hate against themselves, by making them esteemed either rash *Censurers*, or angry proud ones: and wee all know, that as *Iudgement* is neuer shott suddenly, but from a fooles bow; so blinde choller broke into expression, is the true marke of an intemperate minde; others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to chatter of their owne merits, and they cannot lay an egge, but they must cackle, or like the boasting *Pharisee*, trumpet out the report of their owne praises: if not out of an affected singularity, and an ouerweening opinion of their owne excellence; yet for lacke of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their obseruation to bee busied at home. And this is that makes the world disdain, contemne them: *selfe-commendation* is an arrow with

with too many feathers: which, wee leuelling at the marke, is taken with the wind, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I haue found rarely qualified: I ennobled with such a milde affabilitie, such a generous spirit, and such sweetnesse of disposition, and demeanour, that their *humble* and courteous carriage haue preuailed much in the affection of those with whome they haue had commerce: yet because they haue wanted *Religion*, (that like a good subiect should make an elaborate worke rare) they haue, onely in a superficiall applause, wonne the approbation of the vnsteady multitude: who loue them more for suffering their rudenesse, then for any noble worth that's obuius to their vndiscerning iudgements. But in all this, they haue got no reuerence, no respect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meerely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull regard: but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall Prince, whom the people obey more for feare of an austere rebuke, then for any true affection they beare to his person. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins loue: and this is like a Master too familiar with his seruant, that in the beginning gaines loue, but shall in the end finde contempt: and his toleration will be made an allowance of ill. Both together are rare for qualification. *Nature* hath in her selfe treasure enough to please a man; *Religion* a Christian: the last begets feare, the other loue, together, admiration, *reuerence*. I will like, I will loue them single; but conioyn'd, I will affect and honour.



## III.

*Of Lyes and Vntruthes.*

I finde, to him that the tale is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt a *truth*, and *lyes*: for a *lye* beleued, is true: and *truth* vncredited, a *lye*; vnlesse he can carry his probacion in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as hee that tels a smooth *lye*, is iudged to speake *truth*, till some step forth to contradict his vtterance: so hee that tels an vnlikely *truth*, is thought to broach a *lye*, vnlesse hee can produce conuincing reason to proue it; onely the guilt, or iustice of the thing rests in the knowing conscience of the Relator. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault: 'tis easie to be deceiued, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the iudgement that passeth on them, bee both honest, wise, apprehensiu, and cleere. In the teller, iustly; if it be a *lye*, there needs no text to confute it; if it seeme so, and hee cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no *lyes*, lest I be false to my selfe: no *improbable truths*, lest I seeme so to others: If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speake; what I but think, shall rest with my selfe; I may as well bee too *suspicious*, as ouer-credulous.

## V.

*Three things aggravate a Miseric.*

**T**hree things are there which aggravate a miserie, and make an euill seeme greater then indeed it is. *Inexpectation, Vnacquaintance, want of Preparation.* *Inexpectation*, when a mishap comes suddenly, and vnlooked for: it distracteth the minde, and scarres both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of remedy: whereas an euill foreseene is halfe cured, because it giueth warning to prouide for danger. Thus the falling of a *house* is more perillous then the rising of a *flood*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more vnauoidable, by reason both of the violence, and precipitation: The latter, through the remissenesse of comming, is lesse dangerous, lesse preiudiciall; there being time either to auoyd the place, or to countermaie. If this suffice not: thinke but how odious treason would shew in a deare *friend*, from whom wee onely expected the sweete embraces of *loue*: the conceit onely is able to kill, like a mad Dogg's biting, that not onely wounds the body, but insaniates the soule. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance*. *Familiarity* takes away feare, when matters not vsuall, proue inductions to terror. The first time the *Foxe* saw the *Lion*, he feared him as death: the second, hee feared him, but not so much: the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without



without quaking. The Imbellicke peasant, when he comes first to the field, shakes at the report of a *Musket*: but after he hath rang'd thorow the fury of two or three *Battels*, hee then can fearelesse stand a breach; and dares vndaunted gaze Death in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. When the *Enemy* besiegeth a *Citie*, not prepared for Warre, there is small hope of euasion, none at all to conquer, none to ouercome. How much more hard is the winter to the *Grashopper*, then the *Pismire*, who before, hauing stor'd her *Garner*, is now able to withstand a famine? Lest then, I make my *death* seeme more terrible to me, then indeed it is; I will first daily *expect* it: that when it comes, I may not bee to seeke to entertaine it: if not with it, as being but flesh: yet without sorrow, as hauing a soule. 2. I will labour to bee *acquainted* with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it: with lesse feare, without terrour. 3. I will *prepare* for it, by casting vp my accounts with *God*, that all things euen and streight betwixt vs, whensoever hee shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my life, as leaue a prison. Thus shall I make my death lesse dreadfull, and finish my life before I die. *He that dyes daily, seldome dyes deiectedly.*

Secondly. I will labour to bee acquainted with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it: with lesse feare, without terrour. 3. I will prepare for it, by casting vp my accounts with God, that all things euen and streight betwixt vs, whensoever hee shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my life, as leaue a prison. Thus shall I make my death lesse dreadfull, and finish my life before I die. *He that dyes daily, seldome dyes deiectedly.*

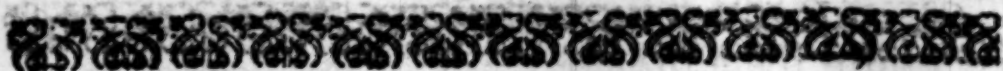
## VI.

*Of Good and Bad Ends.*

**A** Good *beginning* haue I often seene conclude  
*ill.* Sin in the bud is faire, sweet, pleasing:  
 but the fruit is death, horror, *hell*. Something will  
 I respect in my *way*, most in my *Conclusion*: in the  
 one, to preuent all wilfull errors; in the other, to  
 insure a *Crowne*. For as Iudgement hath relation  
 to the manner of dying, so hath Death depen-  
 dence on the course of liuing. Yet the good end  
 hath no bad beginning; it once had. A good con-  
 sequence makes the premises so esteemed of, and a  
 sweet relish at the leauing off, makes the draught  
 delightfull, that at the first did taste vnpleasant.  
 That is well that ends well: and better is a bad be-  
 ginning that concludes well, then a prosperous  
 onset that ends in complaint. What if my *begin-*  
*ning* hath been ill? sorrowes ouer-blowne, are  
 pleasant; that which hath beene hard to suffer, is  
 sweet to remember. *I will not much care what my be-*  
*ginning bee; so my end be happy.* If my Sunne set in  
 the new *Ierusalem*, I haue liu'd well, how-euer af-  
 flictions haue sometimes clouded my course.

*Extreme*



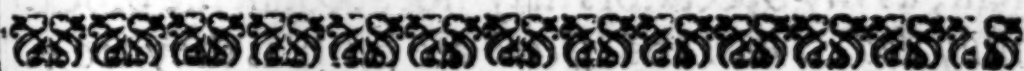


## VII.

*Extreme Longings seldome scene to succcede well.*

**E***x*tr*e*m*e* longings in a Christian, I seldome see succeed well: surely God meanes to temper his, as hee would not haue their affections violent, in the search of a temporall blessing: or else hee knowes our frailtie such, as wee would bee more taken with the fruition of a benefit, then the *Author*. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sinne: Troubles bee the surest Tutors of goodnesse. How many would haue died ill, if they had liu'd merrily? God hath seuerall waies to reduce his to his owne orders; among which, I am perswaded, none is more powerfull, then restraint of our wills. It sends the soule to meditation, whereby shee sees the worlds follies in such true colours of vanity, that no sound discretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our discontentments so transport vs, as wee see not the good wee reape by a *Deprivation*: yet sure wee are happier by this want: for wee are like women with Child, if wee had the things we long for, how soone should wee eate and surfet? When nature findes her ardent desires fulfilled, she is ravenous, and greedy, yea then shee hath so little moderation, as 'tis not safe to satisfie her. If I can, I will neuer extremely couet: so though I meete with a *Crosse*, it shall neither distemper nor distract mee: but if my desires out-strip my intention, I will

will comfort my selfe with this, that the enioyment might haue added to my content, and endangered my soule: but the want shall in the end bee a meanes to embetter them both. *Gods Saints* shall with ioy subscribe to his will: though heere for a time it may seeme to thwart them.



## VIII.

*Of Silence. Of Babbling.*

**A** Worthy Act hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his *tongue*: and surely much euill hath he preuented, if hee knowes when to bee well *silent*. Vnkindnesses breed not so many Iarres, as the *multiplying of words* that follow them. How soone would these coales dye, if the *tongue* did not enkindle them? *Repentance* often followes *speaking*; *silence* either seldome, or *neuer*: for while our words are many, *sinne* is in some, in most. Go to the *Crane*, thou *Babbler*, reade her storie, and let her informe thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little stones in her mouth, lest by her owne garrulity she bewray her selfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the mountaine *Taurus*: which, with this policie, shee flyes ouer in safety: euen silence euery where is a safe safeguard: If by it I offend, I am sure I offend without a *witnesse*: while an vnruely *tongue* may procure my ruine, and proue as a sword to cut the thrid of my life in two: 'tis good alwayes to speake well, and in season: and is it not as safe



safe sometimes to say nothing: hee that speakes little, may mend it soone: and though hee speakes most faults, yet hee exceeds not: for his wordes were few. To speake too much, bewrayes folly; too little, an vnperceiuing *stupiditie*: I will so speake, as I may be free from babbling *Garrulitie*: so be silent, as my Spectators may not account me blockishly *dull*. *Silent* and *speech* are both as they are vfed, either tokens of *Indiscretion*, or badges of *Wisedome*.



## IX.

*Of Prayer.*

**T**Is a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to speake to an earthly *Prince*: no *King* keeps a *Court* so open, to giue admittance to all comers: and though they haue, they are not sure to *speed*; albeit there bee nothing that should make their petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how priuiledged is then a *Christian*? who though he often liues heere in a slight esteeme, yet can he freely conferre with the *King of Heauen*, who not onely heares his intreaties, but delights in his requests, inuites him to come, and promiseth a happy *welcome*; which hee shewes in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him. In respect of whom, the greatest *Monarch* is more base, then the basest vassaile in regard of the most mighty and puissant *Emperour*. *Man* cannot so much exceed a beast,

as

as *God* doth him : what if I bee not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the *Peeres* of the earth? I can speake to their better, to their *Master* ; and by *prayer* be familiar with him : importunity does not anger him ; neither can any thing but our sins make vs goe away *empty* ; while the game is playing, there is much difference betweene the *King* and the *Pawne* : that once ended, they are both shuffled into the bag : and who can say whether was most happy, saue onely the *King* had many *checks*, while the *Pawne* was free, and *secure*? My comfort is, my excesse to heauen is as free as the *Princes* : my departure from earth not so grieuous : for while the world smiles on him, I am sure I haue lesse reason to loue it then hee. *Gods* fauour I will chiefly seeke for ; *mans*, but as it falls in the way to it : when it proues a hinderance, I hate to be loued.



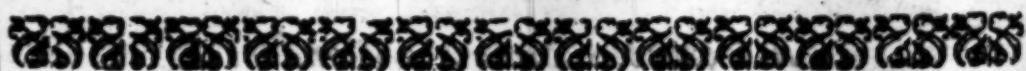
## X.

*A Vertuous Man is a Wonder.*

**T**He *Vertuous* man is a true wonder : for it is not from himselfe, that hee is so. But that I see so many wicked, I maruell not. 'Tis easier running downe the hill, then climbing it. They that are this way giuen, haue much the aduantage of them that follow *goodnesse*. Besides those inclinations that sway the soule to vice, the way is broader, more ready : he that walkes thorow a large field, hath



hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either side, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Euery *vertue* hath two vices, that cloze her vp in curious limits: and if shee swerues, though but a little, shee suddenly steps into errour. *Fortitude* hath *Feare* and *Rashnesse*: *Liberality*, *Auarice* and *Prodigality*: *Iustice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus euery good mistresse hath two bad seruants: which hath made some to define *vertue* to be nothing but a *meane betwene two vices*, whereof one leades to *excesse*, the other to *defect*: making her like the rooffe of a Church, on whose top, we scarce finde roome to turne a foot in: but on either side a broad road to ruine: in which, if we once be falling, our *stay* is rare, our *reouerie* a miracle. The man that is *rare* in vice, I will neuer admire: if hee goes but as he is driuen, hee may soone bee witty in euill: but the *good man* I will worthily magnifie: hee it is can saile against the wind, make the thorny way pleasant, and vnintangle the incumbrances of the *World*.



## XI.

*Of Veniall Sinnes.*

**V**What sinne is there, that we may account or *little*, or *veniall*, vnlesse comparatiuely; seeing there is none so small, but that (without repentance) is able to sinke the soule in eternall *Damnation*? **V**Who will thinke That a slight wound, which

which giues a sudden inlet to *Death*? But should wee grant this error, yet these of all other, I obserue the most dangerous, both for their *frequencie* and *secrecie*: the one increasing them to a large heape, the other so couering them, as wee see not how they wrong vs. The *raine* that falls in smallest drops, moystens the earth, makes it mire, slimy, and durty: whereas a hard showre, that descends violently, washes away, but soakes not in. Euen the *smallest letters* are more hurtfull to the sight, then those that are written with a text pen. *Great* sinnes, and *publike*, I will auoyd for their *scandall* and *wonder*: *lesser* and *private*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, because my *God* hates them. I cannot, if I loue him, but abhorre what hee loathes.



## XII.

*Of Memorie and Forgetfulnesse.*

**M***emorie and Forgetfulnesse,* are both in friendship necessary. Let me *remember* those kindneses my friend hath done to mee, that I may see his loue, and learne gratitude. Let me forget those benefits I haue performed to him, lest they shuffle out the effect of my loue, and tell me, he is requited. Thus may wee together increase our friendship and comforts: otherwise, a man may haue many acquaintances, but no *friends*; though vnthankfulnesse banisheth loue, *Gratitude* obtaines a *repeate*.



## XIII.

*A Christians Valour and True Fidelity.*

**I** Observe, besides the inward contents of a peaceable conscience, two things, wherein a Christian excels all other men. In true *Valour*: In *Fidelity*. In true *Valour*; that is, in a *iust. quarrell*: for if his cause be naught, there is none more timorous then he; and indeed to shew much Courage, in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, then any badge of a *magnanimous* minde; but in a *iust cause*, he is bold as a *Lion*. Nothing can daunt his euer vn-daunted minde. Not *Infamy*; for he knowes in this, his share is not worse then his *Masters*; and while it is for his Names sake, he knowes he is in it, *blessed*. If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in sorrowes we indure for goodnesse. Besides, hee weighes not how hee falls to the world and men; so he may stand firme to his heauenly *Father*. That *God* wee fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not *afflictions*; how many did *Iob*, and the *Apostles* wade thorow with *Courage*, with *Content*? These he knowes are here but for a time, transient, and momentany; neither shall the *Israelites* line alwaies vnder the tyranny of *Pharaoh*, or the trauels of the *Wildernesse*: He knowes also, the more abundant in sorrowes heere, the more abundant in ioyes hereafter; His teares shall returne in smiles, his weepings in a streame of pleasures. *God* doth

doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; hee shall finde his ioyes as an ouer-flowing Sea; and his glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not *Death*; for he knowes, That will bee his happiest day, and his *Bridge* from *woe*, to *glory*. Though it bee the wicked mans *shipwracke*, 'tis the good mans putting into *harbour*; where striking *Sayles*, and casting *Anchor*, he returnes his lading with aduantage, to the Owner; that is, his soule to *God*; leauing the bulke still mored in the *Hauen*; who is vnrigg'd, but onely to be new built againe, and fitted for an eternall voyage. Had not *Christians* had this solace: how should the *Martyrs* haue dyed so merrily, leaping for ioy, that they were so neere their home, and their heauen; dying often like *Samson* among his enemies, more victory attending their end, then proceedings? Ah peerelesse *Valiance*! vnconquerable *Fortitude*! Secondly, in *Fidelity*. There is no friendship like the friendship of *Faith*. *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot altogether tye so strong as this. *Christianity* knits more sure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as grace in her selfe is farre aboue *nature*, so likewise is shee, in her effects: and therefore vnites, in a farre more durable bond. And a *Christian*, though he would resolue with himselfe, to deale double; yet if he be sincere, in spight of his resolution, his conscience will rate him, checke him, and deny him to doe it, nay, though he would, hee cannot resolue. He that is borne of *God*, finnes not: and the Spirit of Sanctification will not let him resolue vpon ill. This is that *Fidelity* that we



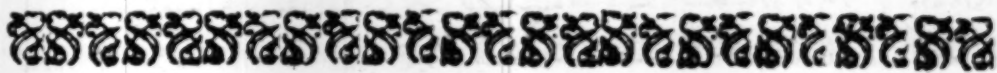
finde, and admire in many, that haue chosen rather to embrace the flame, and dye in silence, then to reueale their Companions, and Brethren in *Christ*. Tyrants will sooner want inuention for torments, then they with tortures bee made trecherous. The *League* that heauen hath made, hell wants power to breake. Who can separate the coniuncti-  
ons of the *Deitie*? Againe, as well in reproofe, as in kindnesse, doth his *loue* appeare. For howsoeuer he conceales his friends faults, from the eye of the world; yet he affectionately tels him of them, in priuate: not without some sorrow on his owne part, for his brothers fall. *He scornes to be so base as to flatter: and hee hates to bee so currish as to bite.* In his reprehensions, he mingles *Oyle* and *Vineger*: he is in them, plaine, and louing. *Inuiolable amitie! In-  
ualuable loue!* Heere is met *Courage* and *Constancie*; one to withstand an *Enemy*, another to entertaine a *Friend*. Giue me any *Foe*, rather then a *resolved Christian*: No friend, vnlesse a man *truly honest*. A *father* is a ready treasury; a *brother* an infallible comfort; but a *friend* is both.

## XIII.

*In Losses what to looke to.*

I Will in all losses, looke both to what I haue *lost*, and to what I haue *left*. To what I haue *lost*: that if it may be, and be good, I may recouer it: if not, that I may know what I haue forgone. To what I haue

haue *left*: that if it be much, I may bee thankfull, that I *lost* no more, hauing so much, that I might haue beene deprivied of: if little, that I may not repine; because I haue yet something: if nothing but my life, that I may then be glad: because that will be the next thing I shall lose. Which whensoever it happens, will with double ioy recompence all the rest. *Gods* presence is abundant plenty: hauing that, I know nor *want*, nor *losse*, nor *admission of ill*.



## XV.

*How to establish a troubled Government.*

**A** Man that would establish a troubled Government, must first *vanquish* all his foes. *Factions heads*, must be higher by a Pole then their bodies. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be some *Wolues*? Hee that would rule ouer many, must fight with many, and conquer: and be sure, either to cut off those that raise vp *tumults*: or by a Maiesticke awe, to keepe them in a strict subiection. *Slackenesse* and *conninence*, are the ruines of vnsettled *Kingdomes*. My *passions* and *affections* are the chiefe disturbers of my *Ciwill State*: What peace can I expect within mee, while these *Rebels* rest vniouercome? If they get a head, my *Kingdome* is diuided, so it cannot stand. *Separations* are the wounds of a *Crowne*: whereby (neglected) it will *bleed* to death. Then will I strine to subdue.



If I cut them not off, I will yet restraine them. 'Tis no cruelty to deny a Traytor liberty. I will haue them be my *subiects*, not my *Prince* : they shall *serue* me, and I will *sway* them. If it cannot bee without much striuing; I am content with a hard combate, that I may haue a happy raigne. 'Tis better I endure a short skirmish, then a long siege: hauing once wonne the field, I will hope to keepe it.



## XVI.

*Death is the beginning of a Godly mans Ioy.*

**D**Eath to a righteous man, whether it commeth soone or late, is the beginning of ioy, and the end of sorrow. I will not much care, whether my life be *long* or *short*. If *short*; the fewer my dayes be, the lesse shall be my misery, the sooner shall I be happy. But if my yeeres be *many*, that my head waxe gray, euen the long expectation of my happinesse, shall make my ioy more welcome.

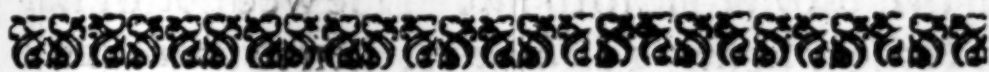


## XVII.

*Of doing Good with Labour, and Euill  
with Pleasure.*

**T**Was anciently said, That whatsoever good worke a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* vanisheth, but the *good* remaines with him that wrought

wrought it. And whatsoeuer *euill* thing hee doth with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* flies, but the *euill* still resteth with the Actor of it: goodnesse making labour sweet; euill turning *pleasure* to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how *honest*, not how pleasurable, but how good my actions bee. If it could be, let me be good without pleasure; rather then lewd with much ioy. For though my good bee at first tedious; I am sure in time it will yeeld me *content*: whereas the euill that now is delightfull, cannot but proue a *woe* to my soule. The sweetest liquor is not alwaies the most wholsome. The *Lymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *Orenge* that delighteth the taste: Poyson may a while seeme pleasant, and a weake stomacke thinke a Cordiall fulsome.



## XVIII.

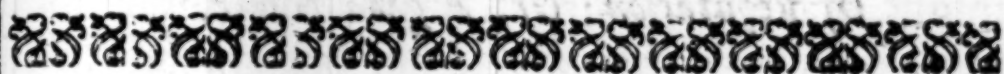
*Of being the Worlds Favorite without Grace.*

**W**Hat if I were the Worlds chiefeſt *Fauo-rite*: endowed with the chiefeſt ornaments her Treasurie could afford me, adorned with beauty, imbellisht with a faire proportion, in policie subtil, in alliance great, in reuenue large, in knowledge rich, famed with *honour*, and honoured with attendants; and to all these, had adioyned the prolonged yeeres of *Methuselah*, yet if I wanted *grace*, they would all turne to my greater disgrace and



confusion. Good parts imployed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our owne defence, we madly turne their edges, and wound our selues: they might make mee faire in show, but in substance more polluted: they would bee but as a saddle of gold to the backe of a gall'd Horse; adorne mee they might, better me they could not. *Grace* onely can make a man truly happy: what she affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast roomes of the minde: without her all are nothing: with her, euen the smallest is true *sufficiency*: how fully can shee bee rich in the penurie of these outward Royalties? something indeed they add to her ornament, but 'tis from her that they assume their goodnesse. For though *Heauen* hath made them so in their owne nature, yet it is from her that they proue so to me. Doe wee not oftner findethem lights, to blinde vs, then to direct vs? I will neuer think my selfe neerer *Heauen*, for hauing so much of *Earth*. A weake house with a heauie rooffe is in most danger. He that gets *Heauen*, hath plenty enough, though the *Earth* scornes to allow him any thing: he that failes of that, is truly-miserable, though shee giues him all shee hath. *Heauen*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth* without *Heauen*, is but a little more cheerefully *hell*. Who haue beene more splendent in these externall flourishes, then *Heathen*? but in the other, 'tis the *Christian* onely can challenge a *felicity*. Hauing these, I might win applause with men; but the other wanting, I shall neuer gaine approbation with *God*. And what will all their allowance auaille, when

when the *Earths* Creator shall Iudge & Condemne?  
*'Tis a poore reliefe in Miserie, to bee onely thoughts well  
 of by those that cannot helpe mee.*



## XIX.

*Humanitie and Miserie, are Paralells.*

IS not a man borne to *trouble*, as the sparkes flye  
 upward? is not his time *short*, and *miserable*, his  
 dayes *few* and *euill*? What madnesse then were it  
 in me, to hope for a freedome from *sorrowes*, or to  
 thinke my selfe exempt from the common ap-  
 poyntment of the most *High*? It hath beene censu-  
 red as *phrensie*, to vndertake to expell *nature*; what  
 shall I thinke it, to hope to frustrate the designe-  
 ment of the *Lord of Nature*? *Humanity* and *Misery*,  
 are alwaies *paralels*: sometimes *indiuiduals*: and  
 therefore when wee would put *Sorrow* in an *Em-  
 bleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I haue but few  
*Crosses*, I will truly then account my selfe fauou-  
 red: if I haue *many*, and bee sometimes free; Ile  
 thinke I escape well, being so vntoward. If I haue  
*nothing* but troubles, yet may I not complaine: be-  
 cause my *sinne* hath deseru'd more then heere I can  
 be able to suffer. Had I but a beeing, though full  
 of woe, yet were I beholding to God for it. His  
 very least, and meanest *gift*, exceedeth much, enen  
 all, my best *desert*. I doe infinitely want, how to  
 merit a *permission* to liue.

of



## XX.

*Of Reputation: Or, A good Name.*

TO haue euery man speake *well* of mee, is impossible: because howsoever I carry my selfe, some *Cynicke* will barke at my course. Who can scape the lash of *Censure*? If I should be *vicious* and *profuse*, I should be loued of *some*; but not the *best*, not the *good*. If I should, *Camelion*-like, change my selfe to euery *object*, if I were not extraordinary wearie, I might soone counterfet some mans humour false, and that would bane my *drift*. For both to *Vertue* and to *Vice*, is *Flattery* a false *Glas*se, making the one seeme *greater*, the other *lesse* then it is: and if it lights on a noble *discretion*, it is euer so vnhappy, as to beget the *ruine* of it selfe. But imagine I could doe it with such exactnesse, that euen the eye of *Lynceus* could not espy it: yet when one should commend mee for one thing, and another for the contrary; what would the *World* thinke of mee, that could thus in one, be *hot* and *cold*? Should I not be censured as a *Tymorist*? Yes surely, and that *iustly*: neither could it but be iust with *God*, at last to vnmaske my *Flattery*, and vnrippe my *folly*, in the view of the *multitude*. *Private sinnes* are punished with a *publike shame*. A supposed *honest man* found *lewd*, is hated as a growne *Monster*, discovered by the blabbe of *Time*. Sinne is a concealed *fire*, that euen in *darkenesse* will so worke, as to bewray it selfe. If I liue *vertuously* and with *pie-*  
*tie,*

tie, the *World* will hate mee, as a *Separatist*: and my *Reputation*, will be traduced by the Ignominious aspersions of *malevolent tongues*. To be good, is now thought too neere a way to *contempt*: That which the *Ancients* admired, we laugh at. A good *honest man* is a *foole*. What then? shall I, to please a *man*, displease a *Christian*? I had rather live *hated* for goodnesse, then be loved for *Vice*. He does better that pleaseth one *good man*, then hee that contents a thousand *bad ones*. I would, if it could be, please *all*: yet I would winne their loves with *honesty*: otherwise let their *hate* wound me, rather then their *love* embrace. What care I for his friendship that affects not *vertue*? having his *hate*, hee may hurt me outwardly: but enjoying his *love*, I will iustly suspect my soule of some ill. For if his *affection* be towards me, 'tis sure because hee sees something in me that pleaseth himselfe: but while he sees euery thing *unlike* him; how is't possible I should be *beloued* of him? since *diuersities breed nothing but dis-vnion*: and *sweet Congruity is the Mother of Love*.



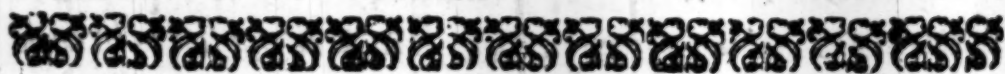
## XXI.

*Sinne brings Sorrow.*

**W**Ho admires not the *Wisedome* of *Demosthenes*, in the answer he returned to *Corinthian Laïs* [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainly, had he not knowne it from a selfe-experience, 'tis not possible



possible a *Heathen* should haue spoke so *diuinely*. All our *dishonest actions*, are but *earnests* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible forerunner of wretchednesse. Let the *Worldling* tell me, if he findes it not true, that all his vnwarrantable *aberrations*, wherein he hath dilatedly tumbled himselfe, end at last, either in *anguish* or *confusion*; *Sinne* on the best condition brings *repentance*: but for *sinne* without *repentance*, is prouided *Hell*. 'Tis not folly, but madnesse, euen the *highest*, that makes a man buy his vexation. I will force my selfe to want that willingly, which I cannot enioy without future distaste. Though the *Waspe* falls into the *honey*, that after drownes her: yet the *Bee* chuseth rather to goe to the *Flowre* in the field, where she may lade her thighs securely, and with leasure, than to come to the shop of the *Apothecarie*, where shee gets more, but makes her life hazzardable.



## XXII.

*Of Workes without Faith, and of Faith without Workes.*

**W**orkes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *fire*, or a *Fish* without *water*: In which, though there may seeme to be some quick actions of *life*, and symptomes of *agilitie*: yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their *end*, and the very presages of *Death*. *Faith* againe without *Works*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though she may  
hoppe

hoppe with her companions here vpon *earth*; yet if she liue till the world ends, shee'l neuer fly to *heauen*. But when both are ioyn'd together, then doth the *soule* mount vp to the *Hill* of eternall *Rest*: these can brauely raise her to her first *height*: yea carry her beyond it; taking away both the *will* that *did* betray her, and the *possibility* that *might*. The *former* without the *latter*, is *selfe-coozenage*; the *last* without the *former*, is meere *hypocrisie*: together, the excellencie of *Religion*. *Faith* is the *Rocke*, while euery good action is as a *stone* laid; one the *Foundation*, the other the *Structure*. The *Foundation* without the *walls*, is of slender value: the *building* without a *Basis*, cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their coniunction makes them good. Chiefly will I labour for a sure *Foundation*, *Sauing Faith*; and equally I will seeke for strong *Walls*, *Good Workes*. For as man iudgeth the *house* by the *edifice*, more then by the *foundation*: so, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Workes*, shall *God* iudge *Man*.



## XXIII.

*A rare thing to see a Rich Man Religious.*

**T**Is a rare thing to see a rich man *religious*; we are told, that his *way* is difficult: and not many *mighty* are chosen. For while the *earth* allowes them such *ioyes*, 'tis their *Heauen*; and they looke for no other: Their *pleasures* are sufficient vnto them,



them, both for *honour*, *solace* and *wealth*: who wonder to see them carelesse of the *better*, when they dote vpon the *worse*: neither the *minde*, nor *affecti- on* can be seriously diuided at once. Againe, euen low *Commons* whom they thinke meanely of, are *higher* often in *vertues* of the *minde*; are *dearer* vn- to *God* then they: and shall sit in *heauen* aboue them. Are there not many *seruants*, that in their life time haue borne the burthen, now crowned with vn- ending *Ioyes*, while their *Masters* are either in a lower degree *glorious*, or excluded that *celestiall so- ciety*: I dare make it a part of my *Faith*, yet auouch my selfe no *Hereticke*. Euen in the meanest things, *God* shewes his mighty power: *Impossibilities* are the best aduancers of his *Glory*. For what wee least be- leeu can be *done*, we most admire, being *done*. Yet in this obserue the *mercy* of *God*, that though the *Worldling* hath not *pietie* in his thoughts, yet *God* giues him all these *good things* that he hath no right to: albeit by his owne ill, he, like *enuy*, extracte *euill* out of *good*: so they proue in the end, nothing but *paper pillers*, and *painted fruit*. Let all men blesse *God* for what they enioy: they that haue *wealth*, for their *riches*: I will praise him that he hath kept them from *me*. I haue now what is good for mee: and when my time comes, my *ioy* shall abound.

What

## XXIII.

*What a Vertuous Man is like, in the Puritie  
of a Righteous Life.*

**A** *Vertuous Man*, shining in the puritie of a righteous life, is a *Light-house* set by the *Sea-side*, whereby the *Mariners* both saile aright, and auoyd danger: but he that liues in noted *sinnes*, is a false *Lanthorne*, which shipwrackes those that trust him. The *vertuous man* by his good carriage winnes more to godlinesse, and is the occasion of much good, yea it may be, so long as the *Moone* renewes: For his *righteousnesse* dyes not with him: those good *examples* which hee liued in, and those pious *workes* which he leaues behind him, are imitated and followed of *others*, both remaining and succeeding. So they are conueyed from one *generation* to another: and *bee*, next *God*, is a primary cause of a great deale of the *good* they atchiue. So wee cannot but grant, that while here his *memory* weares out, his *Glory* in a better World augments daily: either by his good *presidents*, his pious *institutions*, his *charitable deedes*, or his *godly workes*: each of which, with *Gods blessing*, are able to kindle some heate in the cold zeale of posterity. *Examples* are the best and most lasting *lectures*; *Vertue* the best *example*. Happy man that hath done these things in *sincerity*: Time shall not out-live his worth: he liues truly after death, whose *pious actions* are his  
pillers



pillars of remembrance : though his flesh moulders to drosse in the graue, yet is his happinesse in a perpetuall growth : no day but addes some *graines* to his *heape* of glory. *Good workes* are *seedes*, that after *sowing* returne vs a continuall *haruest*. A man liues more renowned by some glorious deeds, then euer did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean monument*. On the contrary, what a wofull course hath he runne, that hath *liued* lewdly, and *dyes* without repentance : his example infects others, and they spread it abroad to more : like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, hee leaues the infection to a whole *Citie* : so that euen the finnes of thousands, he must giue an account for. What can we thinke of such as haue beene the inuentors of vnlawfull *Games* and *callings* that are now in vse : sure they haue much to answer for, that thus haue occasioned so much ill : yea better had it beene they had not beene at all, then being, to bee loaden with the sinne of so many. Miserable man ! that when thy owne burthen is insupportable, thou yet causeth others to adde to thy weight ; as if thou wouldest be sure desperately to make thy *rising* irrecoverable : are the *waters* of thy owne finnes so low, that thou must haue *streames* from euery place, to runne into thy *Ocean* : Who can without a showre of *teares*, thinke on thy deplorable state ; or without *mourning*, meditate thy sad condition ? Oh ! Let me so liue, as my life may be *beneficiall*, not hurtfull to other. Let my *glory* increase, when my *life* is done : I am sure, *satiety* in *Heauen* is not capable of either *complaint* or *discontent* : but as for spoyling others

thers by my owne *confusion*, *sinne*, I should thinke *Death* a faire *preuention*. I loue not that *life* which makes *death* eternall. I haue sinne enough of mine owne, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourne for: I neede not make *others* mine by my owne bad actions. A little of this is too much; yea, hee hath enough that hath none; he hath too much, that hath any at all.

## XXV.

*Of being Proud, by being Commended.*

**H**Ee deserues not *commendation*, that for being *commended* growes proud: euery good thing a good man speakes of me, shall, like the blast of a Trumpet in warre, incite and encourage mee, to a closer pursuit of more nobler *vertue*: not like *Bucephalus* trappings, blow me vp in a higher conceit of ouerprizing my own weakenesse: So while some speake well, let my deeds exceed their tongue. I had rather men should see more then they expect, then looke for more then they shall finde.

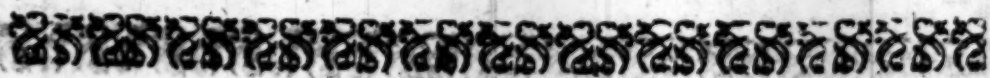
## XXVI.

*Of Secresie in Proiecting ought.*

**W**Hen a man hath the *proiect* of a course in his minde, 'tis good wisdom to resolute of *secresie*, till the time his intent bee fulfilled: neither



can he chuse but be foolish, that *brags* much, either of what he *will doe*, or what hee *shall haue*: For if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world *mocke* him with *derision* and *scorne*: and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occasion offome ones sudden intercepting his *aim*: divulged intentions seldome proceed well: multitudes make a iarre in businesse; their opinions or *Councels* either distract *Iudgement*, or diuert *resolution*: But howsoeuer, if what we boasted of cometh to passe, yet shall we be reputed *vaine-glorious*, *boasters*, *unwise*. *Braggers* lift vp *expectation* so high, that shee ouerthinks the birth: and many times the *childe* which indeed is *faire*, wee thinke not so, because we were possesst with hopes of finding it *rare*. *Secresie* is a necessary part of *policie*: things *untold*, are yet *undone*, then to say nothing, there is not a lesse labour. I obserue, the *Fig-tree* whose *fruit* is most pleasant, *bloomes* not at all: whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palmes*, is continually found *barren*. I would *first* be so wise, as to be my owne *Councillor*: next, so secret, as to be my owne *Councell-keeper*.



## XXVII.

*A Rule in reading Authors.*

SOME men reade *Authors* as our *Gentlemen* vse *Flowers*, onely for delight and smell, to please their *fancie*, and refine their *tongue*. Others like the *Bee*,

*Bee*, extract onely the *honey*, the *wholesome precepts*, and this alone they beare away, leauing the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for *both*, though for the *last, most*: the one serues to instruct the minde; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pittie it is, they should be deuided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot expresse it, is a *chest* keeping a rich *Jewell*, and the key lost. Concealing goodnesse, is *vice*; *Vertue* is better by being communicated. A good *stile*, with *wholesome matter*, is a *faire woman* with a *vertuous soule*, which attracts the eyes of *all*; The *good man* thinkes chastly, and loues her *beauty* for her *vertue*; which he still thinkes more *faire*, for dwelling in so *faire* an out-side. The *vicious man* hath lustfull thoughts; and he would for her *beauty* faine destroy her *vertue*: but comming to sollicit his purpose, findes such *Diuine Lectures* from her *Angels* tongue, and those deliuer'd with so sweet a pleasing *modesty*, that he thinkes *vertue* is dissecting her *soule* to him, to rauish man with a *beauty* which he dream'd not of. So he could now curse himselfe for *desiring that* lewdly, which he hath learn'd since onely to *admire* and *reuerence*: Thus he goes away *better*, that came with an intent to be *worse*. Quaint Phrases on a good subiect, are *baits* to make an *ill man vertuous*: how many *vile* men seeking *these*, haue found themselves *Conuertites*? I may *refine* my speech without harme: but I will indeuour more to *reforme* my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or the *Penne*, to speake or write proper: but that is the best worke, where the *Graces* and the *Muses* meet.



## XXVIII.

*A Christian compared in a three-fold condition to the Moone.*

**W**E see in the *Moone* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increase*, her *Full*: all which I liuely see resembled in a *Christian*, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*; which after the *Act*, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moone* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the *Spirit*, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moone* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time like a *man* in a trance, like a *tree* in *Winter*, or as *fire* buried in concealing *Embers*, without either *sence*, or *shew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes vp his benumbed soule; that there is to bee seene some tokens, both of *life* and *Reconery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, vnburies his *lost light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of *Gods Spirit*: so sets him in the way to ioy, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appeares, and perfects what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres vp his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted solace, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes

vp his fainting fire to a bright flame : makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and neuer leaues him till hee be resettled in his full ioy, contentment, happinesse. Thus while he sinnes, he is a *Decressant* ; when hee repents, a *Cressant* ; when his faith shines cleere, at full. Yet in all these, while hee liues heere, he is subiect to change : sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is scene afarre off, and to all : sometime like a *Candle* in a house, neerer hand, and onely to his familiars : sometimes like a *Lampe* vnder a *busbell*, hee is obscur'd to all ; yet in all hee burnes : though in some, insensibly : and is neuer without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these : for as the *Moone* when she is least visible, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her full proportion ; onely the *Sunne* lookes not on her with so full an aspect, and shee reflects no more, then she receiues from him : So a *Christian* in his lowest ebbe of sorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when he is in his greatest flow of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his loue so plentifully, and he shewes no more then *God* giues him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish : his with-drawings, are our miseries : his presence, our unfailing Ioy. Sinne may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay mee : it may bury my heart for a time, it cannot extinguish it : it may make me in the *Wane*, it cannot change my being : it may accuse, it shall not condemne : Though *God* depriue me of his presence for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, pollish me, and crowne me for euer : where



## XXVIII.

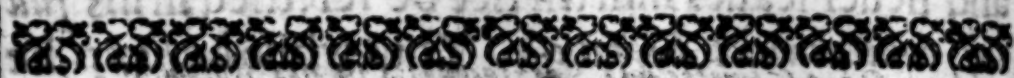
*A Christian compared in a three-fold  
condition to the Moone.*

**W**E see in the *Moone* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increase*, her *Full*: all which I liuely see resembled in a *Christian*, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*; which after the Act, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moone* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the *Spirit*, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moone* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time like a *man* in a trance, like a *tree* in *Winter*, or as *fire* buried in concealing *Embers*, without either *sence*, or *shew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes vp his benumbed soule; that there is to bee seene some tokens, both of *life* and *Reconery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, vnburies his *lost light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of *Gods Spirit*: so sets him in the way to ioy, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appeares, and perfects what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres vp his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted solace, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes

vp his fainting fire to a bright flame: makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and neuer leaues him till hee be resettled in his full ioy, contentment, happinesse. Thus while he sinnes, he is a *Decressant*; when hee repents, a *Cressant*; when his faith shines cleere, at full. Yet in all these, while hee liues heere, he is subiect to change: sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is scene afarre off, and to all: sometime like a *Candle* in a *house*, neerer hand, and onely to his familiars: sometimes like a *Lampe* vnder a *busbell*, hee is obscur'd to all; yet in all hee burnes: though in some, insensibly: and is neuer without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the *Moone* when she is least visible, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her full proportion; onely the *Sunne* looks not on her with so full an aspect, and shee reflects no more, then she receiues from him: So a *Christian* in his lowest ebbe of sorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when he is in his greatest flow of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his loue so plentifully, and he shewes no more then *God* giues him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish: his with-drawings, are our miseries: his presence, our unfailing Ioy. Sinne may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay mee: it may bury my heat for a time, it cannot extinguish it: it may make me in the *Wane*, it cannot change my being: it may accuse, it shall not condemne: Though *God* deprive me of his presence for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, pollish me, and crowne me for euer: where



the *Moone* of my inconstant ioy shall change to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* shall neuer set, beclouded, or eclipsed.



## XXIX.

*A Rule for Spending and Sparing.*

**I**N expences I would bee neither *pinching* nor *prodigall*: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*, then a little *profuse*: 'tis no disgrace to make my *ability* my *Compassse* of saile, and line to walke by. I see what I may doe; others, but what I doe: they looke to what I spend, as they thinke me able; I must looke to what my estate will beare: nor can it bee safe to straine it at all: 'tis fit I should respect my owne *abilirie*, before their forward *expectation*. Hee that, when hee should not, spends *too much*, shall when hee would not, haue *too little* to spend. 'Twas a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why hee asked a halfe-penny of the *thrifty* man, and a pound of the *prodigall*; the first, hee said, might giue him *often*, but the other ere long, would haue *none* to giue. Yet say, I had to dispend *freely*; as to be *too neere*, hauing enough, I esteeme *sordid*: so to spend *superfluously*, though I haue *abundance*, I account one of *Follies* deepest *ouer-sights*. There is better vse to bee made of our *talents*, then to cast them away in *waste*: God gaue vs them, not to spend *vainely*, but to imploy for *profit*, for *gain*.

## XXX.

*Of a Christians Settlednesse in his Saviour.*

**A**S the Needle in a Diall remoued from his point, neuer leaues his quivering motion, till it settles it selfe in the iust place it alwaies stands in: So fares it with a Christian in this world; nothing can so charme him, but he will still minde his Saviour: all that put him out of the quest of Heaven, are but disturbances. Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometimes shuffte him out of his vsuall course; yet hee wauers vp and downe in trouble, runnes to and fro like Quicksilver, and is neuer quiet within, till hee returnes to his wonted life, & inward happinesse: there he sets downe his rest, in a sweet, vnperceiued, inward content: which though vnseene to others, hee esteemes more then all that the world calls by the name of felicity, they are to him as May-games to a Prince; fitter for children, then the Royalty of a Crowne. It shall not more grieue me to liue in a continued sorrow; then it shall toy mee to finde a secrete perturbation in the worlds choicest solaces. If I finde my ioy in them without vnquietnesse, that will proue a burthensome mirth: For finding my affections settle to them without resistance, I cannot but distrust my selfe, of trusting them too much. A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly. I can hardly thinke him honest, that loues a Harlot for her beauty, more then



then his *Wife* for her *vertues*. But while an *inward distaste* shewes mee these *Cates* vnflauory, if my *ioy* be vncompleate in these *terrene felicities*, my *inward unsettlednesse* in them, shall make my *content* both *sufficient* and *full*.

## XXXI.

*The Worlds enchantment, when shee smiles on vs.*

**S**Trange is the *enchantment* that the world workes on vs, when shee *smiles* and lookes *merrily*: 'tis iustly matter of *amazement*, for a man to grow *rich*, and retaine a *minde* vnaltered: yet are not all men *changed* alike, though all in something admit *variation*. The *Spider* kills the *man*, that cures the *Ape*. *Fortunes effects* are *variable*, as the *natures* shee works vpon: *some*, while their *baskets* grow more full, their *windes* are higher, and rise: they now know not those *friends*, that were lately their *companions*: but as a *Tyrant* among his *Subiects*, growes *haughty* and *proud*: so they, among their *familiares*, *scorne* and *contemne*: spurning those with *arrogant disdain*, which but of late, they thought as *worthy* as themselves, or better: *high fortunes* are the way to *high windes*: *pride* is vsually the *child* of *riches*. *Contempt* too often sits in the seat with *Honour*. Who haue wee knowne so imperious in *Office*, as the man that was borne to *Beggery*: As these rise, so some fall: and that which should satiate their *desire*, increaseth it: which is ever accompanied with  
this

this unhappinesse, that it will neuer bee satisfied: this makes them baser, by being wealthier: Profit (though with drudgery) they hugge with close armes. All vices debase man, but this makes a master a slaue to his seruant, a drudge to his slaue; and him that God set ouer all, this puts vnder all. Pittifull! that Man when good things are present, should search for ill: that he should so care for riches, as if they were his owne: yet so vse them, as if they were anothers: that when hee might bee happy in spending them, will be miserable in keeping them: and had rather dying leaue wealth with his enemies, then being alive relieue his friends. Thus as one aspires, the other descends: both extremes, and iustly blameable. If my estate rise not, I hope my mind will be what it is, not Ambitious, nor Avaricious. But if the Diuine providence shall, beyond either my desert or expectation, blesse mee, I will thinke, to grow proud, is but to rise to fall: and to proue couetous, onely to possesse wealth, that the Nobler minds may hate and scorne me. For what is there they esteeme more sordid, then for a mans minde to bee his moneys Mercenarie?

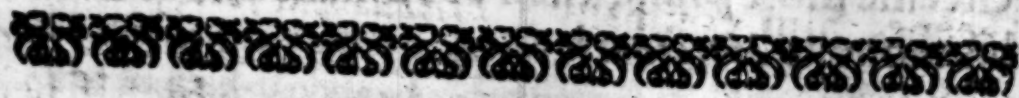
## XXXII.

*The Christians Life in bat.*

**A** Weake Christians life, is almost nothing but a vicissitude of sinne, and sorrow. First, hee sinnes, and then hee laments his folly: like a negligent



gent Schoole-boy, hee displeaseth his Master, and then beseecheth his remission with teares. Our owne corruptions are diseases incurable: while we live, they will breake out vpon vs, we may correct them, vvee cannot destroy them: they are like the feathers in a Fowle: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: pluckethem out, yet they will come againe: onely kill the Bird, and they will grow no more. VVhile blood is in our veins, sinne is in our nature: since I cannot auoyde it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offences my ioy bee made obscure, and vanish; that sorrow shall new beget my ioy, not because I haue beene sinfull, but because for sinne I finde my selfe sorrowfull. All other sorrowes are either foolish, fruitlesse, or beget more: onely this darke Entry leades the way to the faire Court of happinesse. God is more mercifull in giuing repentance to the Delinquent, then in granting remission to the Repentant: He hath promised pardon to the Penitent, no Repentance to the Peccant.



## XXXIII.

*A good Rule for chusing a Friend.*

**I**N chusing friends, there be two sorts of men, that I would for euer auoyd: for besides the learning of their vices, I dare not trust them with a secret. There is the Angry man, and the Drunkard: The first in his fit is meere mad, hee speakes not a word

word by *reason*, but by *brutish passions*: not vpon premeditated termes, but whatsoeuer his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent *passion* driueth out, be it knowne, or hidden: so oft in a brawle hee blabs out *that*, which being cooled, hee much repents to haue named: committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *feauer* of the *soule*, which makes the *tongue* talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot heare what *Counsell* speakes: 'tis a raging *Sea*, a troubled *water*, that cannot bee wholsome for the vse of any: and if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most *dangerous* that alter the habit of the *patients* countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if *fury* dispossessing *reason*, had set a new *Garrison* in the *Citadell* of *Man*. This he knew, that gaue vs that Precept, *Make not friendship with an angry man*. The other hath no *memorie* at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd vp that noble *Recorder*: and while *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* neuer keepes him company: *Friends* and *foes*, *familiars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme: so hee forgetfully speakes of that in his *cups*, which if hee were *sober*, should be buried in silence. First hee speakes he knowes not *what*, nor after, can he remember *what* that was he spake. He *speakes* that he should *forget*, and *forgets* that which hee did *speake*. *Drunkenesse* is the *funerall* of all intelligible *man*, whom onely *time* and *abstinence* can resuscitate. A *Drunkards minde* and *stomacke* are alike; neither can



can retaine what they receiue. I would be loth to admit of a *familiar* so infectious as either; more vnwillingly to reueale my selfe to any so open. VVhat *friend* soeuer I make choice of, I will be sure he shall haue these two properties, *Mildnesse*, *Temperance*: otherwise, 'tis better to want companions, then to bee annoyed with either a *mad-man*, or *foole*. *Clitus* was slaine by a *drunken Master*, the *Thessalonians* massacred by an *angry Emperour*; and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.

## XXXIII.

*Liberty makes Licentious.*

I See, *liberty* makes *licentious*, and when the *reines* are giuen too loosely, the *affections* runne wildly on, without a *guide*, to ruine: For mans *will*, without *discretion*, that should adde *limits*, is like a blind *horse* without a *bridle*, that should guide him aright: he may goe fast, but runnes to his owne ouerthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he hastens his owne *mischiefe*. Nothing makes vs more wretched, then our owne vncontrolled *will*s. A loose *will* fulfilled, is the way to worke out a *woe*. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running downe a *Hill*, he is euer most violent, when hee growes neerest his *Center* and *Period* of his aime. These follies are prettily shaddowed in the sports of *Actaon*, that while hee suffer'd his  
eye

eye to roue at *pleasure*, and beyond the pale of expedience, his *Hounds*, euen his owne *affections*, ceaze him, teare him, proue his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curbe my beginning *desires*, that they may not wander beyond *moderation*; if my owne *will* be a blind conductor, *good precepts* to an ingenious nature, are *bites* that restraine, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing *fancy*, cannot be but ridiculously *ill*; and this inconuenience besides haue I seene, that he which *may* doe more then is *fit*, *will* in time doe more then is *lawfull*. He that now exceeds the *measure*, will ere-long exceede the *manner*. *Vice* is a *Peripateticke*, alwaies in *Progression*.



## XXXV.

*That All secrets should not be imparted to the  
faithfullest Friend.*

**E**VEN betweene two *faithfull friends*, I thinke it not conuenient that *all secrets* should bee imparted: neither is it the part of a *friend*, to fish out *that*, which were better concealed. Yet I obserue some, of such *insinuating dispositions*, that there is nothing in their *friends* heart, that they would not themselves know with him: and *this*, if I may speake freely, I count as a *fault*. For many times by too farre vrging, they wring *blood*, from whence onely *milke* should flow: knowing That by their *importunitie*, which not onely breedes a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,



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ended, begets a *repenting sorrow* in him that told it: and makes him wish, he had lockt vp his *lips* in *silence*, rather then haue powred out his *heart* with such *indiscretion*. How many haue bewayled the vntimely disclosures of their *tongue*? how many haue screw'd out *secrets*, that would haue giuen thousands to haue return'd them vnkowne? If I haue a *friend* that I care not to loose, I will neuer ingage my selfe *so much*, as to be beholding to him to know *all*. If I haue one that is *faithfull*, I will not wrong him so much, as to wrest *that* from him, should cause him be *sorrowfull*. If he reueales ought vn-vrged, my aduice is *faithfull*, and free: otherwise, to presse out a *secret* that may proue preiudiciall, I esteeme as the beginning of the breach of *Amity*, and the primary breeder of a *secret dislike*.



## XXXVI.

*What losse comes by the gaining either of the  
Pleasure or Profit of the World.*

**W**Ee know 'tis sometimes better to sound a *retreate*, and so *retyre*, then 'tisto stay in the *Field* and *conquer*: because it may so fall out, that the *prize* we win, cannot counteruaile the *losse*, that by this *Warre* wee shall sustaine: so like the foolish *Mariner*, that seeing a *Fish* in the *Sea*, leapes into the water to catch *that*, which together with his *life* he loseth. We often lose an eternall *Kingdome*, for the gaine of *toyes* and *vanities*. Who is there  
that

that hazzards not his *soule* for the *pleasures* or *profits* of *sinne*? which when they haue, what haue they got, but *shaddowes* or *vexations*? The wealthy man is like a *powder-master*, who hath *prouision* against an *Enemie*, but is euer in danger of being *blowne up*. As for *pleasure*, 'tis at best but a *hilded vessell*; which though it please the palate for a *cup* or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *disturbance* turnes it into *distaste*. What a *Foole* were I, to cast away my *soule* on such *transitorie trifles*? which when I haue, I am neither sure to *enjoy*, nor to finde *commodious*: what I cannot *keepe* without *danger*, I will neuer earnestly *seeke*. To lose a *Crowne* of gold for a *counterfeit*, is more thē a childish fondness. I had better *sit still*, and be quiet in *peace*, then rise to conquer a petty *Village*, when my losse is a large *Citie*.



## XXXVII.

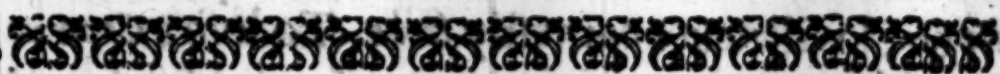
*Of vsing Meanes.*

**C**H R I S T healed Diseases three manner of waies; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eighth of *Matthew*; *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the seuenteenth of *Luke*; *against meanes*, as the man borne blinde, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more reuealed: but if my blinde eye see not that present succour, my feare is not more, nor my grieve. 'Tis as easie to God to worke *without meanes*, as *with* them: & *against* them,

as



as by either: 'Tis all one to him, *Bee cleane*, or, *Goe wash*: Yea, though euery Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *omnipotency* is beyond that feeble stay of the soule: nor yet will I so depend on His *will hidden*, as I neglect to practise his *will reuealed*. For as to dis-regard his appointed *meanes*, is a supreme contempt; so to depend too much on things vnsearchable, is rather a badge of rash *presuming*, then any notable courage of *faith*. I must looke to *my way*, and let him alone in *his*.

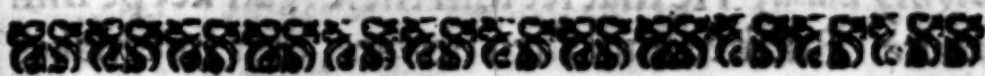


## XXXVIII.

*The Misery of being old and Ignorant.*

'TIs a *Capitall misery* for a man to be at once both *old* and *ignorant*. If he were onely *old*, and had some *knowledge*, he might abate the tediousnesse of decrepit age, by the diuine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*; though he knew nothing, yet his yeeres would serue him to *labour* and *learne*: whereby in the *Winter* of his time, hee might beguile the wearinesse of his *pillow* and *chaire*. But now his *body* being withered by the stealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly disabled, for either motion, or exercise: *these* together with a minde vnfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired *Science*, cannot but delineate the portraicture of a *man* wretched. A *gray head* with a *wise minde*, is a *treasurie* of *grane precepts*,  
experience,

experience, and iudgement: But foolish old age, is a barren Vine in *Autumne*: or an *Vniuersity* to study folly in: euery action is a patterne of infirmitie: while his body sits still, he knowes not how to finde his minde action: and tell me, if there be any life more irkesome then idlenesse. I haue numbred yet but a few dayes; and those, I know, I haue neglected: I am not sure they shall bee more, nor can I promise my head, it shall haue a snowie haire. What then? Knowledge is not hurtfull, but helps a good minde: any thing that is laudable, I desire to learne. If I dye to morrow, my life to day shall bee somewhat the sweeter for knowledge: and if my day prooue a *Summer* one, it shall not be amisse, to haue provided something, that in the euening of my Age may make my mind my Companion. Notable was the answer that *Antisthenes* gaue, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his studies: By them, saith he, I haue learned, both to liue, and to talke with my selfe.



## XXIX.

*A two-fold way to Honour.*

There is a two-fold way to Honour: *Direct*, when God calls: *indirect*, when man seekes it, without the Lords warrant: *David* went the first, and his Crowne departed not from his head, till Nature had payed her debt, and his life dissolued: and when he is gone, his Issue succedes him. *Absalon*



went the *other*, but his finnes pulled him downe with vengeance, and onely a dumbe *Pillar* speakes his memory. *God* cannot endure the aspiring *spirit*, that would climbe the hill of preferment without his leaue. *Theenes of Honour* seldome finde ioy in their purchases, *stability*, neuer. Besides, I obserue, the *man* that is fit for a place of note, neuer seekes it so much, as he is sought for, for it: whereas euer the *Bramble*, that is low and worthlesse, cries out aloud, *Make mee a King*: tis incident to a weake minde to ouer-value it selfe. How many would bee *Magistrates*, that know not how to bee *men*? *Moses* objects much, when *God* himselfe imposeth a charge: for a man of vnderstanding knowes that tis better to liue in the *Valley*, where the times *tempests* blow ouer him; then to haue his seat on the *Mountaine* top, where euey *blast* threatens both his *ruine* and *fall*: howsoeuer others measure him, hee knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it. Yet being placed by an *Almighty hand*, He that set him there, can keepe him secure. But hee must then beware, that hee makes not that his *King*, that should be his *Subiect*: that hee giues not the *reines*, where hee should vse the *checke*: and that hee playes not the *Ape* too much, either by too idle *imitation*, or by doting too fondly on his *darling Honour*. Thus cautelous, may hee liue safe: When hee that reacheth *promotion* without *Gods* calling him, may flourish a while, but not thrive. In ascents, those are the *safest*, that are *broadest*, and least *sudden*, and where the *light* is open: how soone is a fall caught in those *stayres* that are

are *darke, narrow, and quickly rising*: I will as well looke to the *way, as the thing*: There is no path to *happy preferment*, but that which *Vertue* treads: which was well noted by the *Heathen*, when they built the *Temple of Honour* so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of *Vertue*. I had rather liue *honestly*, though *meanely*; then by vnlawfull practices vsurpe a *Crowne*.



## X.L.

*Cowardice worthlesse.*

**N**othing more dis-worths a man, then *Cowardice*; and a base feare of *danger*: the smoothe way it makes difficult, the difficult inaccessible. The *Coward* is an vnfinisht man; or else one which *Nature* made lesse then others: If euer he did any thing well, *Fortune* was his guide, not *Wisedome*. His feare in him begets *delay*, and *delay* breeds that he feares, *danger*: the *Souldier* that dares not fight, affoords the *Enemie* too much aduantage for his *preparment*; both for directing his *Souldiers*, plotting his *Stratagems*, strengthening his *Files*, ordering his *Campe*, or doing any thing may turne disadvantage vpon his *Foe*: when as the *Valorous Warriour* giues most discomfiture in his suddenest onset, where he takes away the time for *fortification*. If it bee by speech a man is to act his part, feare puts an *Ague* in his *tongue*; and often leaues him, either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For the



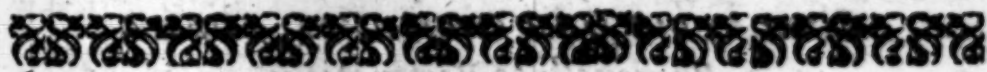
too serious apprehension of a possible *shame*, makes him forget *that*, should helpe him against it: I meane, a *plaine boldnesse*, bequeathing a dilated *freedom* to all his faculties and senses: which now with a cold *feare*, are frozen and congealed. If not *this*, out of an vnmeasured care to doe well, it driues a man into *affectation*: and that, like misshapen apparell, spoiles the beauty of a well-limb'd body: For Nature will not endure the *racke*: when you set her too high, shee prooues *untuneable*, and instead of a sweet *cloze*, yeelds a *cracke*: shee euer goes best in her owne free pace: I will neither stay her so long, as to meete delay: nor run her so farre, as to doe ought affectedly, *I had rather be confidently bold, then foolishly timorous: hee that in euerything feares to doe well, will at length doe ill in all.*

## XLI.

*Of Lamenting the losse of Trifles.*

**M**Any haue much lamented the losse of trifles, when they might haue gained by such *damages*, had they not with them, lost *themselves*: I meane, their *quiet mindes*, and *patience*. Vnwise so to debarre themselves of *rest*, when their vexation cannot yeeld them *profit*: if *teares* could either recover a *losse*, or recall time, then to weepe were but to purpose; but things past, though with *prudence* they may bee *corrected*, yet with greatest griefe they cannot bee *recalled*: make them better wee may,

may, but to make them not to bee at all, requires more then a *humane* strength, or a *finite* power. Actions once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullity*. Although I will endeavour to amend what is gone by *amisse*, yet will I labour neuer to *griue* for any thing *past*, but *sinne*: and for *that* alwayes. A small *losse* shall neuer trouble mee: neither shall the greatest *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. Hee speake well, that said, *Hee which hath himselfe, hath lost nothing.*



## XLII.

*A Practice with } Friendship.  
A Rule of }*

SOME men are of so Noble and free a *disposition*, that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receiue a *deniall*: it being one part of their happiness, to pleasure the *man* they *loue*. Yet these in the end, and these *times*, are the onely *unhappy* men. For being exhausted by the necessities of others, and their base working on a *free nature*, an *vnwel-*come *want*, at once vndoes *them*, and the goodness of their *disposition*. Pity such willing *concesses* should be cast away in such *vngratefull ground*, that like an *vnbottomed Gulfe*, swallowes, but returns not: or that a mans firme *loue* should make him do that, should *kill* himselfe in future. Contrary to these, you haue another sort as fast and holding: and though sometimes they might pleasure a *friend*, without a selfe-preiudice: yet their inbred



crabbednesse referues *all*, with a close hand. And while the other ruines with a *faire affection*, hee thrives with a *vulgar hate*, and *curses*; such as the *first*, are best to *others*: such as the *last*, to *themselves*. I will so serue *others*, as I iniure not my *selfe*; so my *selfe*, as I may helpe *others*.

XLIII.

*Sinne by but Once committing, gaines a  
Pronenesse to Reiteration.*

AS there is no feat of *Actiuitie* so difficult, but beeing once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no *sinne* at first so hatefull, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne *pleasure*, then of that which onely our eares haue heard report of. So farre is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keepes the *minde* from *distraction*; and *Knowledge*, as it breeds desire in all things, so in *sinne*. Bootlesse therefore shall euer be that cunning fetch of *Satan*, when he would induc mee once to make a triall of *sinne*, that I might thereby know more, and bee able to fill vp my mouth with discourse, my minde with fruition; bearing mee in hand, I may at my pleasure giue it the hand of *parting*, and a finall *farewell*. Too often (alas) haue I beene deceiued with this beguiling perswasion, of a power to leaue, and a *will* to returne at my *will*. Henceforth

forth shall my care bee to refraine from *once*. If I grant *that*, stronger perswasions will pleade for a *second* action: 'tis easier to deny a *Guest* at first, then to turue him out, hauing stayed a while. Thou knowest not, sencelesse man, what *ioyes* thou lovest, when thou fondly lashest into new *offences*. The *World* cannot repurchase thee thy pristine *integrity*: thou hast hereby lost such hold of *grace*, as thou wilt neuer againe be able to recouer. A minde not conscious of any foule *enormities*, is a faire temple in a durty *Street*: at whose doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *plebeians*, knockes incessantly: while the doore is *shut*, 'tis easie to keepe it so, and them out; *open* that, but to let in one, thousands will rush in after him: and their tramplings will for euer soile that vnstained *floore*: while thy conscience is vnspotted, thou hast *that* can make thee smile on the *Racke*, and *flames*; 'tis like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the *sadnesse* of the *minde*. But when thou woundest *that*, thou buriest thy *ioyes* at once: and throwest a *lewel* from thee, is richer then the wealth of *Worlds*. Foole that thou art, that wandring in a darke *wilderneffe*, dost wilfully put out thy *candle*, and thinkest cold water can slacke thy thirst, in the burning fit of an *Ague*; when it onely breeds in thee a desire to powre in more. Hee that neuer tasted the pleasures of *sinne*, longs lesse after those banefull *discontenting contents*. What *sweets* of *sinne* I know not, I desire still to bee vn-experienc'd in. I had rather not *knowe*, then by *knewledge* bee *miserable*. This *Ignorance* will teach mee *Knowledge*, of an vnknowne *Peace*. Let mee



rather be outwardly *maimed*, and want discourse; then bee furnisht of that, and possesse a *wound* that bleedeth within.

#### XLIV.

##### *Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts.*

**T**Is foolish, and fauours not of common policy, to purchase *Friends* with large gifts: because hauing once vsed them to *rewards*, they will still expect more: and *custome* that pleaseth, is seldome omitted without either *discontent* or *danger*. If then our *tokens* shall seeme to *diminish*, *friendship* likewise will *decrease*: and if not quite *consume*, yet easily bee drawne to allow harbour to base *disrespect*: which what a thorne it is to an *affectionate minde*, I desire rather to know by iudicious *observation*, then by reall *experience*: but sure I am, it no way can be *small*: yet most true must it needs bee, that *friendship* wonne by large gifts, resembles but the *straw fire*, that hauing matter to feede vpon, burnes brightly: but let new *fuel* bee neglected, it dyes, consumes, and quite *goes out*. Nor further can this *amity* be euer approued, or sure, or sincere. For hee that loues mee for my gifts sake, loues my gifts about my *selfe*: and if I should happen to light on *aduersity*, I should not finde him then to appeare: there being no hope of a *gainefull requitall*. If I giue any thing, it shall bee because he is my *friend*; not because I would haue him so: not so much that

that I *may have his love*; but that already hee hath  
 mine. I will vse them sometimes to continue friend-  
 ship, neuer to begin it. I do not hold him worthy thanks,  
 that professeth me kindnesse for his owne ends.



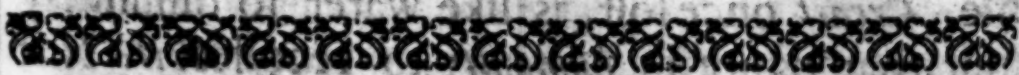
## XLV.

*Iust Shame in a good man, saddens his soule.  
 Of Credit or Good Name,  
 vid. pag. 346.*

**N**Othing more saddens the soule of a good man,  
 then the *serious* apprehension of a *iust shame*.  
 If it were false, his owne cleerenesse would be a shield  
 strong enough to repell the darts of slander. For  
 man is neuer miserable, till Conscience turnes his Ene-  
 my. If it were but the losse of riches, there were a  
 possibility of a recovery: if of friends, he might find  
 more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of  
 their happinesse, in that glorious Mansion of the  
 Saints: if of corporall anguish, a quiet minde might  
 mitigate his paines, or industry with time take a  
 truce with sorrowes: but this misery is inmedica-  
 ble. Credit once lost, is like water so diffusiuely  
 spilt, that 'tis not in humanity to recollect it. If it  
 be, it hath lost the purity, and will for euer after,  
 be full of soile: and by how much his honesty was  
 more noted; by so much will his shame bee more,  
 and his griefe. For see what a horrow hee hath be-  
 fore him; all will be now ready to brand him with  
 the odious, and stigmaticall name of an Hypocrite. His  
 Reputa-



Reputation (which though it bee not dearer then his *soule*, yet he prizeth aboue his *life*) will be blacked with an eternall *staine*: which nor *absence*, *time*, *endeuour*, nor *Death*, can wash away. If he *lines*, and could in himselfe *forget it*: yet the *enuious* world will keepe it vpon *Record*: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his *galled* soule. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Bloud-hound* follow him: if he dyes, that will suruiue him, and make his very *graue* contemptible: nay, so farre will it spread, as somewhat to infect his friends: and though haply in himselfe he may bee bettered, by so rash a fall: yet the *cruell*, and *uncharitable* world will euer thinke him worse. In this I dare not follow *it*: in doing that may cause this, I hope I shall not. I will *first* strue to bee voyd of the *act* might bring shame, *next*, not to cast it in the *dish* of the penitent. If my sufferings bee *unjust*, I am sure in the *end* I shall finde them *comfortable*. If God hath pleas'd to remit *offences*, why should I commemorate *them*? A good *life* is a fortresse against *shame*: and a good man's *shame* is his *benefit*: the one keepes it *away*; the other when it comes, makes it proue *profitable*.

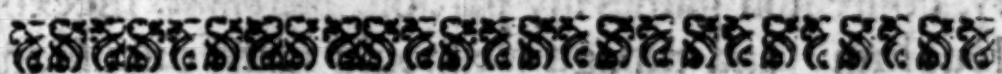


## XLVI.

*The Will accepted with God for the Deed.*

**T**He will for the *deed*, is oft with God accepted: and hee that is a thankfull *Debtor*, restores a *benefit*.

*benefit. Many benefits, nay, all I possesse, O Lord, from thee I know I haue receiued: requite them I cannot, returne them I may not, and to rest ingratefull, were a sinne inexcusable. Since then I cannot retaliate thy loue, or retribute thy fauours: yet Lord, will I owe them, with a desire to pay.*



## XLVII.

*Concealed Grudges the Gangrene of Friendship.*

**T**Here is not any thing *eates* out friendship, sooner then *concealed* grudges. Though *reason* at first produceth opinion, yet opinion, *after*, seduceth Reason. Conceits of vnkindnesse harboured and beleued, will worke euen a *steady* loue, to hatred. And therefore, reserued *dispositions*, as they are the best keepers of *secrets*: so they are the worst increasers of *loue*. Betweene friends it cannot be, but discourtesies will *appeare*: though not intended by a willing *act*, yet so taken by a wrong *suspect*: which smothered in silence, increase daily to a greater *distaste*: but reuealed once, in a *friendly* manner, oft meet with that satisfaction, which doth in the disclosure *banish* them. Sometimes *ill* tongues, by *false* tales, sow *Discord* betweene two *Louers*. Sometimes *mistakes* set the minde in a *false* beliefe. Sometimes *iealousies*, that flow from loue, *imprint* suspicion in the thoughts. All which may finde ease in the *uttering*: so their discouery being *mild*.



*mildnesse*; otherwise, choller casts a *mist* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might see *cleerely*, will not let it. If betweene my *friend*, and my *selfe*, a priuate thought of *vnkindnesse* arise, I will presently tell it, and be *reconciled*: if he be *cleere*, I shall like him the better when I see his *integrity*: if *faulty*, confession gaines my pardon, and *bindes* mee to loue him: and though we should in the discussion *iarre* a little, yet will I be sure to *part* friendly. Fire almost *quench't*, and laid abroad, *dyes* presently: put together, it will *burne* the better. Euery such breach as this, will vnite *affection* faster: a little shaking prefers the *growth* of the tree.



## XLVIII.

*Of Affecting an high seate of Honour.*

I Haue sometimes *wish't* my selfe in some high seate of *honour*: with what *folly*, I haue after seene, and beene *displeased*, with my *selfe*, with my *desires*: so *vnbesitting wisdom*, so dissonant from *Christianitie*. For what can a high *place* conferre vnto me, that can make my life more truly happy? if it addes to my *iokes*, it increaseth my *feare*; if it augments my *pleasure*, my *care* is more, and my *trouble*. But perhaps I shall haue *reuerence*, weare *rich apparell*, and fare *deliciously*: alas! cold *flames*, wet *rayment*. Haue I not knowne some inioying *all*, and neuer found other *fruit*, but *enuy*, *beggery*, and *disease*: so haue in the end, wished to change, for  
lower

lower honours, for *meaner* dignities, accounting themselves as the *flag* on the top of a *shipmast*, as more high, and more visible; so more, and euer open, to the *wind*, and *stormes*: being as a worthy *Judge* once answered one, that gaue him his title of *Honour*: True, *Honourable* seruants: to poast through the *toyles* of a circuit, and thinke on any mans businesse but their owne. Ah *Tissue couer*, to a straw *Cushion*! But I shall haue more *meanes*, so shall I doe the more *good*: I grant; but may I not doe as *much* good, with *lesse* meanes? 'Tis a question who shall haue more *reward*, of him that does most in *quantitie*, or most according the *proportion* of his meanes; If *Christ* may be admitted as *arbitrator*, the *poore* Widdow gaue more, then all the *rich* ones. I feare, if I had *more*, I should spend *more* in waste: sure I am, I should haue *more* to answer for. Besides, who knowes what a change *wealth* might worke in mee? what a *snare* hath it proued to many, that like the *Sunne*, haue in the *morning* of their time, *mounted* themselves to the highest *pitch* of *perspicuity* and *brightnesse*: which when they haue once attained, they *decline*, *fall*, *vanish* and are gone; leaving nothing behind them, but *darke* night, *blacke* reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a *Sponge*, to bee *squeezed* out againe, by some *grinding* oppressor? So bee more *vexed* with an vnexpected *losse*, then *pleased* with my short *enjoyment*. The Thiefe that meets with a full *purse*, takes away it, and returns a *stabbe*; while the empty *pocket* makes the life *secure*: then perhaps we could wish to be *poore*, but



but cannot: that so wee might lessen our *griefe*, by the *sorrow* for our *losse*. Tell me then, *O my soule*! what should make thee wish to *change*? I live in a *ranke*, though not of the *highest*, yet affording as much *happinesse*, more *freedome*: as beeing exempt from those *suspicious cares*, that prick the *bosome* of the *wealthy man*: 'tis such as might content my better, and such as heaven smiles on, with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be *faire* and *honest*; and without *these*, who is well? I have *necessaries*, and what is *decent*; and when I desire it, something for *pleasure*. Who hath more that is *needfull*? If I be not so *rich*, as to sow *almes* by sackfuls, even my *Mite* is beyond the superfluity of *wealth*: and my *pen*, my *tongue*, and my *life*, shall (I hope) helpe some to better *treasure* then the *earth* afford them. I have food *conuenient* for mee: and I sometimes finde *exercise* to keepe my *body* healthfull: when I doe, I make it my *recreation*, not my *toyle*. My rayment is not *worst*, but *good*; and then *that*, let me neuer haue better. I can bee as warme in a good *Kersey*, as a Prince in a *Scarlet robe*. I live where is much meanes of true *saluation*: my *liberty* is mine owne, I can both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. I have a minde can bee pleased with the *present*; and if time turnes the *wheele*, can endure the change, without desiring it. I want nothing but *abundance*; and this I need not, because want herein, I account much better then *reall possession*: if it had beene fit for mee, I know, my God would haue bestowed it on me. He neuer was so carelesse of a childe of his, as to let him

him misse *that*, hee knew might make for his good. Seeing then, he sees it *inconuenient*, it shall bee my ioy to liue without it; and henceforth, will I not long any more to *change*. Hee is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be contented with *that* hee inioyes. I will rather settle my minde to a *quiet rest*, in that I finde: then let her wander in a wearied sollicitude, after *ungotten plenty*. That estate that God gives me, euer will I esteeme best: though I could not thinke it so, I am sure it is so: and to *thinke* against knowledge, is a *foolish* suspition.

## XLIX.

*Of Iealousie of an Other.*

**T**Is a *precept* from a perfidious minde, that bids vs thinke all *knaues* wee deale with: so by distrust, to hinder deceit. I dare not giue my mind that liberty, lest I iniure *charity*, and runne into *error*. I will thinke all *honest*, if strangers: for so I'm sure they should be; onely let me remember, they are but *men*: so may vpon *temptation*, fall with the time; otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* hath implanted a morall *justice*, which vnperverted, will deale square. *Christ's* Precept was found in the mouthes of *Heathen*: *Doe not to another, what thou wouldst not haue done to thy selfe.*

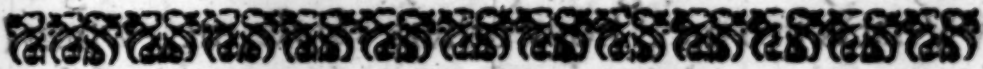


L.

*The great Euill that Neglect brings both to  
Body and Soule.*

**T**Hough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet vnlesse they be daily taken away, wee see they make men *monstrous*: as *Nebuchadnezzars* haire were like *Eagles feathers*, and his *nails* like *birds claws*, in his *seuen yeeres bestialitie*. So that those things which *Nature* with due ordering, hath made for vse and ornament; with a carelesse neglect, grow to mischief and deformitie. In the *soule* I finde it yet worse: and no *Vice* so soone steales on vs, as the abuse of *things* in themselves lawfull: For *Nature*, euer since her first depriuation, without a corrigible hand to restraine her, runnes into wide extremities. I know, 'tis good the *Vine* should flourish; but let it alone, and it ruines it selfe, in superfluous branches. Our pleasures we see, are sometimes the enliuenings of a drooping *soule*: yet how easily doe they steale away our *mindes*, and make vs with a mad affection, dote vpon them, none suspecting in so faire a semblance, a *Sinon*, that should gull vs with such dilusiue postures: but because wee know them lawfull, wee boldly and heedlessly vse them: and as *Providence* is the mother of *happinesse*: so *Negligence* is the Parent of *misery*. I will euer bee more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse* or *sweetnesse*.  
Nothing

Nothing steals more *soules* from God, then *lewd courses* that are outwardly glorious. Reason hath not so dull an eye, but shee may see those things that are apparently *ill*: but those that are so, onely by their accident, haue power to blinde her sight: so require more care, more *vigilancie*. I'll onely vse them, to make me better: when they leaue *that*, I'll leaue them: and deale with 'vm, in a wise discretion, as the Emperour *Commodus* did with his seruants, in a *wicked iest*, banish them: not for the *ill* they *haue done* me; but for the *harme* they *may doe*. Since all my *goodnesse* cannot make one sinne *good*: why should an accidentall sinne spoyle *that*, which is *good* in it *selfe*?



## LI.

## Of Solitarinesse and Companionship.

There is no man that liues well, but shall be suspected for *selfe-conceited*, vlesse he can liue like an *Hermite*, in a *Cell*: or like some *Satyre*, in an vnfrequented *Desart*. He cannot for his life so carry himselfe, but hee shall sometimes light on *lewd* company: such as he neither *loues*, nor cares for. If he continues *society* with them, hee endangers his *soule*: either by *participating* of their *bad actions*, or else by *conniuing* at those *offences*, he sees they delight in: either of which, not onely cast a present *guilt* on the *soule*, but euen worke it to such a *temper*, as makes it apt to receiue the impression of



any ill; So secretly insinuating, till it come from *toleration*, to *Allowance*, *Action*, *Custom*, *Delight*. Bad *Companions* are like *Traitors*, with whom if we *act*, or *conceale*, wee are *guiltie*: this *Pitch* will defile a man. If he shall out of an honest care of his *soules* wel-fare, and his loue to *Religion*, labour to auoid such *bad associates*: or being *unhappily* fallen among them, seeke for a *present escape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himselfe is guessed the onely *mo-tiue* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed 'tis only goodnesse that *importunes* his absence. But tell me now, is't not better I leaue them, and be thought *proud* wrongfully: then stay vvith them, and be knowne *bad* certainly? He's a foole that will sell his *soule*, for a few *good* words, from a mans tongue. VVhat is't to me, how others *thinke* me, when I know my intent is *good*, and my waies warrantable? A good conscience cares for no *witnesse*: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the worlds *Ca-lumnies*, worke a change in a *minde resolved*. Howsoeuer here my *Reputation* should bee soiled *vnvvor-thily*, yet the *time* is not farre off, when a freedom from *sinne* vvill be more vvorth, then a *perpetuated fame* from *Adam*, till *Doomes-day*. While *heauen* & my *Conscience* seeme *Innocent*, the worlds suppositions cannot make me *culpable*. He that is *good*, and *ill* spoken of, shall reioyce for the *wrong* is done him by others. He that is *bad*, and well reported, shall griure for the *iniurie* he does himselfe. In the *one*, they would make me what I am not: in the *other*, I make my selfe what I should not. Let mee rather *beare ill*, and doe *well*: then doe *ill*, and be *flattered*.

Better

## LII.

*Better to suffer Iniuries then offer them.*

**F**OR iniuries, my opinion is with *Socrates*: 'Tis better to suffer, then to offer them. Hee may be good that beares them: he must be ill that proffers them. *Saul* would slay *David*, when himselfe onely is vicious, and ill. Vice is accompanied with iniustice; Patience is an attendant on Vertue.

## LIII.

*Gouvernement and Obedience, the two causes of a Common Prosperitie.*

**I**N all Nations, two things are causes of a common prosperity: Good Government, and good Obedience: A good Magistrate, ouer a peruerse people, is a sound head, on a surfeted body. A good Commualty, and a bad Ruler, is a healthfull body, with a head aching: either are occasions of ruine: both sound preseruatiues. A good Gouvernour, is a skilfull Shipmaster, that takes the shortest, and the safest course: and continually so steeres, as the Rockes, and Shelues which might shipwracke the state, be auoyded: and the voyage euer made, with the soonest speed, best profit, most ease. But a wicked Magistrate is a Wolfe made leader of the fold: that both satiates his cruel-



ty, and betrayes them to danger. To whom if you  
 adde but ignorance, you may vpon certaine grounds  
 prophesie destruction. *The Iudges insufficiencie, is the  
 Innocents calamity.* But if the *Common-wealth* bee  
 obedient, and the *Ruler* worthy, how durable is  
 their felicitie and ioy? *Solon* might well say, That  
*Citie* was safe, whose *Citizens* were obedient to the  
*Magistrates*, and *Magistrates* to the *Laws*. What  
 made the *Maier Scipio* so victorious, but his wis-  
 dome in directing, and his *Souldiers* willingnesse in obey-  
 ing, when hee could shew his Troops, and say, You  
 see not a man among all these, but will, if I command  
 him, from a Turret throw himselfe into the Sea? The  
 inconuenience of stubbornnesse, that Counsell knew,  
 who meeting with an obstinate Youth, sold both  
 him, and his goods, saying, He had no need of that  
*Citizen*, that would not obey. As it is in the larger  
 and more spacious World, so is it in the little world  
 of Man. None, if they serue their true Prince, but  
 haue a *Gouernour* compleatly perfect. Criticisme it  
 selfe, cannot finde in God to canillat. Hee is both  
 iust and mercifull, in the Concrete, and the Abstract,  
 he is both of them. Who can taxe him with either  
 crueltie or partialitie? though my obedience cannot  
 answer his perfection, yet will I endeavour it. If *Christ*  
 be not my King to gouerne, hee will neither be my  
*Prophet* to forewarne, nor my *Priest* to expiate. If  
 I cannot come neere it, in effect, as being impossible:  
 I will in desire, as being conuenient: so though lesse,  
 yet if sincere, I know, he will accept it: not as meri-  
 torious, but respecting his promise.

## LIII.

*Of a Fruitelesse Hearers danger.*

**T**Is an *Aphorisme* in *Physicke*, that they which in the beginning of sicknesse *eat* much, and *mend* not, fall at last to a generall loathing of *food*. The *Morall* is true in *Diuinitie*. He that hath a sicke *conscience*, and liues a hearer vnder a fruitfull *Ministry*, if hee growes not *sound*, hee will learne to despise the *Word*. Contemned *blesings* leaue roome for *curses*. Hee that neglects the *good* he may haue, shall finde the *euill* he would not haue. Lustly hee sits in *darkenesse*, that would not light his *Candle* when the *fire* burned cleerely. He that needs *counsell*, and will not heare it, destines himselfe to *miserie*, and is the willing *Author* of his owne *woe*. Continue at a stay hee cannot long: if hee could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the *soule*, as the other to the *body*. Pittifull is his estate, that hates the thing should helpe him: if euer you see a drowning man refuse *helpe*, conclude him a wilfull *murtherer*. VVhen *God* affoords mee plentifull *meanes*, woe bee to me if they prooue not profitable: I had better haue a *deafe eare*, then heare to *neglect* or *hate*: to the burying of such *treasures* there belongs a *curse*, to their mispending, *Iudgements*.



## LV.

*Of Gods gifts which are common to All,  
and Peculiar to the Elect onely.*

**G**OD giues three kindes of Gifts; *Temporall*, *Spirituall* and *Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *Wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Honour*, and such like. *Spirituall*, as *Sauing faith*, *Peace of conscience*, and *assurance of Salvation*. *Eternall*, as *Glory*, and *Happinesse* in *Heauen* for euer. The first is common to the *wicked* as well as the *godly*; and they mostly flourish in these *terrene beauties*. For who so great in fauour with the *world* as they? They *live*, become *old*, and are mighty in *power*; as *Iob* speakes in his 21. yet all these *sweetes* passe away like a *vapour*, and though they reuell out their dayes in mirth, yet in a moment they goe downe to the *Graue*. The two other, *God* bestowes onely vpon his *Elect*: all that heere hee often giues them, is onely one of these, some *spirituall fauours* he bestowes vpon them, the other hee reserues for them, when *Earth* cannot call them her *Children*. One hee giues them not, till they bee gone from hence; the other, when they haue it, the *World* sees it not. What difference can a blinde man perceiue betweene a sparkling *Diamond*, and a worthlesse *peble*? or what can a naturall man spie in an humble *Christian*, that euer he thinkes may make him bee happy? *Afflictions* heere are the *Lot* of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid beauties, that  
speake

speake them faire in the eye of the *Almighty*: they  
 are sports of the *prince Chamber*, that these *Kings*  
 ioy in: the vnciuill *Vulgar* see not the pleasures of  
 their *Crowne*: Wheras the *wicked* and God-forsaken  
 man, spreades out his plumes, and seemes euen to  
 checke the *Sunne* in his glory. *Vice* loues to seeme  
 glorious, yea more to seeme, then to bee. What a  
 Lustre these *Glow-wormes* cast in darkenesse, which  
 yet but touched, are extinct? A poore reckoning  
 alas in the end! when all these counterfeit *Jewels*  
 shall be snatched from him, and hee answer for all  
 strictly, at the vnauoydable Barre of the last *Judge-*  
*ment*. They had need haue some pleasure heere,  
 that can haue nothing but woe hereafter. *Flesh*,  
 rebellious *flesh*, would sometime set me to murmur  
 at their prosperitie; but when my minde in her  
*Clozet* reuolues their fickle estate, and findes all  
 their good in present and outward, I see nothing  
 may bee a mid-wife to the least repining enuy.  
 When my soule solaceth her selfe in those rauish-  
 ing delights that exhilarate a *Christians* mind, how  
 poorely can I thinke of those lamentable ioyes?  
 The spirituall man looks on the flourishes of this  
 life with *pitty*, not *desire*. If *God* gives the wicked  
 one, and mee two, why should I complaine? but  
 when the least of mine is infinitely better then his  
 all, let mee neuer grudge him so poore and so short  
 a heauen. If *God* affords me his Childrens fauours,  
 (though oppressed with pouerty) I am richer  
 then all their *gawdy adulations* can make mee: be-  
 cause I haue already the earnest of a *World* of Ioy,  
 which the *wicked* shall neuer obtaine.



## LVI.

*Of Libelling against them that are false.*

I VVonder what spirit they are indued withall, that can basely libell at a man that is false! If they were heavenly, then would they with him condole his disasters, and drop some teares in pittie of his follie and wretchednesse: If but humane, yet Nature neuer gaue them a minde so cruell, as to adde weight to an ouer-charged Beame. VVhen I heare of any that fall into publike disgrace, I haue a minde to commiserate his mis-hap, not to make him more disconsolate. To inueneome a name by libels, that already is openly tainted, is to adde stripes with an iron rod, to one that is flayed with whipping: and is sure in a minde well temper'd, thought inhumane, diabolicall.

## LVII.

*The vanity and shortnesse of mans Life.*

O VVr yeeres at full are fourescore and tenne: much time compared to a day; but not a minute in respect of eternitie: yet how few liue to tell so large a succession of time? One dyes in the bud; another in the bloome; some in the fruite; few like the sheafe, that come to the barne in a full age: and though a man

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man liues to enioy *all*, ſee but how little hee may call as his *owne*. He is firſt *Puer*, then *Iuuenis*, next *Vir*, and after, *Senex*; the *firſt* hee rattles away in *toyes* and *Fooleries*, and ere he knowes where he is, ſpends a great part of his precious *time*: he playes as if there were no *sorrow*; and ſleepes, as if there would neuer be *ioy*. The *next*, *pleaſures* and *luxury* ſhorten and haſten away: vnchecked *heate* makes his nimble *ſpirits* boyle; hee dares then *doe* that, which after he dares not *thinke* of: hee does not then *live*, but *renell*; and cares not ſo much for *life*, as for that which ſteales it away, *Pleaſure*. Hee hath then a *ſoule* that thinkes not of it ſelfe, but ſtudies onely to content the *body*: which with her beſt *indulgence*, is but a piece of *actiue earth*: when ſhe leaues it, a *lump* of *naſtineſſe*. The third *Cares* of the *world*, and *poſteritie*, debarre of a *ſolliſd content*: and now when hee is mounted to the *height* of his way, hee findes more *miſerie*, then the beginning told him of. VVhat *iarrs*, what *toyles*, what *cares*, what *diſcontentments*, and what vnexpected *diſtracti- ons*, ſhall he light vpon? If *poore*, hee's *miſerable* and *ridiculous*: if *rich*, *fearfull* and *ſollicitous*: this being all the difference betweene them; the *firſt* labours how to *live*; the *other* ſtudies how to *continue living*. In the laſt, *nature* growes weake & irkeſome to her ſelfe, venting her diſtaſte with *Salomon*, and mournes that now ſhe findes her *dayes* that bee vn- pleaſing. Hee that liues long, hath onely the hap- pineſſe to take a larger taſte of *miſerie*: what be- fore hee thought hurled about with more then a *sphericall* ſwiftneſſe, he now thinkes more tedious then



then a tyred *Hackney* in foule waies: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now hee could on his knee sue to, to haste him away. But if (that honey of all *humanitie*) *Learning*, hath taught him away to coozen his *sorrowes*, hee could then with old *Themistocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he must then *leauelife*, when he begins to *learne wit*. Thus all Man's *ages* are so full of troubles, that they filch away his time of *liuing*. The *first* is full of *folly*: the *second*, of *sinne*: the *third*, of *labour*: the *last*, of *griefe*. In all, he is in the *Court* of this world, as a Ball bandyed betweene two Rackets, *Ioy* and *Sorrow*: If either of them strike him ouer, hee may then *rest*: otherwise his time is nothing but a constant motion in *calamity*. I haue onely yet run thorough the *first*, and passed my *Puerilia*; whether my *life* or my *youth* shall be ended first, I neither know nor care. I shall neuer bee sorrowfull for leauing too soone, the *tempests* of this tumbling *Sea*. But if I see my *Summer* past, I hope in *Autumne* God will ripen me for himselfe, and hather mee: if my *Maker* and *Master* saw it fit, I could bee content neither to see it, nor *Winter*, I meane the *winter* of *Age*: but if hee shall appoynt mee so large a time, I shall willingly pray, as my *Sauour* hath taught mee, *His will bee done*: though I wish not the full fruition of all, yet doe I desire to borrow a letter from each: so instead of *Puer*, *Iuuenis*, *Vir*, & *Senex*; giue mee the foure first letters, which will make me *Pius*.

## LVIII.

*A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.*

**T**WO things in my apparrell I will onely aime at; *Commodiousnesse, Decencie*: beyond these, I know not how ought may bee commendable; yet I hate an *effeminate sprucenesse*, as much as a *phantasticke disorder*. A *neglectiue comlinesse* is a mans best ornament. *Sardanapalus* was as base in his *feminine vestures*, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when hee wore *Shooes of Gold, and Rings of Leather*: the one shew'd much *pride*, the other more *wantonnesse*: let mee haue both these excluded, and I am pleased in my *Garments*.

## LIX.

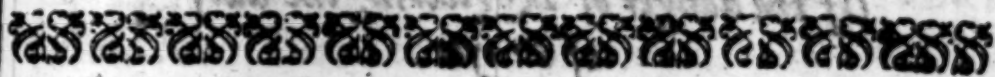
*The good vse of an Enemy.*

**T**HOUGH an *Enemy* be not a thing necessary; yet is there much good vse to bee made of him: yea, sometimes hee doth a man a greater *pleasure*, then a *dearer friend*. For, whereas a *friend*, out of a feare to displease, and a kinde of conning *partiality*, speakes onely *Placentia*, and such as he thinkes, may not giue a *distaste*; an *Enemy* vtters his opinion boldly; and if any *act*, misbecoming *vertue*, spring from a man, he will be sure to finde it, and blow it abroad.



abroad. So that if a man cannot knowe by his friends, wherein hee offends; his *enemie* will be so much his friend, as to shew him his folly, and how hee failes. 'Twas a good speech of *Diogenes*, *We haue need of faithfull friends, or sharpe enemies*. Euery man hath vse of a *monitor*: yet I see in all, such a naturall and wilfull blindnesse through selfe-loue, that euery man is *angry* when his *enemy* reuiles him, though iustly: and all *pleased*, when a friend commends, though his *Encomion* be false, and desertlesse. I will entertaine both with an equall welcome: neither, without some meditation and good vse. If one praise mee for the thing I haue not, my first following indeuour shall bee to get what hee commends me for; lest when the time comes that I should shew it, hee reape disgrace by reporting *vntruths*, and I lose my *credit*, by wanting that, I am suppos'd to possesse. If for that I haue: I will striue to attaine it in a measure more large: so shall his words bee truth, and my *deedes* proue them. If my *enemie* vpbraides mee, let me see if it be *iustly*. It was an argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when hee was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) say, *I beleene he is honest, and feare I haue deserued it*. If it be so, I will labour to shake off that *corruption*, and be glad I haue so discouer'd it. But if iniuriously he reports foule, it shall be my ioy to beare contentedly, the vniust *aspersions* of malicious *Censure*: who euer was, that was not slandered? Though he should be beleened a while: yet at last my *actions* would out-weigh his words, and the disgrace rest with the intender of the ill.

ill. So that *webbe* of *scandall*, they would iniekt vp-  
on mee, my *life* shall make a *garment* for themselves  
to weare. That *stone* that *iniurie* casts, euer in the  
end lights on *her selfe*.



## L X.

*Inward Integrity and outward vprightnesse*  
ought to bee respected, whilst  
we liue heere.

**T**wo things a man ought to respect while he liues  
heere; his *inward integrity*, and his *outward*  
*vprightnesse*: his *piety* toward *God*, and his *reputa-*  
*tion* among *men*. The one is by performance of *re-*  
*ligious duties*; the other by obedience to the *lawes*  
*publike*: the one makes his *life* famous; the other,  
his *death* happy; so both together, bring credit to  
the *name*, and felicity to the *soule*. I will so be alone,  
as I may bee with *God*: so with *company*, as I may  
please the *godly*; that, report from *good men* may  
speake me *vertuous*. Thus whensoever my *breath*  
shall be made but *ayre*, they shall beleue, and I  
know my selfe to be blessed. The death of a *good*  
*man* is like the putting out of a *wax perfumed Candle*;  
hee recompences the *losse of light*, with the *sweete*  
*odour* he leaues behind him.

of



## LXI.

*Of the danger of Neglecting the duty  
of Prayer.*

AS it fareth betweene two friends, that haue  
beene ancient familiars, yet dwelling asunder;  
the one, out of a carelesse neglect, forgets and o-  
mits his vsuall duty of *visitation*, and that so long,  
that at last hee forbears to goe at all: so their *loues*  
decay and diminish: not proceeding from any  
*Iarre*, but onely out of a *stealing neglect*, of renewing  
their *loues*: Euen so it falls out betweene *God*, and  
the carelesse *Christian*: who when hee hath omit-  
ted the duty of *Prayer*, and perhaps hath some  
small motiues of a happie returne; the *Deuill* asks  
him with what face he can now repaire vnto Him,  
hauing beene so long a stranger, both to him, and  
to that *holy duty*. *Dis-respect* is the vway to lose a  
*friend*: he that would not continue a *friend*, may  
*neglect* him, and haue his aime. Experience hath  
taught me how dangerous *negligence* hath beene,  
how preiudiciall: how soone it breedes *custome*;  
how easily and insensibly *Custome* creepes into *Nature*;  
which much labour and long endeavour can-  
not alter, or extirpate. In this causethere is no re-  
medy but violence, and the seasonable acceptance  
of opportunity: The vigilant *Mariner* sailes with  
the first *winde*, and though the *gale* blow somewhat  
aduersely, yet once lanced forth, he may either  
finde

finde the *blast*, to wombe out his *sailes* more fully, or else helpe himselfe, by the aduantage of *Sea-roome* : whereas he that rides still *anchor'd* in the *Riuer*, and will *saile* with none, but a *winde faire*, may either lie till he lose his *voyage*, or else rot his *Barke* in the *Harbour*. If a *supine neglect*, runne me on these *sands*, a *violent blast* must set me afloat againe. In things that must bee, 'tis good to be *resolute*. I know not whether I shall haue a second *call*, or whether my first motion shall dye *Issuelesse*. I am sure I must returne, or perish : and therefore *necessity* shall adde a *foote* to my weake *desires* ; yet I will striue more to preuent this, by frequent *familiaritie* ; then being an estranged *friend*, to renue old loues : not that after *error*, I would not returne ; but that I would not *stray* at all.



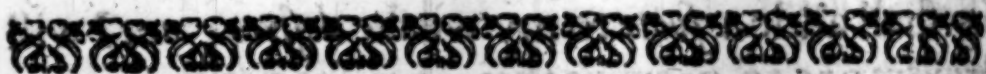
## LXII.

*A good mans Ioy in his many sorrowes.*

THE good man hath many sorrowes, that the wicked man neuer knowes of : his *Offences*, the *sinnes* of the *Time*, the dishonour of *God*, the daily increasing of *Satans* kingdome, and the present misery of his *Fathers* children : So that many times, when the *prophane man* is belching out his *blasphemies*, he inwardly drops a teare in his *soule*, and is then petitioning *Heauen* for his *pardon*. But to strengthen him vnder the burthen of all these, he hath one *ioy* (that vvere all his sorrowes doubled) could make him



him *lightly* beare *them* : and this is the truth of Gods promises. If I haue more troubles then another, I care not ; so I haue more ioyes. God is no Tyrant, to giue mee more then my *load*. I am *well* in the midd<sup>st</sup> of *all*, while I haue *that*, which can vphold me in *all*. Who deserues most *honour*, of the *slugard* that hath kept his *bed warme*, or the man that hath *combated* a *monster*, and master'd him ? Job was not so *miserable* in his *afflictions*, as hee was *happy* in his *patience*.



## LXIII.

*Enuie a Squint-ey'd foole.*

**T**He *envious* man is a *squint-ey'd foole* ; and must needs want both *wit* and *honesty* : for as the *wise* man hath alwaies his minde fixed most on his owne affaires : so on the contrary, hee obserues other mens ; while those that are *proper* and *pertaining* to himselfe, inioy the least of his *counsell* and *care*. He *sees* others, and is *blind* at home ; he *looks* vpon others, as if they were his, and *neglects* his owne, as if they were anothers. Againe, that which he intends for *mischiefe*, and a secret *disgrace* ; euer addes some *splendor* to the *brightnesse* of his worth, he doth so *unjustly* maligne : as if wishing him *infamous*, he would labour to make him *famous* : or desiring to *kill* him, would prescribe him a *Cordiall*. *Enuy*, like the worme, neuer runnes but to the *fairest* and the *ripest fruit* : as a cunning *Blood-hound*, it singles

singles out the fattest *Deere* of the *Herd*: 'tis a pitchy *smoake* which wheresoeuer we finde, we may bee sure there is a *fire of vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philistines enuy*. *Jacobs blessing* bred *Esaus hate*. Hee's a *man* of a strange constitution, whose *sicknesse* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were good, or meritorious, he would neuer grieue to haue a companion: but being bad, and shallow himselfe, he would damme vp the *streame*, that is *sweete* and *silent*: so by enuying another, for his *radiant lustre*, he giues the world notice, how *darke* and *obscure* he is in himselfe. Yet to all these *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *dramme* of content, there might something be spoken in way of *Apologie*, But whereas all other *vices* are retained, either for *pleasure* or *profit*; this onely like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leanenesse* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe*, *vexation*, *madnesse*. If another excell me in goodnesse, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *blocke* to *stumble on*. If in *wealth*, I shall with him *blesse God* for his plenty, neuer grudge at those faire fauours of *heauen*: *God* hath enough both for *me*, and *him*: but if hee deserues better, let me applaud the *diuine Iustice*, not *taxe* it. If the *vice* it selfe shall not cause me to *shunne* it; yet the *folly* of it shall awe me so much, as not to *shake hands* with a *Serpent* so *foule*: 'tis onely the *weake-sighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A *strong eye* can vnhurt gaze the *Sunne*.



## LXIII.

*Gods Law our Looking-glasse.*

**T**He counsell the Philosopher gaue the young men of Athens, may with much profit, be applied by a Christian: viz. That they should often view themselves in a glasse, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should be befitting their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill fauoured, that then they should labour to salue the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a minde, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature. The Law is the Christians looking-glasse; which will shew all, without either flattery, or partialitie. 'Tis a glasse hung in the midd' st of the roome, which will shew thee euery dirty corner of thy soule. If thou hast wandred in a darke way, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee againe into true path. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I be free from the outward actvall violation of it, any thing faire, or haue some beauties, I may study dayly, how to maintaine them, how to increase them. But if I finde my selfe like a Leopard in his spots, or an Ethiopian in his hiew naturall, blacke and deformed (as I cannot bee otherwise in my selfe) it shall yet make me see my defects, and strue to mend them. Knowne deformities incite vs to search for remedy: The knowledge of the disease, is halfe the cure.

The

## LXV.

*The Maiestie of Goodnesse.*

**T**HERE is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would be accounted somewhat *better*: which hath oft made mee sit downe with *wonder*, at the choise excellency of *religious vertue*; that euen those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an honour, to be counted as attendants to *her*. Such a *diuine*, and *amazing* Maiestie there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Liuey*, though few care to performe her seruice. Like proud *Courtiers*, they would faine be *Favorites*, but feare to attend. If then they cannot but *affect* her, that are her *enemies*; how should they *loue* her that ioy to be *friends*? If I be *bad*, let my care be to be *good* indeed, not thought so. If any *good parts* already shine in me; I had rather in *silence* know my selfe *better*, then haue the vnconstant deeme me, either *rare* or *excellent*.

## LXVI.

*The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.*

**I**T was well said of *Dauid*, *The wicked man shall not line out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancy*, hee



puls on himsef eith*er* *diseases* or *iudgements*; which *cut* him downe before he be fully growne. And though his *dayes* be *multiplied*, he makes them seeme much *shorter*, then indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by *untimely accidents*, there be *two things* that seeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *scope*. Either *excessive* and *secure ioy*: or else a *sure expectation* of ill. One of these in euery wicked man hath *residence*: The *former* is too ordinary: the *latter* not so *common*, nor fully so *dangerous*. The *first* hath his conscience so cast in a *leepe*, that it fees not those *priny* and *perillous wounds*, that *sinne* impaires it withall. All is *frollicke*, *iocund*, *merry*: and he swimmes in the fullest *delights* inuention can procure him: his eye's *enchanted* with *lasciuious obiects*; his eares *charmed* with *scurrilous talke*; his taste *glutted* with *luxurious ryots*; his smell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes*; and his armes *beated* with the *wanton Imbraces* of *lust*: euery sence hath his *seuerall subiect* of *solace*: and while in all these, his *affections* are wholly taken vp in the present apprehension of *pleasure*; how can he count of the *precipitate pace* of *time*, that like an *Arrow*, from a strong bent *Bow*, *sings* with the speed of his *course*? If his *delights* would giue him *leisure*, to *meditate* a little on this, he might be so much himsef, as to know how his *time* *posteth*: But letting it passe, as a thing vnthought of, his end steales on him *unlookt for*, *unwelcome*, *unawares*: and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *lifetime*, he imbarhed himsef: now seeme as a day that is past, whose *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if otherwise,

otherwise, this *sensualitie* blindes him not, or that his *conscience* bee awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd hee is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confusion*? wishing that he were either some sencelesse stone, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *despaire* might not freely pierce him; or else that hee had such wings, as could procure his escape from *Death*, and marrow-searching *Iudgement*. So like a condemned man, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, he lies telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*; which hee spends, in wishing every *day* a *yeere*, every *houre* a *day*, every *minute* an *houre*, that still he might a while enioy the sweet possession of his deare and beloued *life*. Thus either while his *soule* cleaves to the midd'ft of his mirth, his *way* beguiles him: or else while he *quivers* with the consideration of the *shame* that attends him, hee *sayles* with such *fear*, that he minds not his *voyage*; so is suckt into *Gulfe*, ere euer hee bee aware. A full swinge in *pleasure*, is the way to make man sencelesse: A confident perswasion of vnauoydable *miserie*, is a ready path to *despaire*. Those *portions* that are good but *tasted*, are mortall *ingurgitated*. *Pleasure* taken as *Physicke*, is like a *cordiall* to a weakened *body*: and an expedient thought of our dissolution, may be as a *corrasive plaister* to eate away the deadnesse of the *flesh*. Both are commendably vsfull. I will neither bee so *Ionsall*, as to forget the *end*; nor so *sad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of *life*, *God*.



## LXVII.

*Prayer more needfull in the Morning,  
then Evening.*

**T**Hough Prayer should be the key of the day, and the locke of the night: yet I hold it more needfull in the morning, then when our bodies doe take their repose. For howsoever sleepe bee the Image or shadow of Death, and when the shadow is so neere, the substance cannot bee farre: yet a man at rest in his chamber, is like a sheepe impenn'd in the fold, subiect onely to the vnauoydable, and more immediate hand of God: whereas in the day, when hee roues abroad in the open and wide pastures, hee is then exposed to many more vnthought of accidents, that contingently and casually occurre in the way: Retirednesse is more safe then businesse: who beleeueth not a ship securer in the Bay, then in the midst of the boyling Ocean? Besides, the morning to the day, is as youth to the life of a man: if that bee begun well, commonly his age is vertuous: otherwise, God accepts not the latter seruice, when his enemy ioyes in the first dish. Hee that loues chastitie, will neuer marry her that hath liued a Harlot in youth. Why should God take thy dry bones, when the deuill hath suckt the marrow out of

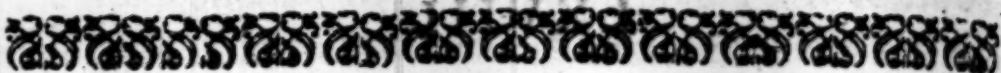
## LXVIII

*The three bookes, in which God may bee easily found.*

**G**OD hath left *three bookes* to the *World*, in each of which *hee* may easily be found: The *Booke* of the *Creatures*, the *Booke* of *Conscience*, and his *written Word*. The first shewes his *Omnipotence*. The second his *Iustice*: The third his *Mercy* and *Goodnesse*. So though there be none of them so barren of the rudiments of *knowledge*, but is sufficient to leaue all without *excuse*, *apologies*: yet in them all, I finde all the good, that euer either the *Heathen*, or the *Christian* hath published abroad. In the first, is all *Natural* *Philosophie*: in the second, all *Morall Philosophie*: in the third, all true *Diuinitie*. To those admirable *Pillars* of all humane *learning*, (the *Philosophers*) God shew'd himselfe in his *Omnipotence* and *Iustice*, but seemed, as it were, to conceale his *Mercy*: to vs *Christians* hee shines in that which out-shines all his *Workes*, his *Mercy*: Oh! how should wee regratulate his *fauours* for so immense a benefit, wherein including himselfe from others, hee hath wholly imparted himselfe to vs. In the first of these I will admire his *workes*, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the *Creatures*. In the second, I will reuerence his *Iustice*, by the secret and inmost checks of the *conscience*. In the third embrace his *Loue*, by laying hold on those promises, wherein hee



hath not onely left me meanes to *know* him, but to *loue* him, *rest* in him, and *inioy* him for ever.



## LXIX.

*The praise of Learning, yet without Grace,  
it is a Mischiefe.*

**I**F the fault bee not in the *misapplication*, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of *Learning*; That, It makes young men *sober*, old men *happy*, poore men *rich*, and rich men *honourable*. Yet in any without *grace*, it proues a double *mischiefe*; there is nothing more *pestilent*, then a ripe wit applyed to *lewdnesse*. Because hee that knowes himselfe to be *quicke* and *acute*, relies on his owne *braine*, for euasion from all his *willanes*, and is drawne to the practice of much *vice*, by the too much presuming on his owne *dexterity*. *Ability* and a wicked will is *fuell* to burne the world with; wit and wantonnesse are able to intice a chaste one. *Resolution* and *politic* can cast broyles in *Christendome*, and put ciuill men into ciuill *warres*, if you beleue not this, examine the *Isfuite*. On the contrary, where *grace* guides *knowledge*, and *Religion* hath the reines of *Art*: there, though on *earth*, the man is made *beauenly*; and his life is truly *Angelicall*. Hee does good by the instinct of *Grace*, and that good hee doth well, by the skilfull direction of *Learning*: *Religion* is as *Grammar*, that shewes him the word, and the *ground*: while *knowledge*, like *Rhetoricke*, doth pollish it with be-  
ing

ing ornaments. He that giues almes, does good, but he that giues willingly to the needy, and in season, does better. I will set my selfe to attaine both: for as hee can neuer be a good Orator, that wants either Grammar or Rhetoricke: So there is no man can be a compleate Christian, without Grace, and some knowledge. *Vzzah* intended well, but did not know so: and want of goodnes spoyled *Achitophels* counsell. How can we either desire or loue him that wee doe not know? since *affectus motus est Cordis, à notitia & cognitione obiecti exercitatus.*



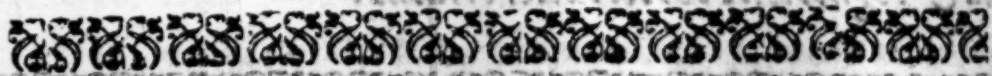
## LXX.

*A Couetous Man can be a friend to None.*

THE couetous man cannot bee a true or faithfull friend to any: for whiles he loues his money better then his friend, what expectation can there be of the extent of his liberality? In aduersity, and the time of tempest, when he should be a *Manus* to rest in, and an *Alter Idem*: hee will either like the *Crocodile* ceaze on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his necessities: or else out of a lothnesse to lose any thing by his disbursement, rather see him macerated by a consuming war, then any way send him a salue for distresse. Words from a dead man, and deedes of charitie from a man couetous, are both alike rare, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if hee speakes at all: but if hee doth breake silence, 'tis not without terror and amazement to the hearers.



A covetous mans kindnesse is like the Fowlers shrap, wherein he casts meate, not out of charitie to relieue them, but treacherie to insnare them. He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shewes it: but keepes a stone in the other, and hides it. If yet his courtesies were without danger, I would rather endure some extremitie, then be beholding to the almes of Avarice. He that ouer-values his benefit, neuer thinkes he hath thanks sufficient. I had better shift hardly, then owe to an insatiable Creditor.



## LXXI.

*The folly of contemning the Poore in Christ.*

*Magnanimitie and Humilitie  
Cohabitants.*

I Haue seene some high-minded Roysters, scornefully contemne the lowly poore of Christ: as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of Iudgement, or thought it an impossibility, euer to stand in neede of the helpe of such humble shrubbs. Fooles, so to contemne those, whose ayde they may after want: 'tis no badge of Nobilitie to despise an inferiour. Magnanimitie and Humility are Cohabitants: Courtesie is one of the fairest Iemmes in a Crowne: 'twas Casars glory, to saue his Country-men, which liues still in that speech, which sayes, Hee pardoned more then he ouercame: True Honour is like the Sun, that shines as well to the Peasant in the field, as the Monarch in his Throne: hee that with-holds his

his clemency, because the *subject* is base, denyes a remedy to his wounded foot; because 'tis an *inferiour* part: so hee may iustly after complaine and want it: When the *Lion* was caught in a snare, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouse*, that restor'd him his wonted libertie: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.

## LXXII.

*Sudden Occasion of Sinne dangerous.*

**A**S sudden passions are most violent; so sudden occasions of sinne are most dangerous: for while the senses are set vpon by vnthought of *objects*, Reason wants time to call a Counsell, to determine how to resist the *Assault*: 'tis a *faire bootie* makes many a *Thiefe*, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps haue liu'd honestly. Opportunity is a *wooer*, that none but *heaven* can conquer. *Humanity* is too weak a spell for so powerfull a *charmer*: she casts a fury into the *blood*, that will teare out a way, though the *soule* be lost by it. The *Racke* is easier then her importunity; *flames* are *snow* to it: sure, if the *Devill* would change his properties, he would put himselfe into this *subtill thing*: shee pulls vs with a thousand chaines; at euery *nerue* shee hangs a *poize* to draw vs to her *forcery*: and many times in our *gaine*, we are lost for euer. What *tor-  
tures* cannot force vs to, shee will smoothly per-  
swade: she breakes all *bonds*, *lawes*, *resolutions*, *othes*.  
Wise



Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; lest their beauty should incite him to folly: shee runnes vs into errors, and makes vs so desperate, as to dare any thing: If shee offer me her seruice to ill, Ile either kicke her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*; or else winke when shee shewes me her *painting*. *Occasion* is a *Witch*, and Ile be as heedfull in auoyding her; as I will be warie to eschew a *sinne*. But if I be constrained to heare the *Syren* sing, *Vlisses* was wise, when he tyed himselfe to the *Mast*.

## LXXII.

*Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemy.*

**M**Y hatred to my *Enemy* shall bee but in part, my loue to my friend, whole and intire: for howsoeuer I may hate my *Enemies vices*, and his ill conditions; yet will I loue his person, both as hee is a man, and my brother. His detestation is too deepe, that will burne his linnen, because 'tis foule; they may both returne to their former purity, & then to hate, is sinfull. But as for my friend, I will loue both his person, and his qualities: his qualities first, and for them, his person. Yet in neither will I so hate, as to be a foeto Goodnesse; nor so loue, as to foster Iniquitie: 'Tis a question which is the worst of the two, to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemy*.

Next

## LXXIV.

*Next God, the good man is the onely Friend.*

**N**Ext God, the good man is the onely friend: for when all other flinke out of the way, he onely is a secure *Harbour* for a *shipwracke* soule to ride in; if hee be *upright* that is in fallen in distresse, he then relieues him, as a brother, as a member: If lewd, yet necessity induceth a *commiseration*; and seeing the glorious *Impresse* of the *Almighties Image* in him, hee cannot, but for his *Fathers* sake, affect him. If he be *poore*, of Gods making, by the vnauoydable designement of a *supreme providence*, Nature incites a *reliefe*: For he knowes not how soone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne ground. The same *Sunne* saw *Iob* both rich and poore to a *Prouerbe*. If his owne ill courses haue brought his decay, he is not so obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of *compassion*, to strengthen him a little in the midd<sup>le</sup> of *disasters*: hoping that his *charity* may either worke his *returne*, or stay him from speedy *ruine*. If he be ill, he is a *Magistrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if good, he is a *Father*, to uphold and loue him: if rich, he reades him a *Lecture* of *moderation*, and *discreet disposure*: tels him, not *possession*, but *vse*, diuitiates a man more truely: if poore, he sets him to *Schoole* with *Paul*, thereto learne, *Content is plenty*; tel's how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when hee call'd them nothing but *fortunes*



*Fortunes vomit; if wise, he is his delight and solace; even the Garner, where hee leaues his load, and lockes his store: if ignorant, he instructs him with the Oracles of God; dictitates Sentences vnto him, and speakes all, tanquam ex tripode. Euery way I find him so beneficiall, that the pious will not liue but with him; and the bad man cannot liue without him. Who had salu'd the offending Israelites, had not Moses stood vp to intercede? It shall more ioy mee to liue with Christians, then men.*



## LXXV.

*The hard-hearted man hath Misery almost in Perfection.*

**T**He hard-hearted man hath *miserie* almost in perfection: and there is none more wretched, then a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high way to *ruine*; but he, as he goes, buildes a wall at his backe, that he cannot retire to the Tent. Neither Mercies, nor Iudgements, winne him at all. Not Mercies: those, his pride makes him thinke but his *due*; and while they are but common ones, they passe away with his common thoughts. Benefits seldome sinke deepe in *abdurate mindes*: 'tis the soft nature that is soonest taken with a *courtesie*. Not Iudgements; for either he reuerberates them backe, before they pearce, as a wall of steele doth a blunt-headed Arrow: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the Elephant, with the convulsion of his *nervues*, and his bodies contraction;

ction; he casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests vnmollified, for all this *raine* and *baile*. *Warnings* to *peruerse dispositions*, are the meanes to make them worse: Those *plagues* and *wonders* that would haue melted a *milder soule*, onely reduced *Pharaoh's* to a more hard and desperate temper. Strange! that he should locke out of his *owne good*, with so strange a *key*, so sure a *Ward*; when e- uery *Vice* that defiles the minde, finds both ready and free welcome. If I liue in *sinne*, Gods first call is *mercy*; I had better goc willingly, then bee led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *torture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Rack*: If I finde God whippes me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the *Physicke* of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my *sinne* will be more, and my punishment. 'Tis in vaine to be stubborn with God: hee can crush vs to *nothing*, can turne vs to *any thing*: let me rather returne speedily, and preuent *Iudgements*, then stay obstinately, and pull downe more: as 'tis a happy *fear*, which preuentsthe *offence*, and the *Red*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.



## LXXVI.

## Of Censure and Calumnie.

SOME mens *Censures* are like the blasts of *Rammes Hornes*, before the *Walles* of *Iericho*: all the strength



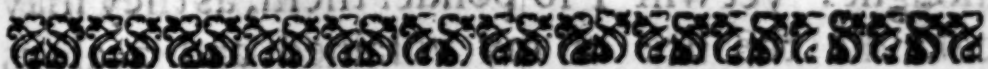
Strength of a mans *vertue* they lay leuell at one vtterance: when all their ground is only a *conceited fancy*, without any certaine *basis* to build on. What religious minde will not with amazement shudder, at the *peremptorie conclusions*, where they haue set their *period*? Wondring, Man that knowes so little, should yet so speake, as if hee were priuy to *All*. I confesse, a man may roue by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philosopher* did more wisely, that seeing a faire face, with a tongue silent, bade him *speake*, that he might see him. For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleasing smile, while the *heart* throbs with vndiscerned *dolours*: and as a *cleere face* shewes not alwayes a *sound body*: no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwaies the Ensigne of a *minde vertuous*. I will only walke in *Christs path*, and learne by their fruit to know them: where I want experience, *charitie* bids me thinke the best; and leaue what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts*. *Mistakes*, *Suspect* and *Enuie*, often iniurie a cleere fame: there is least danger in a charitable construction.

*In part hee's guilty of the wrong that's done,  
Which doth beleene those false reports that runne.*

I will neither beleene all I heare, nor speake all I beleene; A mans good name is like a milke-white ball, that will infinitely gather soyle in tossing. The act of *Alexander* in this cause, merits an eternall memory; that hauing read a *Letter* with his Favourite *Hephastion*, wherein his Mother calumniated

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## LXVII.

*Three things that a Christian should specially know.*

There are three things especially that a Christian should know: His owne miserie; Gods Loue; His owne thankfull Obedience. His Misery, how iust; Gods loue, how free, how undeserued; his owne thankfulness, how due, how necessarie. Consideration of one, successfullly begets the apprehension of all; Our miserie shewes vs his Loue: his loue calls for



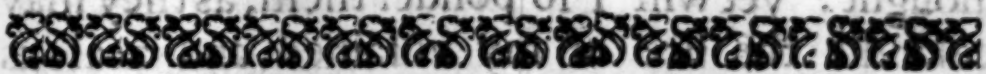
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our acknowledgement. *Want* makes a *bountie* weightier: if we thinke on our *needs*, wee cannot but admire his *mercies*: how dull were wee, if wee should not value the reliefe of our necessities: hee cannot but esteeme the *benefit*, that vunexpectedly helpes him in his deepest distresse: That *Love* is most to be prized, whose onely motiue is *goodnesse*. The thought of *this*, will forme a disposition gratefull: who can meditate so vnbottomed a *love*, and not study for a thankfull demeanour? His minde is crosse to *Nature*, that requiries not *affection* with *gratitude*. All *faouours* haue this successe, if they light on good ground, they bring forth *thanks*. Let mee first thinke my *misery* without my Sauiours *mercy*: next, his *mercy* without my *merits*: and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thanks will spring. Though I cannot conceine of the former as they are; *Infinite*, and beyond my thought: yet will I so ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my vnfained and zealous *thanksgiuing*. That time is well spent, wherein wee studie *thankfulnessse*.

## LXXVIII.

*Fooles great esteeme of outward beantie.*

Though the *fooles* of the World thinke *outward beanty* the onely *Iewell* that deserueth wearing; yet the *wise man* counts it but an accident; that can neither adde nor diminish, to the worth of *Vertue*,

as shee is in herselfe: so as hee neuer esteemes her more or lesse, but as he finds her accomplisht with *discretion, honesty, and good parts*. If my friend bee *vertuous, and nobly-minded*, my *soule* shall loue him, howsoeuer his *body* bee framed: and if *beauty* make him amiable, I needes must like him much the better: The *Sunne* is more glorious in a cleere *Sky*, then when the *Horizon* is clouded. *Beauty* is the *wit* of *Nature* put into the *Frontispice*. If there bee any humanething may teach *Faith* reason, this is it: in other things we *imagine* more then we *see*: in this wee *see* more then wee can *imagine*. I haue seene (and yet not with a partiall eye) such *features*, and such *mixtures*, as I haue thought impossible for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfet: yet in the same *face*, I haue seene that, which hath out-gone them both, the *Countenance*. Oh! if such glory can dwell with *corruption*, what celestiall excellencies are in the *Saints* aboue? Who would not gaze himselfe into admiration, when he shall see so rich a *treasure* in so pure a *Cabinet*, vnmatched *vertue*, in matchlesse *beauty*? But if my *Friends* *body* hath more *comelinesse*, then his *soule* *goodnesse*; I like him the worse, for beeing but outwardly faire. *Wickednesse* in *beauty*, is a *Traytour* of the *Bed-chamber*: poyson in sweet meates. A vicious *soule* in a beautifull *body*, I account as a *Iesuite* in the *Robes* of a *Courtier*: or somewhat more fitly, a *Papist*, that will goe to *Church*.

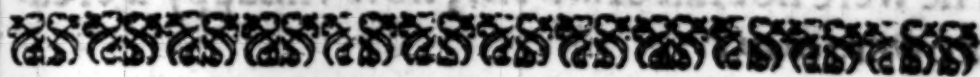


## LXIX.

*Of Beeing, and Seeming to be.*

**A**S I thinke, there are many worse then they seeme; so I suppose there are some, better then they shew: and these are like the growing *Chestnut*, that keepes a sweet and nutrimentall kernell included in a rough and prickely huske. The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggie stone, vnder the couer of a *Veluet Coate*. I would not deceiue a good man either way: both offer a wrong to *ver-tue*: The *one* shewes her worse then she is; dulling her *beauty* with dimme colours, and presenting her with a harder *fauour* then her owne: The *other* doth varnish ouer the rottennesse of *Vice*, and makes *goodnesse* but the vizor of *hypocrisie*. Eyther are condemnable: painting the *face*, is not much worse then wilfull soyling it. Hee is as well a *murtherer*, that accuseth himselfe falsly, as he that did the act, and denyes it. *One* would obscure *goodnesse*, with *Vice*: the other would palliate *Vice*, with *Goodnesse*. *Fraud* is in both: and I am sure no *Pleasure* can make *Deceit* allowable. I will therefore strive to auoyde both: and with *Chrysostome*, either seeme as I am, or bee as I seeme. But if I should erre on one side, I had rather resemble a plaine *Country-man*, that goes in *Russet*, and is rich in *Reuenues*; then a riotus *Courtier*, that weares *glorious apparell*, without money in his *purse*.

*Sanctitie*



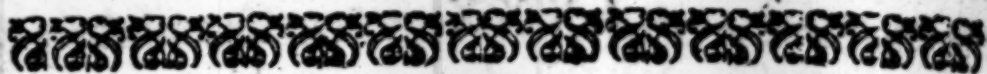
## LXXX.

*Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.*

**A** Christians voyage to Heauen, is a Sentence of three Stops; *Comma, Colon, Periodus*. Hee that repents, is come to the *Comma*, and beginnes to speake sweetly, the language of *Saluation*: but if he leaues there, *God* vnderstands not such abrupt speeches: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leaue his theft, and serue his *Countrey*, e're his *Prince* will receiue him to *fauour*. 'Tis he that confesseth and forsakes his sinne, that shall finde mercy: 'tis his leauing his wickednesse, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to heauen. Yet heere also is the *Clause* vnperfect, vnlesse hee goes on to the *practice of righteousness*, which as a *Period* knits vp all, and makes the *Sentence* full. *Returne* and *penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soueraignes* Banner; he must first doe some *valiant act*, before by the *Law of Armes*, hee can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when *sinne* is renewed; nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit euill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot bee sure of *complete Glorie*. If I did all strictly, I were yet *vnprofitable*; and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, *miserable*.



If he were not full of *mercies*, how vnhappy a creature were *man*?



## LXXI.

*The great Good of Good order.*

**E**VEN from naturall reason, is the *wicked man*, prou'd to be *sonne* vnto *Satan*, and *heire* of *Hell*, and *torments*. For not to speake of *Heauen*, (where the *blessed* are happy, and all things beyond apprehension excellent,) euen in the *Firmament*, wee see how all things are preserued by a glorious *order*: the *Sunne* hath his appointed circuit, the *Moone* her constant change, and euery *Planet* and *Starre* their proper course & place. For as they are called *fixed Starres*, not because they mooue not at all, but because their *motion* is insensible, and their distances euer the same, by reason of the slow motion of the *eighth Sphere*, in which they are: So they are not called *wandering Planets*, for that they moue in an vncertaine *irregularity*; but because those seven inferiour *Orbes*, wherein they are set, are diuersly carried about; which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, yet euer in the settled place of their owne *Orbe*, whose *Revolutions* also, are in most strict, and euer certaine times. The *Earth* likewise hath her vnstirred *Station*; the *Sea* is confin'd in *limits*; and in his ebbings and flowings, dances as it were after the influence, and aspect of the *Moone*; whereby it is both kept  
from

from *putrifaction*, and by struggling with it selfe, from ouer-flowing the *Land*. In this World, *Order* is the life of *Kingdomes*, *Honours*, *Arts*: and by the excellencie of it, all things flourish and thrue. Onely in *Hell* is *confusion*, *horror*, and *amazing disorder*. From whence the wicked man shewes himselfe sprung; for there is nothing that like him liues so irregular, and out of *compasse*. *Disorder* is a Bird of the *Deuils* hatching: I feare lest those that rent the *Church* for *Ceremonie*, haue some effinitie with that Prince of mis-rule: we oft finde the *parents* disposition, though not propagated to the *childe*, yet followed by him. I doe not *censure*, but *doubt*. VVe haue seldome knowne him good, that refuseth to obey *good orders*. VVho can expect a fruitfull *crop*, when the *field* is sometimes blasted with *Lightning*, sometimes drenched with *inundations*, but neuer cherished with a kindly *Sunne*? things vncapable of a true forme, are euer mending, yet euer vnperfect: when the *rankes* are broken, the *victorie* is in hazzard. One bad *voice*, can put twenty good ones out of tune. I will first order my minde by *good resolution*; then keepe it so by a strong *constancy*. Those *Souldiers* dyed brauely, that where they stood to *fight*, they fell to *death*.



## LXXII.

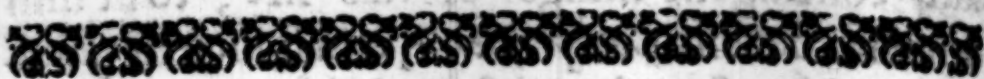
*Three things encounter our Consideration,  
and these three haue three  
Remedies.*

**I**N euery man there bee three things that encounter our Consideration; *The Minde, the Behaviour, the Person.* A grosse blemish in any of which, stickes some disgrace on the vnhappy owner. If the *Minde* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely; *Honesty* esteemes not outward parts, where inward *Grace* is wanting. If his *minde* be good, and carriage clownish, his outward bad *demeanour* makes his inward *worth* ridiculous: and admit hee hath both deseruing applause; yet a surfeited and diseased *body*, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may prooue preiudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedy the defects of all these, I finde three noble Sciences: *Diuinity, Philosophie, Physicke*: *Diuinity*, for the Soule; to preserve that vnstain'd and holy; as also to indue it with vnderstanding: for *God* with his *Graces* instils *Knowledge*: it was the keeping of his *Law*, made *Dauid* wiser then those that taught him. *Diuine Knowledge* is not without *humane*: when *God* giues the first, in some measure he giues both: and therefore wee seldome finde the ignorant man *honest*: if he be *mentally*, yet he failes *expressiue*. *Philosophie*, for his manners and demeanours, in the many

many contingent things of this life; to fit him both with decent *Complements*, and sufficient *steadnesse*: neither favouring of *Curiosity*, nor *rusticity*: Nor was euer *Religion* found of a foe to good *manners*; For she shines brightest in a braue *behaviour*, so it be free from *affection*, *flattery*. *Philosophy* is the *salt of life*; that can dry vp the crude humours of a *Novice*: and correct those *pestilent qualities* wherewith *Nature* hath infected vs: which was ingenuously confest by *Socrates*, when *Zopyrus* by his *Physiognomie* pronounced him fouly vicious. *Physicke*, to know the state of the *body*; both to auoyde distempers in *health*, and to recouer *health* in wearying *diseases*; 'tis the restitution of decaying *Nature*: when she is falling, this giues her a hand of *sustenance*: it puts away our *blemishes*, restores our *strength*, and rids vs of *that*, vvhich vvould rid vs of our *lives*. In all these though a man bee not so *Learned*, as to teach them to others; yet in all I would know so much, as might serue to direct me in mine *owne occasions*. 'Tis commendable to know any thing that may beare the title of *Good*; but for these so *pleasing Sciences*, I will rather study with some *paines*, then want experience in things so *necessarie*. Thus shall I fit my *minde* for *God*, my *body* to my *minde*, my *behaviour* to both, and my *friends*.

How





## LXXXIII.

*How the distempers of these times should affect wise men.*

**T**He distempers of these times would make a wise man both merry and mad: merry, to see how Vice flourishes but a while, and being at last frustrate of all her faire hopes, dyes in a dejected scorne; which meetes with nothing in the end, but beggery, baseness, and contempt. To see how the world is mistaken in opinion, to suppose thole best that are wealthiest. To see how the World thinkes to appall the minde of Noblenesse with misery; while true resolution laughs at their poore impotency, and slights euen the vtmost spight of tyranny. To see how men buy Offices at high rates, which when they haue, proue ginnes to catch their soules in, and snare their estates and reputations. To see how foolishly men coozen themselves of their soules, while they thinke they gaine, by their cunning defrauding another. To see how the projectors of the World, like the spoke of the Wheele of Sesostris Chariot, are tumbled vp and downe, from beggery, to Worship; from worship, to honour; from honour, to baseness againe. To see what idle Complements are currant among some that affect the Phantasticke garbe: as if friendship were nothing but an Apish salute, glossed ouer with nothing but the varnish of a smooth tongue. To see a strutting Prodigall over-looke a Region, with his wa-  
ning

*wing plume*; as if he could as easily shake *that*, as his *Feather*; yet in priuate will creepe like a *crouching Spaniell*, to his base muddy *Prostitute*. To see how *Pot-valour* thunders in a *Tauerne*, and appoynts a *Duell*, but goes away, and giues *money* to haue the *quarrell* taken vp vnder-hand. Mad on the other side, to see how *Vice* goes trapped with *rich furniture*, while poore *Vertue* hath nothing but a *bridle* and *saddle*, which onely serue to increase her *bondage*. To see *Machiauels Tenents* held as *Oracles*; *Honesty* reputed *shallownesse*; *Iustice* bought and sold; as if the *World* went about to disprooue *Zorobabel*, and would make him confesse, *money* to be stronger then *Truth*. To see how *flattery* creepes into *faour* with *Greatnesse*, while *plaine-dealing* is thought the enemy of *State* and *Honour*. To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their owne Religion) inuent *lyes*, and print them; that they may not onely coozen the *present age*, but gull *posterity*, with *forged actions*. To see how well-meaning *simplicity* is *foot-ball'd*. To see how *Religion* is made a *Politicians vizor*; which hauing helpt him to his *purpose*, he casts by, like *Sunday apparell*, not thought on all the *weeke* after. And, which would *mad* a man more then all, to *know* all this, yet not *know* how to helpe it. These would almost distract a man in himselfe. But since I finde they are *incurable*; I'le often pray for their amendment in priuate; neuer *declaime*, but when I am call'd to't. Hee loseth much of his comfort, that without a iust *deputation*, thrusts himselfe into *danger*. Let me haue *that* once, and it shall neuer griene me to dye in a *warrantable Warre*.



## LXXXIV.

*To reuenge wrongs, what it saours of.*

**T**O reuenge a wrong, is both easie and vsuall; and as the *World* thinkes, saours of some noblenesse: But *Religion* sayes the contrary, and tels vs, 'tis better to neglect it, then requite it. If any man shall willingly offer mee an iniurie, he shall know, I can see it, but withall, he shall see, I scorne it: vnlesse it bee such, as the bearing is an offence. What neede I doe that, which his owne minde will doe for mee? If hee hath done ill, my reuenge is within him: if not, I am too blame in seeking it. If vnwillingly he wrongs mee, I am as ready to forgiue, as he to submit: for I know, a good minde will be more sorrowfull, then I shall be offended: With his owne hand he rebateth his honour, that kills a prisoner humbly yeelding: VVho but a *Deuill*, or a *Pope*, could trample on a prostrate *Emperour*?

## LXXXV.

*Who is most subiect to Censure.*

**I** Obserue none more lyable to the *Worlds* false censure, then the *upright nature*, that is *honest* and *free*. For many times, while he thinkes no ill, hee cares not though the *World* sees the worst of his actions;

*actions*; supposing he shall not be iudged worse then  
 he knowes himselfe: but the *World* being *bad* it  
 selfe, guesles at others by his owne: so concludes *bad*  
 of those that are not. Some haue I knowne thus  
 iniur'd, that out of a *minde* not acquainted with *ill*,  
 haue by a free *demeanour*, had infinite *scandals* cast  
 vpon them; when I know, the *ignorant* and *ill World*  
 is much *mistaken*, and *coniectures* false. I will ne-  
 uer *censure*, till I see *grounds* apparent: hee that  
*thinkes ill* without this, I dare pawne my *soule*, is  
 either *bad*, or would be so, if *opportunitie* but seru'd  
 him. In things vncertaine, a *bad construction* must  
 needs flow from a *bad minde*: who could imagine  
*private vice* which they doe not see, by a *harmlesse*  
*carriage* which they doe see, vnlesse either their  
 owne *ill practice*, or *desires* had prompted them?  
*Vice* as it is the *Devils issue*; so in part it retaines his  
*qualities*; and *desiring* others *bad*, *beleues* them so.  
 But *Vertue* had a more *heavenly breeding*: she is wa-  
 rie, lest shee *censure* rashly: and had rather *straine*  
 to *saue*, then *erre* to *condemne*. If my life be free  
 from *villany*, and *base designs*, I know, the *good* will  
 speake no worse then they see: as for those that are  
*lewd*, their *blacke tongues* can neuer spot the faire of  
*Vertue*: onely I could sometimes grieve, to see  
 how they *wrong themselves* by *wronging others* which  
 I will labour to be free in clearing desires; but in  
 the vertues of the *minde*, (the best riches) I would  
 Content

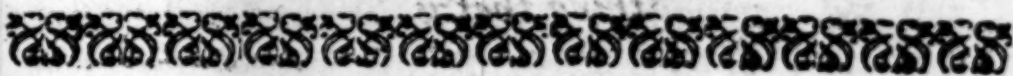


## LXXXVI.

*Content makes Rich.*

EVERY man either is rich, or may bee so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Some haue abundance, and reioyce in't: some a competencie, and are content: some hauing nothing, haue a minde desiring nothing. He that hath most, wants something: he that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the minde which maketh rich, may well possesse him with the thought of store. Who whistles out more content, then the low-fortun'd Plow-man, or sings more merrily, then the abiect Cobler that sits vnder the stall? Content dwels with those, that are out of the eye of the world, whome shee hath neuer train'd with her gaudes, her toyles, her lures. Wealth is like Learning, wherein our greater knowledge is onely a larger sight of our wants. Desires fulfilled, teach vs to desire more: so wee that at first were pleased, by remouing from that, are now growne insatiable. Wishes haue neither End: nor end. So in the midd'ft of affluency, we complaine of penury: which not finding, we make. For to possesse the whole world with a grumbling mind, is but a little more specious pouerty. If I be not outwardly rich, I will labour to bee poore in crauing desires; but in the vertues of the minde, (the best riches) I would not haue a man exceed mee. Hee that hath a minde contentedly good, inioyeth in it boundlesse possessions.

ons. If I bee pleas'd in my selfe, who can adde to my *happinesse*? as no man liues so *happy*, but to some his life would be *burdensome*: so wee shall finde none so *miserable*, but wee shall heare of another, that would change *calamities*.



## LXXXVII.

*The Condition of things, which the world yeeldes.*

**T**O haue beene happy, is wretched; to be happy, momentany; to may be happy, doubtfull. All that the world yeelds, is either vncertainely good, or certainly ill. Euen his best cordials, haue some bitter ingredients in them; lest foolish sensualitie should catch them with too greedy a hand. Wee should surfeit with their honey, if there were not gall intermingled. The reason of defect I finde in the object, which being earthly, must be brittle, fading, vaine, imperfect: so though it may please, it cannot satisfie. Earth can giue vs but a taste of pleasure, not fill vs. What shee affords, let mee lawfully vse; trust to, neuer. Hee onely that hath beene, is, and shall bee for euer, can make my *past happinesse*, present; my *future*, certaine; and my *present* continue, if not as 'tis, better, and then for euer.

Good



## LXXXVIII.

*Good Name, how it is both the Best, and Brittlest thing that is.*

**A** Good name is among all externals both the best and most brittle blessing. If it be true, that *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, this is a faire beatitude. 'Tis the hardest both to get, and keepe: like a glasse of most curious workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many virtues, is by one short vicious action, lost for ever. Nay if it could only vanish in this sort, it would then by many bee kept vntainted. If it could not be lost but vpon certainties, If it were in our owne keeping, or if not in our owne, in the hands of the wise and honest, how possible were it to preserve it pure? But alas! this is the misery, that it rests vpon probabilities, which as they are hard to disprove, so they are ready to persuade. That it is in the hands of others, not our selues: in the custody not of the discreet and good onely, but also of Fooles, Knaues, Villaines: who though they cannot make vs worse to our selues, yet how vile may they render vs to others. To vindicate it from the tongues of these, there is no remedie, but a constant carefull discretion. I must not only be good, but not seeme ill. Appearance alone, which in good is too little, is in euill too much. Hee is a wilfull murtherer of his owne fame, that willingly

ly appears in the *ill action* hee did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-lyu'd*, but *well-reported*. When we know *good fame* a blessing, we may easily in the contrary, discern a *curse*: whereof wee are iustly seized, while wee labour not to auoyd it. I will care as well to be *thought honest*, as to *bee so*: my friends know me by the actions they see; strangers by the things they *heare*: the agreement of *both*, is the confirming of my *goodnesse*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may bee *seuerall*; but they are then most *gracefull*, when both are seated together. It had beene well spoken of *Cæsar*, if hee had not put her away, when after *triall*, and the *crime cleared*, he said, *Cæsar's Wife* should not onely bee free from sinne, but from *suspition*. An *ill name* may bee free from *dishonesty*, but not from some *folly*. Though *slanders* rise from others, wee *our selues* oft giue the occasion. The first best way to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the next, is a *good behaniour*.

## LXXXIX.

*Earthly delights sweeter in Expectation then  
in Enioyment.*

**A**ll earthly delights I finde sweeter in the expectation, then the inioyment: All spirituall pleasures, more in fruition then expectation. Those carnall contentments that heere we ioy in, the *Diuell* shewes vs through a *prospectiue glasse*; which makes them



seeme both greater, and neerer hand: when hee tooke *Christ* to the *Mountaine*, hee shewed him all the *Kingdomes*, and the *glory* of them; but neuer mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *feares*, *vigilancies*, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a *Crowne* is lined. Oh! what mountaines of *ioy* doe we cast vp, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaan*: whatsoeuer *temporall felicity* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleasures*, and ouerprize them; the *perils* and *molestations* we either not see or not thinke of: like the foolish man, that at a deare rate buyes a *Monopoly*, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and ouercasts them; but neuer weighs the *charges*, nor the *casualtie*, in making him liable both to the *hatefull curse* of the *People*; and the *seuere censure* of a *Parliament*. Heerein wee are all *fooles*, that seeing these *Bladders*, wee will blow them beyond their compasse. 'Tis *Satan's* craft to show vs the inticing *spots* of this *Panther*, concealing the torvitie of her countenance. But when againe we looke at *heauenly things*, like a *cunning Iuggler*, hee turnes the *glasse*; so detracts from those *faire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and *worth*; those, wee belecue both *lesse*, and more *remote*; as if hee would carry vs in *Winter* to see the pleasures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by *abused senses*, is content to *saile* as they *steere*; so either tombes her selfe in the bosome of the *waues*; or cuts thorovv the way to her *Enemies Country*; where she is quickly taken *ransack't*, and *riss'd all*. If this were not, how could wee bee so heartlesse in pursuit of *Celestiall prizes*; or what could breede so soone a loathing of *that*, which most wee haue coveted,

uetered, and sweat to obtaine? If my minde grow enamoured on any *sublunarie happinesse*, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, shee is happier in apprehending the *taste* without the *Lees*, then in drinking the *Wine*, that is yet vnfinied. That *felicity* which *experience* findes lame, and halting, *Thought* and *suspition* giue a perfect shape. But if the motions of my *soule* wheele toward any *Di- uine sweet*, my strongest arguments shall perswade a *proceeding*. Heere *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fixe vpon this *Sun*. VWhen I come to it, I am sure I shall find it transcending my thoughts: Till then, my *Faith* shall bee aboue my *Reason*, and perswade me to more then I know. Though *frustion* excludes *saith*, yet *beliefe* makes blessed. So I will *belecue*, what yet I cannot *enioy*.



## X C.

*How the Minde and Desire make Actions ei-  
ther Tedious or Delightfull.*

EVERY mans *actions*, are according to his minde, *tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it neuer so labori- ous and painefull, if the *minde* entertaines it with *delight*, the *body* gladly vndergoes the *trouble*, and is so farre at the *mindes* seruice, as not to complaine of the burthen. And though it bee neuer so full of *pleasure*, that might smoothe the *sences*; yet if the *mind* distastes it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *toyle*. *Desire* is a *Wind*, that against the *Tyde* can carry vs merrily;



merrily ; with it, make vs *flye*. How pleasant would our *life* bee, if wee had not *crosse gales* to thwart vs, *various Tydes* to checke vs? With these, how full of *distresse*? yet in them we often increase our *sor- rowes*, by vainely striving against *unconquerable Fate*; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, we might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though neuer so *pleasurable*, He strue to make my *minde* dislike; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, He learne to *affect* and *love*; howsoever my *body* refuse. As my *minde* is better then it, so my care shall be more to content it: but most to make it content with *goodnesse*; otherwise I had better crosse it, then let it settle to *unlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *unquiet- nesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *ease*, I'll easily doe; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *travell*; why should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seeme more *difficult*?

## XCI.

That we cannot know God as he is.

I Cannot know God as he is; If I could, I were un- happy, and hee not God. For then must that eter- nall Omnipotencie of his be finite and comprehensible; else how could the fleet dimensions of the *mind* of Man containe it? I admire the definition of Em- pedocles,

*pedocles, who said, God was a Spheare, whose Center was euery where, and circumference no where. Though his full light bee inaccessible, yet from this ignorance springs all my happinesse, and strongest comfort. VVhen I am so ingulfed in misery, as I know no way to escape; God, that is so infinite aboue mee, can send a deliuerance, when I can neither see nor hope it. Hee needs neuer despaire, that knowes hee hath a Friend, which at all assaies can helpe him.*



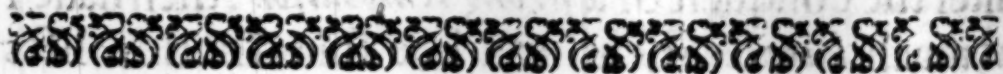
## XCII.

*Of the Minde of man after the conquest of a strong Temptation.*

**I**F I were so punisht as to liue here perpetually, I would wish to haue alwaies such a *mind*, as I finde after the conquest of a *strong temptation*: then haue I as much *happinesse*, as can bee found in this lifes moueables. The tryall first bewrayes the danger, then the escape vshers in succeeding ioy: and all know, the *Sunne* appeares more lustrous to a *prisoner* that comes out of a *Dungeon*, then to him that daily beholds his *brightnesse*. When is *Wine* so pleasant as after a long *thirst*? Besides, the soule withdrawne from *God*, returnes in the end with comfort, and againe sweetly clozeth with her *Maker*; whose goodnesse she knowes it is, to make her so victorious. We are neuer so glad of our *friends* company, as when hee returnes after tedious absence.



sence. All the *pleasures* that we haue, relish better when we come from *miseries*: Then, what a glory is it to a Noble spirit, to haue *endur'd* and *conquer'd*: there being some sweetnes in a *hard victorie*, where we come off faire; then in the neglected pleasures of a continuall *peace*. Those *Fowles* taste best, that we kill our selues *birding*: What *bread* eates so well, as that which we earne with *labour*? And indeed 'tis the way to make vs perfect: for as he can neuer be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the toile of a *Battell*: so he can neuer be a sound *Christian*, that hath not felt *temptations* *buffets*. Euery fire refines this *gold*. If I did finde none, I should feare, I were *Vices* too much: or else that *God* saw mee so weake, as I could not hold out the *encounter*: but seeing I doe, the pleasantnesse of the *Fruit* shall furnish mee with *patience*, to abide the precedent *bitternesse*; This gone, I shall finde it a felicity to say, *I haue beene wretched*.



## XCIII.

*Of Nobilitie ioyned with Vertue, how  
Glorious.*

**E**arth hath not any thing more glorious then *ancient Nobility*, when 'tis found with *vertue*. What barbarous minde will not reuerence that *blood*, which hath vntainted run thorovv so large a succession of *generations*? Besides, *vertue* addes a new *splendor*, which together with the *honour* of his *House*,

*Houſe*, challengeth a *reſpect* from all. But *bad Greatneſſe* is nothing but the *vigour of Vice*, hauing both minde and *meanes* to be vncontrollably *lewd*. A debauched ſonne of a *Noble Family*, is one of the *intolcrable burthens* of the *Earth*, and as hatefull a thing as *Hell*: for all know, he hath had both *example* and *precept*, flowing in his *education*; both which are powerfull enough to obliterate a native illneſſe: yet theſe in him are but auxiliaries to his ſhame, that with the *brightneſſe* of his *Anceſtors*, make his ovvne *darkeneſſe* more *palpable*. *Vice* in the Sonne of an *Ancient Family*, is like a *clowniſh Actor* in a *ſtately Play*; he is not onely ridiculous in himſelfe, but diſgraces both the *Plot* and the *Poet*: whereas *vertue* in a man of obſcure Parents, is like an vnpolliſht *Diamond*, lying in the way among *pebbles*; which howſoeuer it bee neglected of the *unciwill Vulgar*; yet the wiſe *Lapidarie* takes it vp, as a *Jewell* vnualuable; it being ſo much the more glorious, by how much the other were *baſer*. Hee that is good and great, I would ſell my life to ſerue him nobly: otherwiſe, being good, I loue him better, whoſe *Father* expired a *Clowpe*, then he that being *vicious*, is in a lineall deſcent from him, that was Knighted with *Tabal-Cains Fauchion*, which hee made before the *Floud*.

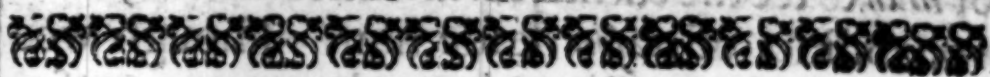


## XCIII.

*Of Extreme Passion.*

**I** Finde some men *extremely passionate* : and these, as they are more taken with a *joy* ; so, they taste a *disaster* more heauily. Others are free from being affected ; and as they neuer *joy* excessiuely, so they neuer *sorrow* immoderately : but haue together, *lesse mirth*, and *lesse mourning* : like patient *Gamesters*, winning, and losing, are one. The latter I will most labour for. I shall not lose more contentment in apprehending *ioyes*, then I shall grieve in finding *troubles*. For wee are more sensible of *paine* then *delight* ; the one contracting the *spirits*, the other dilating them. Though it were not so, living heere, *vexations* are more ordinary ; *Joy* is a thing for heereafter. *Heaven* cannot be found vpon *Earth*. Many great *ioyes* are not so pleasant, as one torment prooues tedious. The *Father* sighes more at the death of one *Sonne*, then hee smiles at the birth of many.

How



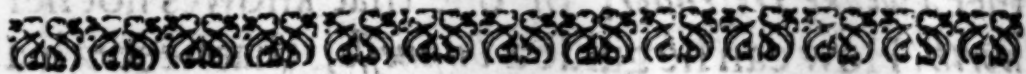
## XCV.

*How knowledge of our selues, and the things wee intend, make vs doe well.*

**I**N waighy affaires, wee can neuer doe well, vnlesse we know both *our selues*, and the thing wee intend. *Truth* falls into hazzard, when it findes either a *weake Defender*, or one that knowes not her *worth*. How can he guide a *businesse*, that needeth a *guide* for himselfe? Haue wee not knowne many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, rush vpon *matters* that haue proou'd their *ouerthrow*? *Rash presumption* is a *Ladder* that will breake our neckes. If we thinke *too well* of our selues, wee ouer-shoote the *marke*: If not *well enough*, we are short of it. And though wee know *our selues*, yet if ignorant in the *thing*, wee expose our selues to the same *mischiefe*. VWho is so vnwise as to wade thorow the *Riuer* he hath not founded, vnlesse hee can either *swimme* well, or haue *helpe* at hand: hee that takes vpon him what hee cannot doe, rides a *Horse* which hee cannot rule: hee can neither *sit* in safety, nor *alight* when hee would. Whatsoeuer I vnderake, I will first study *my selfe*, next, the *thing* that I goe about: Being to seeke in the former, I cannot proceed well; vnderstanding *that*, I shall know the other the better: if not the *particulars*, I may cast it in the *generall*; something vnscene, wee must leaue to a *sudden discretion*, either to *order* or *auoid*. 'Tis not  
for



for *man* to see the euent, further then *nature*, and probabilities of *reason* leade him. Though wee know not what *will bee*, 'tis good wee prepare for that which *may bee*: wee shall brooke a checke the easier, while wee thought on't, though we did not expect it. But if knowing both aright, I finde my selfe vnable to *performe* it; I will rather desist from *beginnings*, then run vpon *shame* in the *sequell*. I had better keepe my *selfe* and *ship* at home, then carry her to *Sea*, and not know how to guide her.



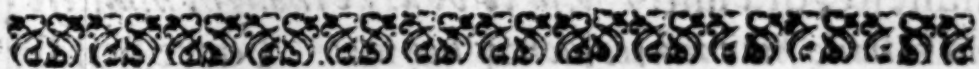
## XCVI.

*What man would do, if he should alwaies prosper.*

**W**Hat an *ellated Meteor* would *Man* grow to, did *prosperitie* alwaies cast *sweetning dewes* in his *face*? Sure hee would once more with *Ouids Gyants*, fling *Mountaines* on heapes, to pull downe *God* from his *Throne of Maiestie*; forgetting all *felicitie*, but that *aiery happinesse* hee is blinded with. Nothing feeds *Pride* so much, as a *prosperous abundance*. 'Tis a wonder to see a *Fauourite* study for ought, but *additions to his greatnesse*: If I could bee so vncharitable, as to wish an *enemies soule* lost, this were the onely way: Let him liue in the height of the *worlds blandishments*. For how can hee loue a second *Mistresse*, that neuer saw but one *beauty*, and still continues deeply *enamoured* on it? Euery man hath his desires intending to some peculiar thing:

God

God should be the end we aime at ; yet wee often see, nothing carries vs so farre from him, as those *faours* he hath imparted vs : 'tis dangerous to bee outwardly blessed. If *plenty* and *prosperitie* were not hazzardous, what a short cut should some haue to *Heauen*, ouer others ? 'Tis the *miserie* of the *Poore*, to be neglected of *men* : 'tis the *miserie* of the *Rich*, to neglect their *God*. 'Tis no small abatement to the bitternesse of *aduersities*, that they teach vs the way to *Heauen*. Though I would not *inhabit Hell*, if I could, I would sometimes see it ; not out of an itching desire to behold *wonders* ; but by viewing such horrors, I might value *Heauen* more dearely. He that hath experienc'd the *Seas* tumultuous perils, will euer after commend the *Lands* securitie. Let me swimme a riuer of *boyling Brimstone*, to liue eternally *happy* ; rather then dwell in a *Paradise*, to be damn'd after death.



## XCVII.

*Pride and crueltie, makes any more odious,  
then any sinne besides.*

EVERY *Vice* makes the Owner *odious*, but *Pride* and *Crueltie* more then any beside. *Pride* hath no friend: his thoughts set his *worth* aboue *himselfe*, all others vnder it. He thinkes nothing so disgracefull as want of *reuerence* and *familiaritie*. There is a kinde of *disdaining scorne* writ in his brow and gesture ; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*



thy company. So 'tis iust *all* should despise him, because hee contemneth *all*. Hee that hath first *overprized* himselfe, shall after bee *under-valued* by others; vvhich his arrogancy thinking vniust, shall swell him to *anger*, so make him *more hate-full*. *Pride* is euer discontentiue: It both occasions more then any, and makes more then it doth occasion. As *Humility* is the way to get *loue* and *quietnesse*: so is *Pride* the cause of *Hatred* and *Warre*. Hee hath angered others, and others will vex him. No man shall heare more *ill* of himselfe, then hee that thinkes hee deserues most *good*. It was a iust quip of that wise *King* to that proud *Physician*, who writing thus, *Menecrates Iupiter, Regi Agesilao salutem*, was answered thus *Rex Agesilaus, Menecrati sanitatem*: indeed he might well wish his wits to him, that was so vnwise as to thinke himselfe *God*. *Aristotle*, when hee saw a *Youth* proudly surueying himselfe, did iustly wish to be as he thought himselfe; but to haue his enemies such as hee was. I dare boldly say, *Neuer proud person was well beloued*. For as nothing vnites more then a reciprocall exchange of affection: so there is nothing hinders the knot of friendship more, then apparent neglect of courtesies. *Cruelty* is a *Curre* of the same litter. 'Tis *Natures* good care of her selfe, that warnes vs from the Den of this *Monster*. VVho will euer conuerse with him, that hee hath seene deuoure another before him? A *Tyrant* may rule, while he hath power to *compell*; but when he hath lost that, the *hatred* hee hath got, shall slay him. VVho wonders to heare yong *Cato* aske his Schoolemaster how *Silla* liu'd  
so

so long, when he was so hated for his crueltie? It was a diuellish speech that *Caligula* borrowed of the Poet, *Oderint dum metuant*: I am content if they feare mee, that they should hate mee. And sure if any man tooke the course for't, hee did when he bade his executioners *so strik, as they might feelee that they were a dying*. Hee that makes Crueltie his delight, shall bee sure to haue *Hate* his best recompence. *Detestation* waites vpon *unmercifulnesse*. Who would not helpe to kill the *Beast*, that suckes the blood of the *Fold*? What hath made some Nations so odious as those two, *Pride*, and *Crueltie*? The proud will haue no friend; and the cruell man shall haue none. VVho are more miserable then they that want *company*? I pittie their estate, but *love* it not. VVere I Lord of the whole *Globe*, and must liue alone, I had vn happiness enough to make my *commands* my trouble. The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heauen*; the other *Monarks* from their *Thrones*: both I am sure, are able to turne vs to *Hell*: it is better being a beast, then dying a man, with either vn timered.

## XCVIII.

*Whether Liknesse be the cause of Love, or  
Love the cause of Liknesse.*

I Know not whether is more true, that *Liknesse* is the cause of *Love*, or *Love* the cause of *Liknesse*. In agreeing dispositions, the first is certaine: in those that



that are not, the latter is euident. The first is the *easier loue*; the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *lure* to draw it; the other without respect, is *voluntary*. Men loue vs for the similitude we haue with themfelues; *God* meerely from his goodnesse, when yet we are contrary to him. Since hee hath *lou'd mee*, when I was not *like* him, I will stroue to bee *like* him, because hee hath *loued* me. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that *lou'd* mee, when I was his *emie*. Then only is *loue* powerfull, when it frames vs to the will of the *Loued*. *Lord*, though I cannot *serue* thee as I ought, let mee *loue* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall *serue* thee the better.



## XCIX.

*Loue and feare doe easily draw vs to Beliefe.*

**W**Hat we either *desire*, or *feare*, wee are easily drawne to beleue. Tell the *Prodigall*, his *Kinsman's* dead, should leaue him an estate to swagger with, hee'll quickly giue credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, shee is confident her *childe* is gone: either of them transport the mind beyond her selfe, and leaue her open to *inconueniences*. How many haue shortned their dayes, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that haue beene help'd forward by one of these two; or else so discovered their mindes, as they haue made way for themfelues, to bee wrought

wrought vpon by *flattery*, by *seducement*? In the one, *Nature* is couetous for her owne good; so dilates her selfe, and as it were stretcheth out the *armes* of her *soule*, to imbrace that, which she hath an opinion may pleasure her: and this is in all sensitiue creatures; though I know, the desire of only *rationall* and *intelligible things*, is peculiar to *Man*: who by vertue of his *intellectual soule*, is made desirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus hee that would be well spoken of, beleeeues him, that falsly tels him so. In the other, *Nature* is prouident for her owne *safety*: so all the *spirits* shrinke in, to guard the *heart*, as the most *noble part*: whereby the exteriour parts, being left without *moysture*, the *haire* is sometimes suddenly turned *gray*: the *heart* thus contracted, and wrought vpon by it selfe; more easily then admits any thing, that is brought her by the *outward senses*. Thus if the *miserable man* heares a *fire* hath been in the *Towne* wherein his *house* is, hee cryes *Vndone*, though his owne were neuer in danger. In either of these, how might *perswasion* worke and *betray* vs? What *Nature* hath infused, I cannot cast out; correct I may. If I must *desire* and *fear*, I will doe it so moderately, as my *iudgement* and *reason* may be still cleere. If vnauvares I be overtaken, I vvill yet bee carefull to conceale my selfe: so, though my ovvne *passions* bee over-strong, others shall not see them to take mee at aduantages. As many haue been spoyled by being soothed in their plausible *desires*: so haue many bene abused, by beeing malleated, in their troublesome feare.

Though



C.

*Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes  
should know no Va-  
riety.*

**R**esolutions may often change; sometimes for the better; and the last ever stands firmest. But *vowes* well made, should know no variance: For the first should be sure without alteration. Hee that violates their performance, failes in his dutie, and every breach is a wound to the Soule. I will resolve oft, before I vow once; neuer resolve to vow, but what I may keepe; neuer vow, but what I both can and will keepe.

---

**FINIS.**

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# DEO

*Authoris*

*Votum.*

**O** *H Thou euery-where, and good of All! whatſoeuer I doe, remember, I beſeech thee, that I am but Duſt: but as a Vapour ſprung from Earth, which euen thy ſmalleſt Breath can ſcatter. Thou haſt giuen mee a Soule, and Lawes to gouerne it. Let that Eternall Rule, which thou didſt firſt appoint to ſway Man, order mee. Make me carefull to poynr at thy Glory in all my waies; and where I cannot rightly know Thee, let me rightly admire Thee: that not onely my vnderſtanding, but by ignorance, may honour Thee. Thou art All that can be perfect: beſides Thee, nothing is. Oh, ſtreame thy ſelfe into my ſoule; and flow it with thy Grace, thy Illumination. Make mee to depend on Thee. Thou delighteſt, that Man ſhould account Thee as his Royall Protector: and caſt himſelfe, as an Honourer of Thee at thy fe. O eſtabliſh my Confidence in Thee: for thou art the Fountaine of all Bounty, and canſt not but bee mercifull. Nor canſt thou deceiue the humbled Soule that truſts Thee. And becauſe I cannot bee defended by thee, vnleſſe I liue after thy Lawes; Keepe me, O my Soules Soueraigne! in the obedience*



## Authoris Votum.

of thy vwill: and that I wound not my conscience, with the killing soiles of Vice: for this, I know, will destroy me within, and make thy cheering Spirit leaue mee. I know, I haue already infinitely swerued, from the Tendencies of that Diuine Guide, which thou hast planted in the minde of Man. And for this I am a sad Prostrate, and a Penitent at the foot of thy Throne. I appeale onely to the abundance of thy Remissions, and the waies thou hast appointed for the buoying vp of drowned Man. O my God, my God, I know it is a Mysterie beyond the vast Soules apprehension; and therefore deepe enough for Man to rest in safety in. O thou Beeing of all Beings! cause me to rowle my selfe to thee, and into the receiuing armes of thy Paternall Mercies, throw my selfe. For outvvard things, I beleeeue thou wilt not see mee vvant: they are but the Adiectamenta of thy richer Graces: & if it were not for my Sinnes, it would be some distrust to begge them. The Mines and depriuation, are both in thy hands. I care not what Estare thou gineest mee, so thou ray thy selfe into my Soule, and gineest mee but a heart to please thee. I beg no more, then may keepe me vnconteninedly, and vnpittiedly-honest. Saue me from the Deuill, Lusts, and Men: and for those fond dotages of Mortality, which would weigh down my Soule, to Lownesse, and Debauchment; Let it bee my Glory (planting my selfe in a Noble height aboue them) to contemne them. Take me from my selfe, and fill mee, but with thee. Summe vp thy blessings in these two, that I may bee rightly good and wise. And these for thy eternall Truths sake grant, and make mee gratefull.

FINIS.



*A full Alphabeticall Table, by R. L.*  
containing the chiefe Heads of these  
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gin it, 127. Tis a Princely  
thing to disdain a wrong.  
128.

# FINIS.

